

October 2, 1963  
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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

## SYDNEY SURGES SKYWARD

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*See page 7*

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The Australian

## WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 2, 1963

Vol. 31, No. 18

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Miss Joyce Ridley, who wrote "Starting School" (see page 49), supervises 300 children in the infants' department at Melbourne's Ashwood Primary School.

**T**ALL and cheerful, Miss Ridley has been teaching small children for 30 years, and "if I had my time over," she told us, "I would do exactly the same again."

Miss Ridley has seen many changes in teaching methods, and it was because of those changes that she wrote "Starting School."

"Teaching both in infant and senior schools these days is based more and more on activity methods and play-way methods," she said.

"I felt these methods were not always understood or appreciated by the general public, and that the time was more than ripe for some contact to be made between teachers and parents."

Out of school, Miss Ridley's main interests are also connected with teaching. She is a member of the New Education Fellowship and the Victorian Institute of Education Research, which both keep abreast of new teaching methods.

She is also secretary of the Victorian Infant Mistresses' Club. Always keen on sport, she used to be active at basketball and tennis, but now plays croquet and golf.

★  
★  
★  
THE picture of the beach coat in our "Resort Wear for Summer" knitting feature

#### Our Cover

● The Queen and Prince Philip arrive at a banquet held at Claridges Hotel in London recently. Following last week's announcement that the Queen is expecting her fourth baby in the new year, a statement from Buckingham Palace says she will not carry out any official duties after the Royal family's summer holiday at Balmoral Castle. This picture was taken by Reginald Davis.

(page 38) took more courage and devotion to duty than you might imagine.

Encouraged by staff photographer Keith Barlow, model Ralene Orr perched on the rocky edge of the ocean pool at Avalon, N.S.W.

A wave foamed up to the pool.


"That's right — hold it!" called Keith. His camera shutter clicked.

"The next shot was ready," said Dawn Russell, of our homemaker department, "when along came the most enormous wave Ralene and Keith were DRENCHED..."

"We took the other pictures on dry land."

BM601






# Sydney surges skyward

● "It's quite frightening," said the neat little woman looking up at the busy building cranes along Sydney's skyline. "All my life it's been comfortable, shabby, little Sydney. And suddenly it is turning into a huge, important city. It's like growing from childhood into manhood without ever being a teenager."

*Continued on page 8*



**DOGMAN** Howard Geddes, Strathfield, escorts a window shade, via the air, for the new I.B.M. building on the corner of Kent St. and Bradfield Highway. The Opera House site is seen beyond Sydney Cove.

**GLAMOR PROJECT:** The Opera House, Bennelong Pt., caught the imagination of Sydneysiders from the beginning, and controversies on cost and design flare as the building proceeds. In the foreground is the site in all its glory, looking east across the Botanic Gardens, Potts Point, and beyond.





## NEXT WEEK:

Every modern doll deserves a . . .

# SPLIT-LEVEL DOLL'S HOUSE

... like this



- The split-level mansion is specially designed to bring fun and fantasy to little girls.

Complete how-to-build instructions are given in our next issue, and even an inexperienced handyman will find the doll's house is almost child's play to make. It is a perfect gift for Christmas, too.

## ● Suspense and romance in new serial

Australian author Barbara Jefferis is familiar to all readers who followed the serials "Half Angel" and "Solo For Several Players."

Her latest novel, "The Wild Grapes," is set in Adelaide. It's an absorbing story of the bitter struggle for a young man's affections—family v. fiancée.

## ● Fashions in cotton

A 1964 dress preview shows cotton elegantly styled by internationally famous designers.

Also next week, begin reading . . .

## ● "Forever Free," latest in the "Elsa" series

Joy Adamson completes the story of the African lioness Elsa and her cubs.

Don't miss the first instalment—a touching account of Elsa's death and of her cubs' disappearance into the wild.

## Joy Adamson's lecture tour

- Joy Adamson begins her Australia-wide lecture tour this month.

MRS. ADAMSON will show a color film of wild-life during her lectures.

Admission to each lecture is 5/- and proceeds will aid the Wild Life Fund.

Mrs. Adamson's lectures are sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, David Jones Ltd., Myer

(Melbourne) Ltd., and her publishers, William Collins Ltd.

Here are details of how and where to hear her:

SYDNEY: October 28 to November 1 inclusive, Art Gallery, sixth floor, David Jones, Elizabeth Street, 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. daily.

Bookings, ground floor, Elizabeth Street store.



● Salvation Army Captain Joan McGuigan, in Brazil, brings medical aid by canoe.



● Leading a song.

ONE summer afternoon in 1961, Governor Leonel Brizola of the southern Brazilian State of Rio Grande do Sul looked over his desk in the State capital, Porto Alegre. Facing him was a small figure in a white Salvation Army uniform.

Captain Joan McGuigan had come to ask Brizola for a Government grant of three million cruzeiros (about £A2500 at the then rate of exchange) to help convert a Salvation Army boys' orphanage near Porto Alegre into a trade school.

Her chances were remote. Brizola was known to hate foreigners, especially those who spoke English, and she had the disadvantage of speaking Portuguese with an Australian accent.

It had taken about five months to get this interview. A month before, Captain McGuigan and the young Englishman who supervised the orphanage had finally reached Brizola's office after being shuttled to and fro by secretaries.

With barely a glance upward from his papers, the Governor had said: "I am too busy. Come back another time." The Australian was told by Brazilian friends that Brizola did not really expect her to return. But here she was again.

This time the Governor was even more abrupt. "Who's leading this fund-raising?" he asked.

"I am."

"Then come back and see me when a Brazilian is in charge," he told Captain McGuigan.

At this her Irish temper flared. "You can't talk to me like that," she snapped back at the startled political boss. "I've given seven years of my life to Brazil. I'm not asking for this money for myself, but for young Brazilians."

"There are 200 boys in the orphanage. If we get the tools and machines we need, the boys will be able to make a useful contribution to the nation as carpenters, mechanics, and tradesmen."

Brizola was finally able to cut in. "Don't get excited. I'll think about it. Come back tomorrow."

The following day the girl returned. Brizola's office gave her a request for support, which she took along to

the Ministry of Education. The orphanage got its equipment.

This is one of the stories giving Joan McGuigan a name today as one of the most colorful and effective missionary figures in Brazil. There are many other stories.

You hear them from a variety of sources in Brazil: from the crews of merchant ships plying the coffee and timber trade; from diplomats and doctors; from stevedores and voodoo priestesses; and from the people who know her best of all — "Los Perdidos" or "the lost people" of the malaria-ridden islands and marshes of a forsaken strip of coastline near the port of Paranagua.

## Many Reds

Paranagua was settled by the Portuguese in 1550. A church — still standing and staffed by American priests of the Redemptorist Order — was built in 1578. A Jesuit university flourished there two centuries ago, built in fulfilment of a promise made to God in 1686 when a typhus epidemic wiped out half the population of the town.

Today Paranagua, with its 40,000 people, is a coffee and timber port heavily infiltrated by Communist agitators. The university, long in ruins, is being turned into a museum of Indian artifacts. There is a handful of well-to-do families and a small middle class whose children get their later education in bigger Brazilian cities.

Captain McGuigan was sent there by the Salvation Army from Porto Alegre after requesting a missionary post far from Brazil's big cities.



● With the Captain is her negro lieutenant.

- The girl from Goulburn is waging her own brave war against ignorance and disease

# 'Kangaroo' McGuigan, CAPTAIN of

In the very poor *Costeira* section of Paranagua, and in the islands, an hour or two away in an ancient canoe, she is the main hope for families who want their children to learn to read and write.

She is also their only medical help when — as is usually the case — the people are unable to pay doctors or hospital bills.

At 31, Joan McGuigan is in charge of a Salvation Army hall and school district. When she came to the *Costeira* there was only one school operating — in a ramshackle wooden building at the back of the hall.

Most of the children were from the *Ilha Perdida*, or Lost Island, a community of about 2000 illiterate fishermen and their families living on a foul-smelling mud flat.

The women, ignorant of family planning, are pregnant every other year; the men, most of them inveterate gamblers, help keep their families impoverished with a dice game, *generala*. *Perdida* in Portuguese can also mean "forsaken," and perhaps that would be a better way of translating the island's name.

A visitor sees evidence of disease immediately in the faces of the children who cluster curiously around him. At least one child in every three has the parched yellow look of malaria, and all have the thin limbs and bloated stomachs of malnutrition and hookworm.

Infant mortality is nearly 50 per cent., and the threat of typhus hovers over the area like the local *urubu*, a black vulture-like bird which dines on dead fish.

Captain McGuigan inherited the solitary school, which was within the reach of children on the nearest islands. Out on the more distant islands, however, were thousands of settlers — part-Portuguese, part-Indian — living out their short life spans in eighteenth-century disease and ignorance on the higher points of malarial mangrove swamps.

Joan McGuigan decided to do something for these people, to establish schools and a medical service, but there was no money for this.

Her salary was then only 2000 cruzeiros (about £A1/8/-) a week.

So she turned to the ships coming from all parts of the world to load timber and coffee in Paranagua.

She talked to their captains, who arranged for collections to be taken up among the crews, and to ships' doctors, who gave her some of their medical supplies.

Before Captain McGuigan began visiting the wharves, the only women seen there were from the vice dens. The first time she went there the Brazilian stevedores received her with





• Children greet the Captain. She visits the communities on these poverty-stricken islands twice a week, except when the river is in flood.



• With children who attend one of her schools. Most of the parents in the district are illiterate.

## the LOST ONES

whistles, cat-calls, and shouts of "Where's your tambourine?"

Joan McGuigan changed all that by enrolling in her English-language classes the port inspector (who spoke to the stevedores) and the Customs inspector (who arranged for Customs clearances).

The first ship's crew to give her a collection passed the hat around and netted 20,000 cruzeiros (£A15). Many more collections followed as word spread from ship to ship of the girl missionary in Paranagua.

With the money she opened two new schools on the islands. The municipality paid the teachers, but she was responsible for the upkeep of the schools, which she continued to pay for with her port collections.

By  
**THEODORE JAMES**  
and  
**ANTHONY PAUL**

Once she boarded what she thought was a Dutch ship and told the captain her story.

He said: "I know Australia very well; I was there for five years."

"Did you like it?" she asked.

"Well — yes — as much as I could see of it from behind barbed wire."

The ship was German, not Dutch, and the captain had been a prisoner-of-war. He laughed at her startled expression — and ordered a collection taken up among the crew.

When asked reached the Rotary and Lions clubs in her hometown of Goulburn that Joan McGuigan was working in poverty-stricken Paranagua, they sponsored a youth camp in Porto Alegre, and sent Christmas food parcels to the lost islands.

The Rotary Club bought her a van, which has already saved the lives of an injured boy and a premature baby who was rushed to an oxygen tent just in time. It also serves as a hearse for the poor people of Paranagua.

Further help for Joan McGuigan's work came from a collection taken at a meeting in Sydney's Hyde Park.

Recently she heard the Redemptorist priests were getting a shipment of powdered milk and other food supplies from the United States. She went along to the presbytery and asked for some of this for distribution to O Povo dos Ilhas, the island people.

The priests allocated a large part of the consignment for her.

Captain McGuigan is used to this kind of religious bipartisanship. She

was educated at a Goulburn Roman Catholic convent school and did three years' training as a nurse at a Goulburn hospital.

She became a convert to the Salvation Army creed and entered their training college in 1952; then she volunteered as a missionary, and London headquarters posted her to Brazil in 1955.

Her best friends still include the nuns-whom she visited when she went home to Australia on five months' leave in 1960. When she was leaving Goulburn to return to Brazil, the nuns told her they were having Masses said for her; the local Protestant ministers said their congregations were praying for her.

As soon as she arrived in Paranagua, Joan McGuigan began holding simple prayer meetings at her Salvation Army hall, but made no attempt to convert the people who attended.

She found, however, that she had one influence to combat in the area: the voodoo rites and superstitions which came from Africa with negro slaves one or two centuries ago and which still muddle the Christianity of the local people.

Soon came an opportunity to demonstrate the ineffectiveness of the voodoo practitioners. A small boy fell into an open canal. He was brought half-drowned and with a fractured skull to the hall.

Captain McGuigan had just completed resuscitation when a huge mulatto woman, about 50, entered the building and began taking charge.

### Kicked "altar"

"First, we need a chicken," she said. "Make sure it is killed by strangling." She also asked for *cachaca* (a strong Brazilian liquor), money, and candles for a "healing" ceremony, and sent people to fetch them.

The woman said: "Everything's all right now. I've been sent by my spirit guide to save the boy's life. You may as well all leave while I call the spirits."

The girl interrupted: "You can do what you like, but while you're calling on the spirits the boy and I will call on the doctor."

With the aid of her Brazilian negro assistant, Lieutenant Conceicao do Espirito Santo Oliveria, she loaded the boy into her van and rushed him to the hospital. Her problems were not over. The hospital refused even to X-ray the boy until the bill was paid in advance. Captain McGuigan paid for the treatment from her own funds. The boy survived.

Next morning Captain McGuigan was driving out of her yard in that van which has so many uses.

She smelt an unfamiliar odor of *cachaca*, candle grease, and damp feathers. Beside her front gate was a miniature altar built of grease and feathers and sprinkled with liquor.

The neighbors had noticed the structure before she arrived and were watching over fences and from windows. One woman warned Captain McGuigan that there was only one way she could break the spell which had been placed on her. She must find a small boy willing to urinate on the feathers.

Captain McGuigan decided to spare the boy and herself the indignity. She kicked the altar aside and drove her car through the gate.

There was an audible intake of breath up the street. One woman warned her in a quaint Portuguese expression: "Amanha-se morto" (You'll wake up dead tomorrow).

The healthy bounce in Joan McGuigan's walk since this incident has earned her the affectionate nickname "Kangaroo" from the locals, and her prestige has soared throughout the district.

On other occasions since her arrival in Brazil she has been in greater danger.

In 1958, when troops with machine-guns fired on rioters near Rio, she took shelter under a taxi. Thirty people were killed, and she was among the first on the scene to aid the wounded.

She has also taken part in rescue efforts which followed two major Brazilian disasters. In the first, in 1955, landslides killed more than 200 people in the port of Santos. The other was a railway calamity in Rio in 1956 when two passenger trains collided and more than 50 died.

Brazil has been a challenging place to live in for Joan McGuigan for the past eight years. By the time the terms of her current appointment run out, in mid-1965, she will have spent a whole decade in the country. What are her plans then?

"I haven't had time to think about it," she says. "I just don't know." She dreams of returning to Goulburn, at least for a long vacation.

But between her fund-raising efforts on the wharves of Paranagua, her canoe trips to the islands, and her teaching chores, Joan McGuigan has a few other dreams.

These include more schools for O Povo dos Ilhas, that new building for the main school, and a medical clinic for the *Ilha Perdida*.

The betting around the *generala* dice rings on the *Ilha Perdida* and below decks in the coffee trade is that they will be seeing a lot more of the Captain.



• This mother brought her small son from her dank hut to ask advice on his sores. Many children suffer from disease.



• Over coffee Joan discusses the people's needs with officers of a visiting Dutch ship. Officers and crews give much aid.



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At 37, the Queen is setting the Royal seal on a fashion for larger families

# They want a sister for Prince Andrew

● It's no secret now that the Queen and Prince Philip would like their New Year baby to be a girl.

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

THE Queen is delighted at the prospect not only of a larger family but also of the developing pattern of elder brother and sister and younger brother and sister.

But whether it's a girl or a boy who will join Prince Andrew in the nursery, the new baby will most surely change life at Buckingham Palace back to what it was when Charles and Anne were little children.

And Princess Anne, enchanted with her new life as a schoolgirl, is secretly delighted and grateful.

As a friend of the Queen said, "The prospect of a brother or sister for Prince Andrew ended any hesitation the Queen had about sending Princess Anne off to boarding-school."

## "Stork race"

The lively young Andrew, who needs companionship in the necessarily withdrawn childhood of Royalty, will no longer be dependent mainly on his elder sister for company.

So the new baby brings happiness all round.

The very first of the Queen's relations to hear the news while it was still secret was her cousin Princess Alexandra, who spent a part of the summer holiday at Balmoral with her.

Alexandra is expecting her first baby about the same

time (the announcement of this event was made early in August). So now, as a friend of the Royal family put it, "It's the happiest and most glad some stork race."

Continental papers go even further and put Princess Margaret as a possible starter. But there is no confirmation here that she, too, is in the Baby Stakes.

The Queen's baby, if a boy, will be third in line of succession, after his brothers. If a girl, she will be fourth in line, coming after Princess Anne and before Princess Margaret.

There is much speculation on the names the Queen will choose. The editor of "Burke's Peerage," Mr. L. G. Pine, who has studied such trends for the past 25 years, forecasts a Stuart name—James for a boy, Margaret or Mary for a girl.

Mr. Pine added: "There is no doubt that the big family is on its way back."

"Thirty years ago it was something out of the ordinary for people to have three or four children. Now it's a nice-sized family."

The Queen's baby will be born at Buckingham Palace, as Prince Andrew was; and his nurse, Miss Mabel Anderson, will have an under-nurse to help with the children.

Miss Katharine Peebles, who has been at a loose end since the break up of her class consisting of Princess Anne and the two girls who shared the lessons, is think-

ing ahead to the time when it will be nursery classes again, with the boisterous Andrew having a baby brother or sister for company.

She has already been asked by Prince Philip and the Queen to start giving Andrew some very elementary lessons.

## Classmates

Miss Peebles (called "Mispy" by the Royal children) took over the Buckingham Palace classrooms on the recommendation of Princess Marina, whom she had served; and now there is the prospect that as Princess Alexandra's baby grows up so the nursery classes might grow, too, with Royal cousins for company.

But that would depend on where Princess Alexandra and Angus Ogilvy, her husband, decide their permanent home is to be — right in London or a little out. They are living at present in a rented house.

Viscount Linley — Princess Margaret's son, David — already spends much of his time at Buckingham Palace playing with Prince Andrew. His nanny takes him there nearly every afternoon.

David is so happy with this arrangement that his parents haven't the slightest qualms about holidaying abroad.

Yet Margaret and Tony are devoted parents, one of Lord Snowdon's business associates told me.

A conference recently was

pleasantly interrupted by the Princess, who called up to her husband, working out plans with his colleagues in the study at Kensington Palace: "Come down, Tony, and play with your son."

The wifely command was repeated until he gave in with good-humored resignation, saying, "Let's go down or I'll get no peace."

So Lord Snowdon and his associates went into the garden for coffee beside the pool where David was playing in a muddled sunsuit with Margaret.

With both the Queen and Princess Alexandra expecting babies, a part of the heavy round of official duties will devolve on Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother, both of whom are already committed to their own extensive programmes.

(The Queen Mother will be visiting Australia in March.)

Preparations for the Queen's new baby have none of the feverish excitement there is at the Ogilvys' home, where Alex and Angus are setting up a nursery.

The Queen's own smooth-running nursery is in apple order awaiting the new arrival.

But the Royal mothers-in-waiting have one important piece of supervision in common, and that is ensuring that the nurseries are well insulated against a possibly long and bitter winter like the last, since both the babies are expected in England's coldest time.



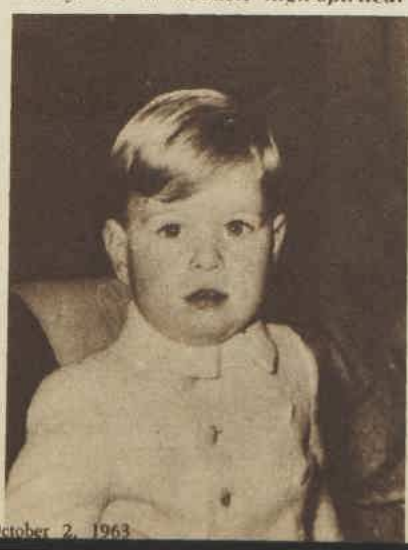
QUEEN ELIZABETH will have been married 16 years in November.

PRINCESS ANNE, at 13, is fast growing up. She went to boarding-school this month.

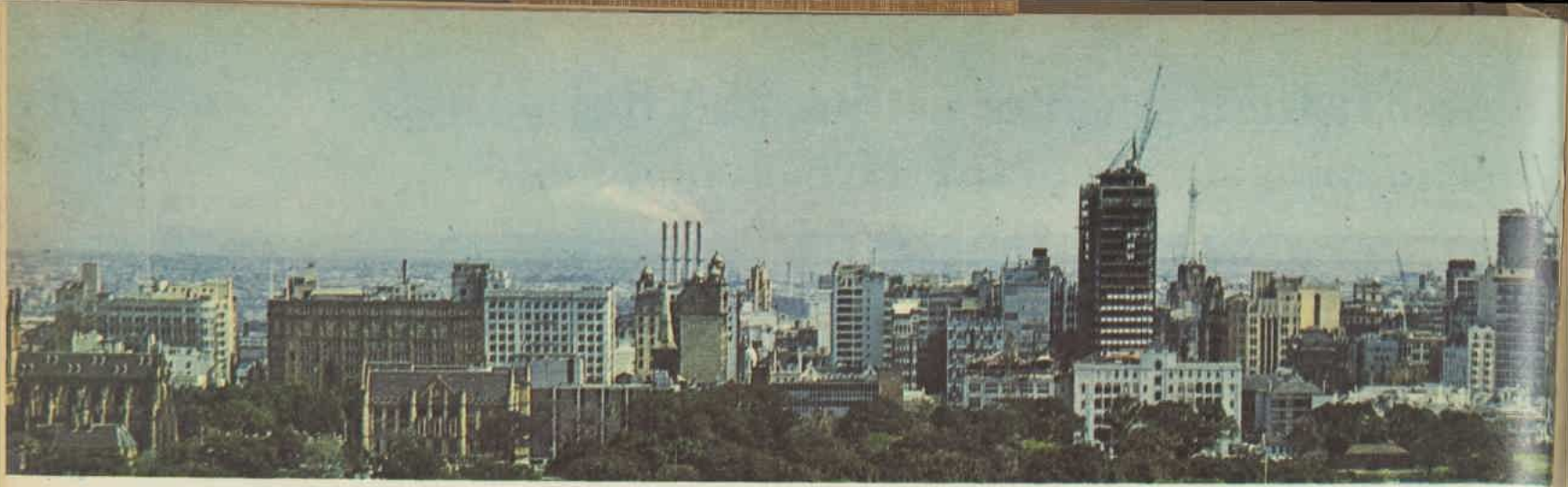
PRINCE ANDREW, second in line to the Throne, will be four in February. He is robust, high-spirited.

PRINCE CHARLES is 14. Picture was taken a few weeks ago at the beginning of his school holidays.

LORD SNOWDON and PRINCESS MARGARET in Athens. Prince Andrew often plays with their son.







**CROSS-TOWN VIEW** of the heart of Sydney, from Circular Quay, at extreme right, to St. Mary's Cathedral, at left. Picture taken from the top of the Chevron Hotel, Potts Point.



**OLD AND NEW:** The recently completed Commonwealth offices building, at Chifley Square, Sydney, towers above older surrounds.

Continued from page 3

## Sydney surges skyward

By CAROL HENTY

● Like Jack's beanstalk, the city of Sydney has suddenly and lustily shot upwards. Storey by storey, towering office blocks grow day and night in one of the most dramatic building sprees of the city's history.

**B**ANKS and office buildings under construction during the first quarter of this year in the City Council area were valued at approximately £49,000,000. The corresponding statistic for 1961 was £14,000,000.

Seven "monsters" now being built in the three city blocks bounded by Martin Place, George, Phillip, and Hunter Streets will provide about 16 acres of office space in the air.

This transition is not without growing pains, as demolition and construction bring an influx of heavy trucks into the city.

Excavations and holes in roads and footpaths are so numerous and troublesome

that the City Council has moved for a full report on why they were dug and for how long they have been open.

Stiff-collared stockbrokers and professional men carrying on business as usual have dust on their shoes and jack-hammers ringing in their ears.

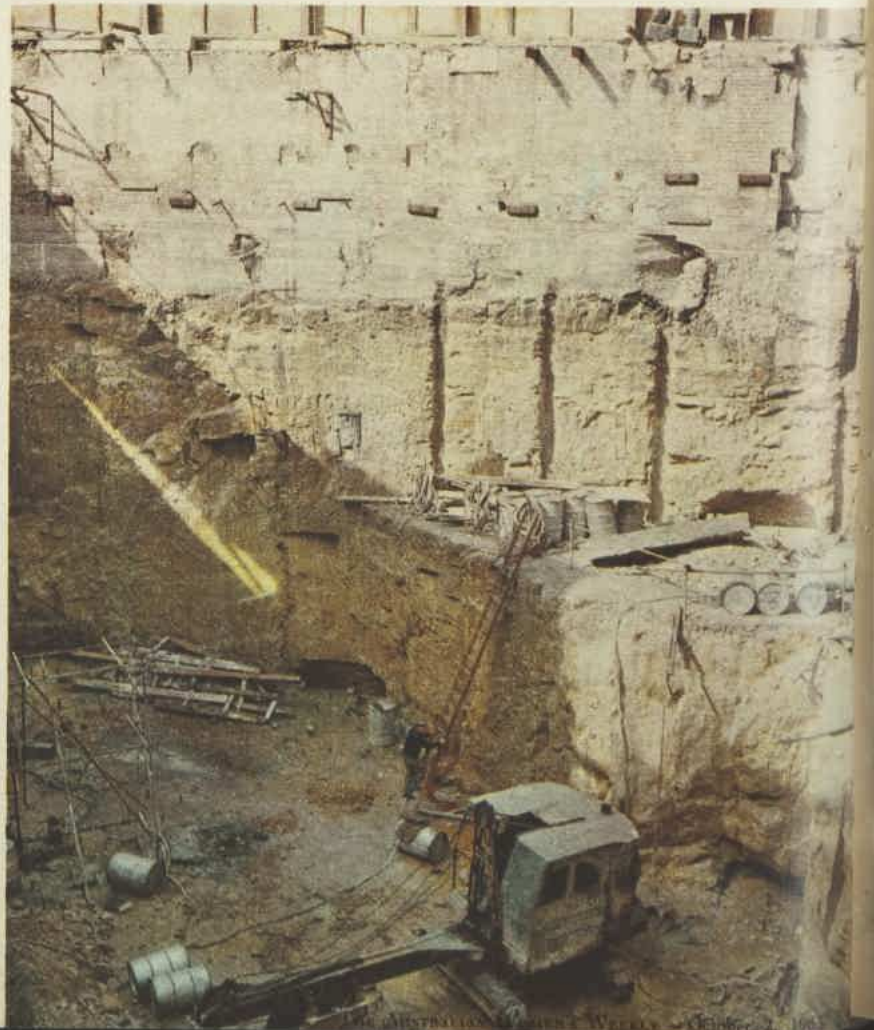
But the jack-hammers are sweet music to bargain hunters.

A large slab of marble from an old bank building can sometimes be picked up from the demolishers for a couple of pounds. Whole marble staircases have been sold for next to nothing in a matter of minutes' trading on the footpath.

"What we don't sell just gets thrown on the rubbish tip," said Pat McCormack, a dogman on the demolition job of the old



**CAST-IRON COLUMNS** of the old A. & N.Z. bank building at the corner of Hunter and Pitt Streets, which is being demolished. A new and modern 27-storey building will replace the five storeys of the old bank.







A. & N.Z. bank, Pitt and Hunter Streets. "There was a huge old sheep's head that went above the door here. A beautiful thing. And that went to the tip."

"Then there were those wonderful big columns. They were sold to be smelted down for the metal. Such a shame."

Matt Bellamy, a welder who has spent "quite a few man-hours on helping to change the city skyline," said as he worked on the 17th floor of the new I.B.M. building.

"It's marvellous to see how many men are on a job like this one."

"But, crikey, it can get cold up here without any windows yet. On a cold day we all wear two pairs of socks."

The reason for the sudden burst of building is quite simple.

In one hit the city is catching up on building years missed through the Depression, then the war, and the post-war.

The new city building has no special Australian character. The style is what architects term "international," and many of the materials used — the Sicilian-white and Belgian-black marbles are popular — have been imported.

Sydney's sunny climate does, however, pose particular problems for architects, and many buildings have distinctive "sun hoods" and louvers to protect them from heat build-up — and soften the "international" outline.

The rent of office space in the new buildings is necessarily high.

"Before the war you could get accommodation in a good prestige building for 6/6 a square foot," said Mr. D. W. Higgins, managing director of a large real-estate firm. "In these new buildings it ranges from about 50/- to 55/- a square foot."

What do the lessees get for their money, and how will the nine-to-five office girl benefit in this brave new office world?

Start at the ground-floor entrance to the building. At the door there's no quandary about whether to "Push" or "Pull"; it opens and closes automatically with a magic-eye system.

Stand in the electrostatically filtered air-conditioned (no dust) coolness in the foyer and gaze at a huge modern metal mural while waiting for the lift.

There is a discreet "ping" to tell you it has arrived.

The lift also may be air-conditioned.

Step inside — there is no lift man, his day is dead — and lightly touch the number of your floor on the control panel.

You are whisked up so silently that only the "popping" of your ears and the floor indicator flashing proves you are moving.

### "Anti-glare"

Stepping into your office you may pass an indoor garden — a weekly plant service waters this and keeps it flourishing — near the receptionist's office.

Inside, acoustic tiles take care of the noise of typewriters. There may be special "anti-glare" fluorescent lighting, as well, of course, as the dust-free air-conditioning.

The revolution from old Sydney to the new was summed up by electrician Terry McGee as he was working on some new anti-glare light fittings.

"It's amazing," he said. "I can remember when I was a child how the old gas man used to come round on his bicycle to put out the street lights with a stick."

These pictures and those on page 3 by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



**NEW LANDMARK** on the Sydney scene is the A.M.P. building, in the background here. Picture was taken from the Guardian Insurance building not far away.



**EXAMINING** the excavations for the new £1.7 million C.S.R. building, O'Connell Street, are Mr. C. H. Gibbs, a retired carpenter on a visit to Sydney from Dunedin, N.Z., and his niece, Mrs. L. White.

**TREMENDOUS** building activity goes on in the city area. This picture, taken from the Shell building, looks up busy Hunter Street.







MRS. HARRY HOPMAN practises her other love beside tennis—her piano, at home in Hawthorn, Victoria. She spends many hours at the piano—and as many on the tennis court. She plays at Kooyong twice a week.

## Tennis Suffragette

● “A kind of Mrs. Pankhurst of Australian women’s tennis fighting like a tigress to bring well-deserved status to her own sex.”

THE “Mrs. Pankhurst” is Australia’s tornado of tennis (for women), Mrs. Eleanor Mary Hopman—or Nell or Mrs. Hop—as everyone calls her.

And the quotation—which reduced Mrs. Hopman to laughter when she read it—is from the book “White Ladies,” by world-famous tennis dress designer Teddy Tinling.

It has just been published in London, but has not yet been released in Australia.

[Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst was the leader of the English suffragette, who successfully campaigned for the vote for women in the 1920s.]

“Teddy told me he was going to mention me in his book,” said Mrs. Hopman at her home in Hawthorn, Victoria.

“But I didn’t dream I’d turn up as Mrs. Pankhurst—not that I mind, I think it’s rather fun and a great compliment.”

The book is autographed in the author’s handsome scrawl—“To Nell, Australia’s First Lady of Tennis to whom the game owes so much.”

And that just about sums up the way hundreds of people feel about bustling, blue-eyed Nell Hopman, wife of famous Davis Cup player and coach, Harry Hopman.

As a player, Nell Hopman’s name ranks high in international tennis since the 1930s.

But unlike most of them, Nell’s link with the sport did not finish when her days of topline competition ended.

In fact, like her husband, she has become an even more prominent figure in the world of big-time tennis.

Right now, for the cause

of women, Nell is bee-busy preparing for the Federation Cup, the women’s version of the Davis Cup, to be held in Australia in 1965.

The Federation Cup was held in London for the first time this year, and will take place in New York next year.

Nell hopes all the top women stars from 16 nations will be in Australia for the Cup in 1965 and she has already begun to raise money to help them with

By  
CLAUDIA WRIGHT

their fares and entertainment.

A shrewd and determined planner, Nell is going about fund-raising in true “Pankhurst” fashion.

Her first opportunity was the Miss Victoria Tennis Quest, part of the Victorian Tennis Festival, scheduled for November at Kooyong this year.

Originally the quest winner was to have been awarded an interstate trip.

However, Nell, with an eye to the future as well as to the success of the quest, put up a proposition to her fellow council members (all men) on the Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria.

If she could arrange an overseas trip as first prize, would they agree to 50 per cent. of the quest proceeds being devoted to Federation Cup expenses, Nell asked.

The Council told her to go ahead and try.

Nell succeeded, and now first prize for Miss Victoria of Tennis will be a flight to Wimbledon, plus £200 spending money.

She is hoping that next

year other States will run similar quests, eventually leading to a Miss Australia of Tennis.

To boost proceeds, the untiring Nell is urging Victoria’s 1000 tennis clubs to nominate players to represent them in the quest, for the cost of a £10 entry fee. Entries close on October 31 and the winner will be announced at Kooyong on November 24 at the end of Victorian Tennis Week.

Finalists will NOT be judged on their tennis prowess—the usual beauty-contest rules will apply.

Tinling, who, by the way, has promised to make a tennis wardrobe for the winner, has long been a close friend of the Hopmans.

They have known Teddy Tinling for 25 years—they first met when he was a call boy at Wimbledon. He was employed to call the international players, because he could speak so many languages fluently.

He “called” the Hopmans on many occasions. Nell made her first trip to Wimbledon on her honeymoon in 1934.

He mentions nearly every well-known name in world tennis in his book, “White Ladies,” starting from the early 1920s, when women wore headache bands and long, heavily starched cotton frocks on the courts.

Many well-known Melbourne people’s names appear, and he recalls the amusing things which happened to him when he was in Melbourne in 1953.

He made this trip at Nell Hopman’s suggestion and she is hoping he will visit here again in 1965 for the Federation Cup.

One thing’s certain—if Nell has anything to do with it—he will!

## Ita Buttrose’s SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

SUCH a fascinating variety of collectors’ pieces will be shown at an exhibition of early household appliances which the National Trust of Australia Women’s Committee will hold at the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. John Amory, of Hunters Hill, on the evening of November 19.

They’ll include kitchen gadgets, such as a churn that pips cherries, a steel-knife polisher, a Victorian egg-warmer, butter and ice-cream churns, old gramophones and telephones, and also some examples of craft, including an 80-year-old American candlewick quilt.

The exhibition will be brought to life with settings done by committee members. In the dining-room Mrs. David Pratten will display a high tea, using her own antique china tea service, complete with scones, cold ham, and sandwiches.

Mrs. Marie Jones will use her collection of international dolls for the nursery. Special features of the room will be a quaint four-poster doll’s bed and a 100-year-old rocking-horse.

The committee president, Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, will help Mrs. Amory welcome guests to the exhibition, and will also show them over a small stone gingerbread cottage which will be opened for the evening.

The cottage, which is more than 100 years old and has cedar doors and windows, was originally in another part of Hunters Hill and was only recently rebuilt on the Amorys’ land near their main house. They bought the cottage when they heard it was to be demolished as it was in the path of the North-western Expressway.

PATRICIA BYRNE, who has been holidaying in Europe for the past year and was expected home next March, has had a change of plans. She’ll be flying home in time to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Byrne, of Vaucluse.

“THE Garden Station,” Alice Springs, will be the address of Janet Beckenham after her marriage with Philip Zillman at St. Matthew’s Church, Manly, on September 28. Janet, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Beckenham, will have three bridesmaids, Barbara Eccles, Lynette Beckenham, and Ruth Zillman.

MR. and Mrs. W. R. Weiley came down from Grafton to see their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. James Rankin, when they returned home with their children, Adrienne, Sabina, Patricia, and Judith, after eighteen months in America. Dr. Rankin, who won a Lederle grant, did postgraduate work at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Centre in New York.

MR. and Mrs. Jim Fagan, of “Calleen,” Cowra, are enjoying the spring snow at the Kosciuszko Chalet, where they’re spending a fortnight’s holiday with Mrs. Betty Fell, of Pymble.

FROM Buenos Aires in South America comes news of the birth of a son, Paul Nigel, to Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Lacey. One of the first people to hear the glad tidings was Mrs. Lacey’s mother, Mrs. Denis Rowe, of Point Piper. The Laceys will spend another twelve months in South America before returning to their home in London.

I LIKED the dainty pearl bracelet which Jill Taylor wore for her “something borrowed” when she married Philip King at St. Martin’s Church, Killara. It was a gift to her from Kerry Shiels, of Pymble, who studied physiotherapy with Jill and at the moment is overseas touring the Continent.

NEWCOMERS to the Sydney scene are

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Penfold Hyland, of “Copperbeech,” Mount Lofty, in the Adelaide Hills, who are delighted with the prospect of moving into their new home, designed by a Japanese architect, at Elizabeth Bay. They will move in on October 30. One of the striking features of the home, which has a wonderful view, is an outdoor pond which extends under a glass floor forming part of the living-room. The pond is illuminated so that the fish can be seen in the clear water, even at night.



JUST WED: Mr. Thomas Moss, of Chateau, and his bride, formerly Miss Nina Perger, who were married at the Central Synagogue, Bondi. The bride, who wore a full-length gown of French lace embroidered with pearls, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perger, of Watsons Bay.



FROM Germany comes this charming picture of Mr. Christopher Simpson, of Darling Point, and his bride, formerly Miss Elke Dowiedat, of Remscheid-Lutt-ringhausen, after their marriage at Altenburg Cathedral. They will honeymoon in Bavaria before returning on September 29 to their home at Bellevue Hill.





AT LEFT: Youthful flowergirls (from left) Deborah Luciano, Tracey Ann Davies, and Gail Aboud attended Mr. and Mrs. Michael Aboud when they married at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay. The bride was Miss Carolyn Luciano, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Luciano, of Vaucluse, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Aboud, of Vaucluse.

ABOVE: Mr. John Gilder and Miss Shanean Stening, who will marry at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, next Easter. Miss Stening is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Stening, of Bellevue Hill, and her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Gilder, of "Koombahla," Muswellbrook.



COUNTRY INTEREST: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, who were married at St. James' Church, King Street. The bride was Miss Dell Barton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Barton, of "Salt Lake," Bourke. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibbons, of "Barrona," Bourke. The couple will live at "Barrona."



AFTER their marriage at St. Therese's Church, Dover Heights, Mr. Peter McAuley and his lovely bride, formerly Miss Sue Bookallil, at the reception at the Chevron Hilton Hotel given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bookallil, of Dover Heights. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. McAuley, of Pagewood.

ABOVE: Pretty hats were worn by Mrs. Maurice Whelan (left) and Mrs. Ron Bowerman to the lunch and parade which the St. Vincent's Hospital Ladies' Auxiliary held at the Australia Hotel to aid the hospital.



AT RIGHT: Family group (from left) the Flag Officer-in-Charge East Australia Area, Rear-Admiral Galfry Gatacre, and Mrs. Gatacre, with their daughter, Mrs. J. J. Cooke, and son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant and Mrs. Rodney Gatacre, at the birthday party which was held at "Tresco," Elizabeth Bay, in honor of Lieutenant Gatacre, Lieutenant Gatacre, who is captain of H.M.A.S. Ibis, recently sailed for a tour to Bougainville Island.



# The girl with 1000 pairs of earrings

By FREDIA IRVING

● English singer Alma Cogan, the girl with 1000 pairs of earrings, arrived in Australia without a single solitary pair from the collection.



● One of the two pairs of earrings singer Alma Cogan brought to Australia was this fascinating rhinestone pair she bought in New York.

"I HAD so much excess luggage already that I couldn't bring them all," said Alma.

"When I came to the moment of decision I just couldn't make up my mind which to bring.

"So I took the easy way out and didn't bring any."

All she has with her are two stage pairs, of rhinestones, which she bought recently in New York—where, she says, everything is glittering with rhinestones or diamante, even to telephone pads and bottle tops.

Among the 1000 pairs she didn't bring, Alma has every imaginable variety from, among other places, Japan, Hong Kong, Italy, Spain, Iceland, Finland, Greece, South Africa, France, America, Malta, Tripoli, and Australia — she bought a pair of tiny gold kangaroos when she was here eighteen months ago.

In fact, she has earring mementoes from every country she has sung in.

Most unusual of her collection is a pair of miniature

cuckoo clocks she got in Sweden.

The pendulum makes a pendant drop, and when they're wound up a push of a little lever has them chirruping like a cuckoo clock.

Apart from these she has mink ones, a beer barrel pair, every possible musical instrument in miniature, gold record earrings engraved with her name, bull-fighters, gold coffee beans, and miniature hand mirrors which always invite women to check their make-up in them.

## "Koala" pair

Alma has been collecting earrings for the past five years and hopes to add a koala pair during her present Australian tour, which has her in Melbourne until September 28, then takes her to Sydney for four weeks, and finally to Surfers' Paradise.

At home she keeps her earrings in two four-foot-high filing cabinets. Each shelf is labelled outside with a description of the earrings within, where they came from and when.



● These rhinestone earrings Alma bought in New York look as if they pierce her ears, but they don't . . . it's just a clever trick of the clasp.

enjoy a wonderful hour

**BOBBY LYMB'S**  
**SOUND**  
**OF**  
**MUSIC**

**FRIDAYS 7.30**



● This is the first of a series of expert articles explaining the workings of the stock market for the novice investor. Later articles will give advice on share buying.

# STOCKS and SHARES

## -A woman's guide to investment

RECENT surveys have shown that more and more people, and in particular more and more women, are becoming shareholders in Australian industry.

As this upward trend continues, the Stock Exchange, as an institution, is becoming increasingly important.

What is the Stock Exchange? What happens there? What has it to do with you or me? In the words of W. T. C. King, who has written a fascinating history of the London Stock Exchange:

"The Stock Exchange is a place where stocks and shares are bought and sold. It is the market where anybody who wishes to buy a particular security can find a seller of that security, or anybody who wishes to sell can find a buyer.

"The introduction is simple and speedy, because there are people whose business it is to make it so.

"They are members of the Stock Exchange, through whom alone the public can deal on the market. Would-be buyers and would-be sellers of securities go to a stockbroker, just as would-be buyers and sellers of houses normally go to a house agent."

In other words, the Stock Exchange is the place where the highest bidder and the lowest seller meet.

Just as most people find it more convenient to do business in the house market through an established dealer — an estate agent — rather than advertise, interview, and do the paperwork themselves, so investors find it more convenient to deal through a broker in the stock market, although no law compels them to do so.

Many women have heard their menfolk discussing "shares," "notes," "the Exchange," and so on, and have been completely mystified when really there is nothing to be mystified about. To make it easy, here is a list

### Part 1: THE JARGON

of jargon which has probably befuddled you most.

#### SECURITIES

(This is a general name for everything in this group.)

#### ORDINARY SHARE:

Usually just called a "share," and it is indeed a share in the company's capital. The shareholder owns a part of the company and is entitled to a share of the profits (the dividend).

securities issued by a government or semi-government body — for example, the Water Board. They are regarded as the maximum security, and therefore carry a lower rate of interest.

#### OTHER TERMS

**ASSETS:** Everything a company owns.

**ASSET BACKING:** Useful check for investors. Add up the company's assets, take away the liabilities,

By

**MARY BROKER, member of a leading Sydney stockbroker's staff; has an Arts degree, majored in Economics,**

#### PREFERENCE SHARE:

This is also a unit of the company's capital, the difference being that if profits are down, the preference shareholder must receive his dividend before the ordinary shareholder. This dividend is usually paid at a fixed rate and is in general much safer than the ordinary dividend.

#### CONVERTIBLE NOTES:

Securities which receive a fixed rate of return up to a certain date, when they are converted into ordinary shares.

#### DEBENTURES:

These are fixed-interest securities usually issued in multiples of £100. They are rather like mortgages on a house in that they are guaranteed by the property, plant, stocks, and other assets of the company.

#### UNSECURED NOTES:

These are much like a debenture. However, instead of being "secured" by the company's assets they are "unsecured," although usually the company is limited by a trustee as to how much it can borrow.

#### BONDS AND LOANS:

These are fixed-deposit

and divide the remainder by the number of shares.

**BARRIERS:** Short name for the silver, lead, and zinc companies at Broken Hill.

**BEAR:** Pessimist who thinks the market will fall. A bear market is a falling market.

**BLUE-CHIP:** Good as gold. Such shares are usually high priced.

**BONUS ISSUE:** Free shares issued to existing shareholders when a company finds itself in a position of wealth.

**BULL:** Optimist who thinks the market will rise. A bull market is a rising market.

**CUM DIVIDEND:** Shares bought at a time when the buyer is entitled to a forthcoming dividend.

**CUM RIGHTS:** The same, except that in place of a dividend the buyer is entitled to buy a new issue of shares.

**DIVIDEND:** Distribution of profits among shareholders, usually expressed as a percentage of capital or as an amount per share.

**EARNING RATE:** Net profit as a percentage of capital.

For instance, if the company's capital was £1000 and the net profit £100, the earning rate would be 10 per cent.

**EARNING YIELD:** What the shareholder would get if the company paid out all its profits in dividends.

**EX-DIVIDEND:** Opposite of "cum dividend." The seller receives the dividend.

**EX-RIGHTS:** As above. The seller gets the rights.

**FACE VALUE:** Also called "par value" and "nominal value." The value of the

share on the share certificate. For ordinary shares, usually 5/-, 10/-, or £1.

**FLOAT:** To start a public company, to invite people to buy shares in it.

**GROWTH STOCK:** A share in a dynamic company. Such an investment is likely to bring benefits through an increase in market price, higher dividends, a new or bonus issue, or all of these together.

**INTERIM DIVIDEND:** A dividend paid part-way through the company's financial year.

**MARKETABLE PARCEL:** Securities are traded on the Exchange in set multiples, usually of 100 shares. However, as the shares become more expensive the number in a marketable parcel becomes less.

**ODD LOT:** A number of shares which does not constitute a marketable parcel. Odd lots transactions usually prove more costly, because extra charges are made by the broker.

**OFFICIAL LIST:** Shares quoted and traded on the Stock Exchange.

**OPTION:** The right to take up shares on the terms and time fixed by the company.

**PORTFOLIO:** The list of different securities in which you have invested.

**PREMIUM:** Amount by which the price of a share exceeds its face value.

**QUOTATION** (also called "market"): Prices offered by buyers and sellers, and the price of the sale or sales. Quotes are listed daily in the newspapers.

**RESERVES:** Money saved for the company by the directors, as a provision for the future.

**RIGHTS:** Companies which need money to expand often issue shares to existing shareholders at a premium. The "right" to these new shares can also be quoted on the market, and can be bought or sold.

**SCRIP:** Your share, debenture, note, or bond certificate, which is a declaration of your ownership.

**SHARE SPLIT:** Companies often split their shares — for example, 10/- to 5/- units — so that more people may be given a chance to own shares.

**UNDERWRITER:** Arranges the issue of new securities, and guarantees that all the shares will be taken up.

**YIELD:** What you receive in dividends or interest for your capital outlay.

**NEXT WEEK:  
How to become  
an investor**

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by Napro

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### BUSINESS WORLD

NOT every woman knows her way round in the world of business.

But women who read the financial pages of The Sunday Telegraph find that it isn't such a complicated world.

In fact, "Pounds, Shillings and Pence," the Sunday Telegraph's weekly financial section, puts the expert view in words that everyone, specialist or beginner, can understand.

Take a look for yourself next Sunday—you'll be surprised how much there is to interest you.



# CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

● "Bonanza," the action-packed TV series about the Cartwright family and their giant ranch, The Ponderosa, is one of the few Westerns whose characters really seem to have grown into their roles.

THE four main characters, thrice-widowed Ben Cartwright and his three sons, seem so real that it is hard to associate them with their private identities.

Even though I know perfectly well they are not related, I often think as I watch the goings-on on *The Ponderosa*: "Adam is like his father," or "Hoss (so called for

his size) has got some of Ben Cartwright's pig-headedness."

As for Little Joe, as youngest of the Cartwrights he has definitely inherited Ben's charm and romantic nature, and falls in love with astonishing ease.

This viewer identification of the cast as real Cartwrights has undoubtedly added strength to "Bonanza's" appeal, making it one of the most popular TV shows in Australia.

—NAN MUSGROVE.

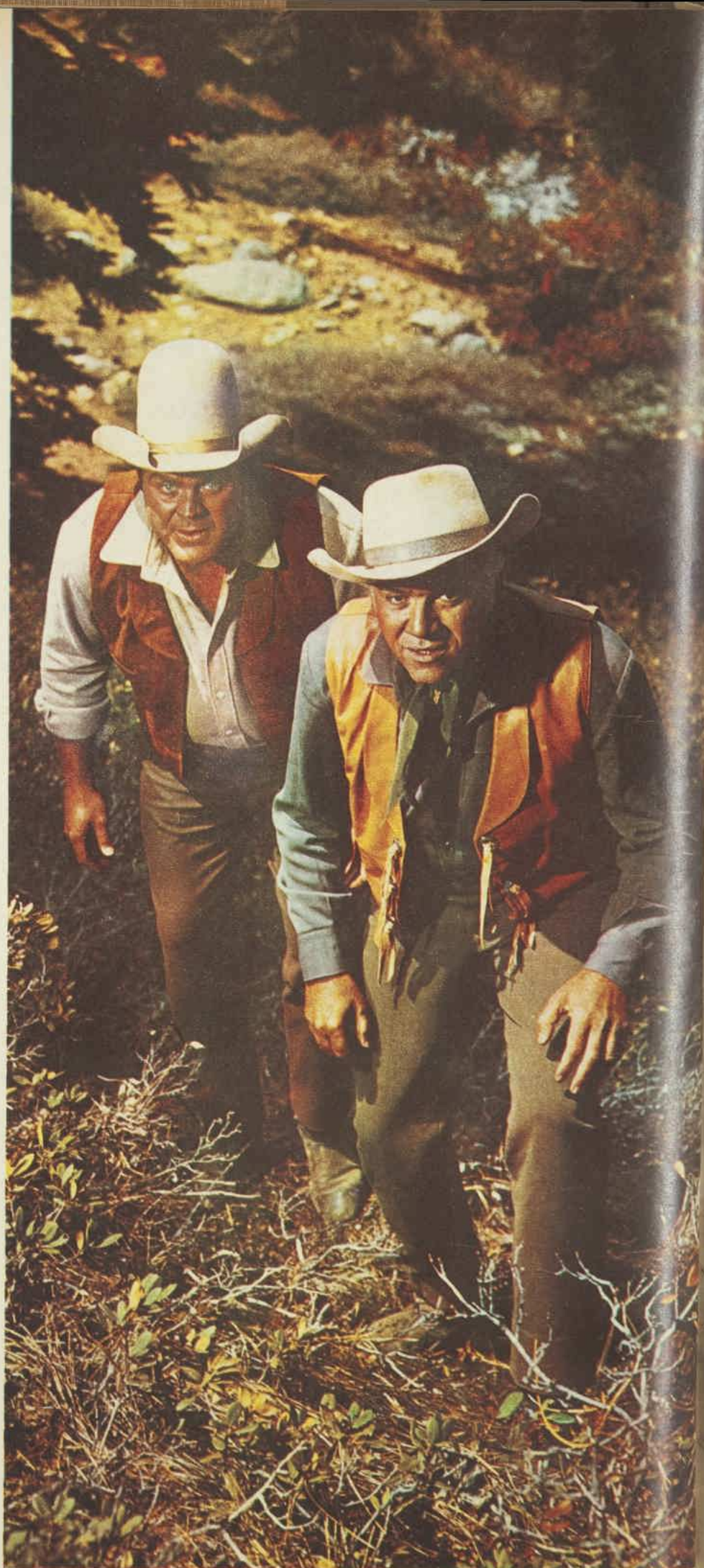
"Bonanza" is telecast in the following capital cities: Sydney, TCN9, 8.30 p.m., Fridays; Melbourne, HSV7, 8.30 p.m., Mondays; Adelaide, ADS7, 8 p.m., Thursdays; Brisbane, BTQ7, 7.30 p.m., Saturdays; Perth, TVW7, 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Hobart, TVT6, 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays.

## Television



ADAM CARTWRIGHT is Pernell Roberts in private life. He's a lone wolf, won't join in the off-screen social life organised by the other members of the TV family. There is a rumor that he is soon to leave the "Bonanza" cast.

"LITTLE JOE" CARTWRIGHT, Michael Landon in real life, is as social as they come, won't do a thing without consulting his TV Dad, Lorne Greene. He has three adopted sons from his first marriage; his present wife has two daughters.



HOSS AND BEN CARTWRIGHT (seen above tracking down some monkey business on *The Ponderosa*) are in real life giant Dan Blocker and Lorne Greene. Dan stands 6ft. 4in., weighs 20st., is married with a family of four; Lorne Greene, who recently married for the second time, has just built a replica of *The Ponderosa* homestead as a weekend in Phoenix, Arizona.



# What IS 'variety'?

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Judy Garland, one of the wonder women of show business, is soon to begin making her first TV variety series.

MY particular interest in the Garland variety show is her statement: "It will be a real variety show."

"When we say variety, we mean variety," Judy said. "Our show will be entirely unpredictable."

I wish Miss Garland had been more specific about what a variety show is.

Australian variety shows often bore me. They seem to be nothing more or less than a variety of singers, punctuated with TV dancers.

Sometimes a comedy sketch is thrown in for good measure, or some interesting person interviewed.

I tried, round the TV trade, to find a good definition of "variety." The worst was "anything."

The best was from a TV type, who said that a variety show was a collection of unrelated acts of all kinds, without the necessity of a connecting theme.

"It's an unpredictable assembly of talent that entertains," he said.

At least he and Judy Garland both used the same word — "unpredictable," which seems to headline TCN9's Dave Allen show as "variety."

It certainly is generally unpredictable, although its unpredictability is getting more predictable recently.

## Funny man

Regular viewers now know that they're going to see a selection of predictable world-famous American stars, an unusual Sydney character, and usually some sort of "act," the idea for which has come from the current week's news.

The most unpredictable thing about the show is Mr. Allen himself, who surely is one of the brightest things to hit the Sydney TV screen in years.

Mr. Allen is a funny man, an Irishman, good-looking in a strong, masculine way, and obviously not carried away by his own importance.

He seems a casual type, and his casual approach to his TV show, no doubt a rehearsed casualness, makes it refreshing viewing.

Some of his visitors, the ones lured along as sidekicks to stay with him for the length of the show, sometimes stay too long for me and are seen too much.

Like Allen, these guests are unpredictable. They are a diverse collection ranging from Lorraine Desmond and Andrea to Bert Newton and Hayes Gordon.

I was delighted to meet

again, via TV, Hayes Gordon, kingpin of Sydney's interesting Ensemble Theatre.

Gordon had interesting things to say, and his young players with their on-the-spot playlets were good.

I'll pay the Dave Allen show, even down to Allen's rough old commercials, but I think his show is more personality than variety.

The other two shows, often spoken of as "variety," are Channel 7's "Studio A," with the Le Garde Twins, and Joe Martin's "Floorshow" on ABC-TV.

To me, both these shows are old, with that seen-

## Television

better-days look of all renovations.

"Studio A" is always "Revue '62" without Digby Wolfe, and "Floorshow" is simply "Cafe Continental" without Hal Wayne.

I find "Studio A" too bland a diet, good for background music and viewing, but dull as proper viewing, when you watch to the exclusion of all outside conversation or distraction.

The description "variety" doesn't cover its content at all, although it may change now with its new producer, Frank Strain, who has been so successful with revue.

But when you have a huge orchestra, a good one,

and a very good choir, and when, apparently, it is compulsory to use them week after week, it is a tough job to produce a different "variety" show.

No matter what is done in costuming or presentation, it cannot disguise the fact that the show is largely orchestra and choir, and that certain well-known sameness results.

The Le Garde brothers, Ted and Tom, who compeer "Studio A," are pleasant fellows with pleasant voices, but I don't think that even with their built-in twin gimmick they could be described as hot-shot comperes.

ABC-TV's "Floorshow" improves each week, but its first five minutes always depress me as I watch the effervescent Mr. Martin struggling to overcome the effect of that dark, old, and dusty "Cafe Continental" set.

He deserves a better fate. Joe Martin is good, especi-

ally in a nightclub with an eyebrow-raising story, but so far no one seems to have put him in his right TV setting.

It is a pity, because TV needs him round somewhere as a personality compeer.

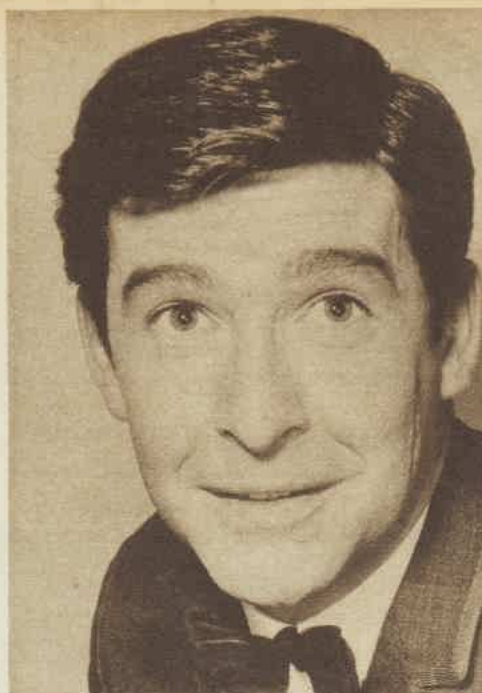
I don't know why ABC-TV doesn't burn that old set and start from taws with a new show compered by Joe Martin. He's worth it.

The latest "variety" show on the national screen is "The Delo and Daly Show" that originates in Melbourne. I would classify it as a music and comedy show, but whatever it is it's a honey.

Ken Delo and Jonathan Daly, its two stars, are international figures and polished performers.

I don't suppose it really matters whether a show is a true variety show or not; it is just a quibble so long as it is what everyone is looking for — good entertainment.

DAVE ALLEN, compeer of TCN9's variety show "Tonight with Dave Allen."



## RECOGNISE HER?

Look again at the face. That's right, it's Liz Taylor! The fascinating star turned herself into a blonde last month just to fool Richard Burton. There's four pages of pictures of the hoax in this week's Everybody's magazine. And you can read all the latest developments in Liz' headline association with Burton.

## STOMP v TWIST

Picture story of the dance craze that's taking over from the Twist.

Brigitte Bardot's NEW LOVE  
Intimate account of the fabulous BB's romance with actor Samy Frey.

## ARE YOU COLOR BLIND?

A test included in Everybody's shows you the answer

## GEORGE CHAKIRIS and CLAUDIA CARDINALE

The world's two most dynamic young stars are making a film together.

It's all in **Everybody's**  
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## Reviews of New Films

\*\*\*\*\*With WINIFRED MUNDAY\*\*\*\*\*

### ★ ★ ★ PHAEDRA

A modern Greek tragedy in which a shipping magnate (Raf Vallone) tries to bring together his son (Anthony Perkins) and his second wife (Melina Mercouri). He does so with tragic results when the boy and his stepmother fall in love. The son, consumed with love and guilt, and the magnate's wife, jealous of her stepson's proposed marriage arranged by his father, each drive themselves to self-destruction. Director Jules Dassin has used some striking camera angles and photographic effects. — Mayfair, Sydney.

In a word . . . POWERFUL.

### ★ ★ JIGSAW

A murder investigation is the subject of this surprisingly intriguing film. Jack Warner and Ronald Lewis are the detectives trying to find the killer of a girl

whose body is found dismembered in a trunk. This is saved from a run-of-the-mill crime film by the excellent way in which it has been treated. It is almost a documentary on English police methods in tracking down a murderer, no matter how slender the clues. — Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . THOROUGH.

### ★ THE LOVEMAKERS

Slow-moving Italian story of a Florence prostitute who becomes more than professionally involved with a farm boy who comes to the city to work in his uncle's winery and is sacked for stealing. The boy falls in love with the beautiful street girl, but the girl (Claudia Cardinale) is more concerned with money than love. — Lido, Sydney.

In a word . . . LEISURELY.

### OUR GRADINGS

★★ Excellent  
★ ★ Above average  
★ Average  
No Star — Poor

### ★ THE VALIANT

Conventional war film about a British warship in Alexandria Harbor which has been mined by Italian frogmen. They are taken prisoner and kept on board until they reveal the time the mine is to go off. There is a modicum of tension in the interrogation of the Italians by the captain (John Mills), who looks his usual stiff-upper-lip British self. Part of the dialogue is Italian (with English sub-titles), when the action is on the Italian submarine. The prisoners are played by Ettore Manni and Roberto Risso. — Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . TENSE.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 2, 1963





Tommy Hanlon

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Mamma once said . . . "What on earth has happened to people? Or haven't you noticed the looks of fear and suspicion on their faces? I'll bet half of the people reading this don't even know who lives next door to them. No one seems to be friendly any more; it seems that everyone has the 'what's-in-it-for-me?' attitude. Hasn't this happened to you lately? You meet someone on the street or at a party — the limp handshake, the 'glad-to-meet-you, will-you-excuse-me, and they're gone' behaviour? Oh, for the good old days when you met a person, liked him or her immediately, and were friends for the rest of your life. I wonder if they will ever come back?"

Momma's moral: If you think it's hard to meet people — pick up the wrong golf ball . . .

## DID YOU KNOW?

**DICK CHAMBERLAIN**, television's Dr. Kildare and long known for his frugality, admits he has started to branch out a little.

He has bought a new plastic shower curtain for the bathroom, and now has a cleaning woman come in twice a month. Until recently, he says, he did all his own house cleaning.

**ROBERT FULLER** is switching horses next season when he leaves the Western series "Laramie" after four years to join "Wagon Train."

**RED SKELTON** has picked some of America's top talent to appear on his show next season. They include Jane Powell, Rosemary Clooney, Shirley Temple, Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman, Jack E. Leonard, Bobby Rydell, George Gobel, The Kessler Twins, Martha Raye and her daughter Melody Condos, Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows, and Joannie Sommers.

**N.B.C.** in America is preparing a 90-minute documentary programme about the late producer of films with biblical themes, Cecil B. de Mille.

**BING CROSBY** will star with his wife, Kathryn, and Bob Hope in Bing's second one-hour musical variety special in February. This show will mark Crosby's first professional appearance with his wife, who resumed her acting career

## Television

with a series of performances in American summer theatres. Crosby's first special featured Buddy Ebsen of the "Beverly Hillbillies" as one of the guest entertainers.

**MICKEY ROONEY** will be the sole actor in a "Twilight Zone" drama, "The Last Night of a Jockey." Rooney appears as a jockey suspended from racing for doping a horse. In a previous one-man performance in 1958 Rooney won an Emmy nomination for "Eddie."

**CHUCK CONNORS**, who starred for several seasons in the Western series "The Rifleman" and will headline the double-barrelled "Arrest and Trial" series, is negotiating to portray Ted Williams in a film based on the legendary baseball player's life. Connors was a professional baseball player before turning to acting, and played for the Brooklyn Dodgers.

**KING PAUL** and Queen Frederika of Greece have agreed to appear in a C.B.S. programme similar to Princess Grace's TV tour of Monaco.

The Greek King and Queen will guide viewers through the Parthenon, and describe the "Golden Age of Greece."

**THE League Against Obnoxious TV Commercials** is organising a campaign against TV stations which linger too long with their spiels. The League was organised by a Brooklyn housewife and now claims 3000 members in the U.S.

**TAMMY GRIMES**, better known on the Broadway stage than on television, will appear on an episode of "Route 66" with the title "Where are the Sounds of Cello Brahms?" Miss Grimes plays a sound engineer, and two of the cops of "Naked City," Horace MacMahon and Harry Bellaver, will be in the same show.

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Si?







SYDNEY artist Christine Herman and her architect father, Morton Herman, discuss the color scheme they plan for the exterior of Sydney's historic Bligh House, which they are restoring.

# WORTH REPORTING

A 22-YEAR-OLD Sydney girl is dividing her time between the graceful restrained architecture of Australia's early colonial period and the uninhibited world of abstract painting.

She is Christine Herman, daughter of architect Morton Herman, author of our recent series "Architecture Through the Ages."

Christine recently exhibited her paintings at a leading gallery, and is currently working with her father on the restoration of one of Sydney's oldest buildings — Bligh House.

"Bligh House is a marvellous old place," said Christine. "It was built, as near as we can tell, in 1834. In a map Dad has, dated 1836, it is the only house shown at Millers Point."

Originally built by Robert Campbell, and named after his good friend Governor Bligh, Bligh House is now vested in the Maritime Services Board, and occupied by The Australian College of General Practitioners.

"The National Trust has a tremendous interest in the house," said Christine. "In fact, it is on their 'A' list—historical buildings that must be preserved at all cost."

As an authority on early Australian architecture, Morton Herman was given the job of restoring Bligh House to its original condition, and daughter Christine was seconded by her father to act as color consultant.

"Although I am primarily an artist," said Christine, "I have worked as an interior decorator and a color consultant."

"We're only doing the outside of the building now — we hope to be able to do something inside later on."

Restoring the outside of Bligh House — a two-storey stuccoed house with a wide verandah — involves repainting, replacing shutters, and tearing off additions.

"There are some terrible rooms which have been added on the back of the house — Dad calls them 'excrescences' — and they have to go," Christine said. "The shutters, copies of the originals, have already been replaced on the upstairs windows."

"The most important thing I had to remember when planning the color scheme was retaining the colonial atmosphere, so I settled for off-white for the building, with white shutters, woodwork, and columns."

"Since the front door was always the focal point in colonial days I decided to have it black with a gold trim, which will match the heavy gold curtains you'll be able to see from the street."

After spending hours with her father talking over their plans for 19th-century Bligh House, Christine usually returns to their Woolahra flat, switches her mind back to the 20th century and begins to paint.

Her pictures are stacked round the flat and piled up in a paint-spattered "studio."



Christine Herman . . . from past to present.

"That's not quite the word," she said, "it's more like a junk-room, where we store smelly things like Dad's fishing gear."

Christine's paintings are vivid — mainly reds and oranges with splodges of white — and richly textured.

"I paint a feeling rather than an object," she said. "I expect others do not know what I'm getting at, but that doesn't matter as long as they experience something from my picture."

"I do not care if they hate it — as long as they feel. Painting is a very selfish thing, you know—it gives the artist a tremendous satisfaction, but most of us don't care if people like our work or not."

★ ★ ★  
WE knew that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco to the Western world. He also pioneered the use of asphalt, we learned recently.

Most of the asphalt used in road surfaces all over the world comes from one of the strangest lakes in the world — the Asphalt Lake in Trinidad, British West Indies. The lake is a semi-solidified mass of bubbling asphalt, 110 acres in area.

Sir Walter Raleigh quickly took advantage of the phenomenon when he landed in Trinidad in the 16th century. He treated the hulls of his ships with the substance and found it to be "most excellent and good, and it melteth not with the sunne as the pitch of Norway."

## Susan's poem to her kitty

SUSAN PHILLIPS, of Lindfield, Sydney, is probably our youngest contributor ever. Susan is just four—and she has written a poem.

"Written" is not absolutely correct. Susan can't write yet (she has just learned to print her name). But she "thought" the poem, which is about her pet kitten, and told it to her mother and aunt. They quickly wrote it down.

Here it is:  
Dear little tuck-paws  
that don't want  
to come out of  
their furry ball of coat;  
your teeth are tiny  
as the seeds  
before they grow into  
the stalks of flowers.

## To make the ideal "cuppa"

DO you know how to make a perfect cup of tea? We thought WE did—until we visited the new Ceylon Tea Centre in Sydney.

While you're at the Centre you hear alarm clocks ringing constantly. They're the automatic timers which ensure that the tea will be brewed to a "T"—which takes exactly five minutes.

Any less and your tea will not have its full flavor—any more and it will be "stewed."

The exact amount of leaf required has already come from an automatic tea dispenser; freshly boiling water

has been poured on to the leaf, and an automatic milk dispenser is ready for use if you take your tea white.

The Sydney Centre has an unmistakable Ceylonese atmosphere. The walls are decorated with ancient Buddhist temple murals copied by Australian artist Donald Friend, a huge photographic mural depicting traditional Ceylonese dancers, masks, and spears.

A word of warning: Don't ask for a cup of coffee at the Centre. We heard it whispered that you'll be impaled on one of those spears if you do!

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(Left) **SHIRT:** Carnival stripe, continental imported, sanforised, woven cotton. Wedding-ring collar shirt, cuffed raglan sleeves, rounded shirt tail, wear in or out. Sizes 32-38 ..... **25/-**

**HIPSTERS:** Hip-hugging style, narrow self-belt, slim legs and leg vents. Imported American wash-and-wear denim. In Denim Blue, Golden Glow, Midnight Sun, Navy, Copper Lustre. Sizes 22-28 ..... **49/11**

(Centre Left) **SHIRT:** Delta's new long look in shirts. Worn with any length pants. Cool, rounded neckline, sleeveless, button front, two large pockets. Exclusive Continental prints in fast colours. Sizes 32-38 ..... **49/11**

**BAHAMA SHORTS:** In an eye-catching, slab surface fabric, crease resistant and colourfast. Popular length shorts, side pocket, slim fitting style. In Espresso, Coconut, Tempered Brass, Flagstone, Navy, Burnished Clay. Sizes 22-32. **29/11**

(Centre Right) **SHIRT:** Lightweight, woven multi-check, wash-and-wear imported cotton. Shrink-proof, needs little or no ironing. Wear in or out. In Pink or Aqua. Sizes 32-38 ..... **29/11**

**SHORTS:** Delta's new, surface-interest Cotton Cord. Fully shrunk, crease resisting, drip-dry cotton. Side shirred elastic, back slide fastener, side pockets. In fast colours: Grapefruit, Almond, Sand, Cornsilk, Apricot, Blue Ice, Empire Blue, White. Sizes 22-32 ..... **19/11**

(Right) **SHIRT:** Imported, woven cotton, crease resistant and exclusive to Delta. Open neck style with attractive rounded-peak collar, cuffed sleeves and rounded shirt tail. In fast colours: Gold, Green, Aqua. Sizes 6-14 ..... **25/-**

**SHORTS:** Plain front band, shirred elastic back. Crease resisting sailcloth. In fast colours: Aqua, Navy, Bone, Royal, Pink, Red, Jewel Green, Seafrost, Olive, Gold, Blue Ice, Brown, Daffodil, Sunbeam, Bronze, White. Sizes 2-14. From **13/6**





● The Raynes with their own toy poodle.

# DOG JUDGE WON "FIDO" AWARD

● A husband-and-wife team who were asked to judge dogs at the current Royal Melbourne Show were surprised to learn in the U.S.A. that they would have to inspect some 4000 entries.

"THAT makes the Melbourne show one of the largest in the world," said "all-breeds" judge Derek Rayne, of Carmel, California.

"Even the Westminster show in New York attracts only about 2500 entries."

Mr. Rayne, who won the

Fido Award as "dog judge of the year" in America in 1956, is judging three-quarters of the Melbourne entries. His wife, Elizabeth, is judging the rest.

In U.S. dog shows the American Kennel Club imposes a "darg" on judges, limiting them to inspecting 200 dogs a day.

In Melbourne, Mr. Rayne

is obliged to see — and remember—300 dogs, and Mrs. Rayne 100 dogs, on each of the show's 10 days.

The Raynes collect only their expenses, no fee, as they are both amateurs. Next year, however, Mr. Rayne will turn professional, collecting 150 dollars a day (about £A75) over all expenses.

The U.S. has more than 2000 licensed dog judges, only a handful of whom are professional.

## English-born

There are only 30 all-breeds judges, and Mr. Rayne, at 48, is the youngest to achieve that status. Most of the all-breeds judges are in their 70s and 80s.

No one in the U.S. makes a living at dog judging. Derek Rayne owns two men's clothing shops in California, but has been judging dogs for 24 years — as a hobby.

Because of their unfamiliarity with Australian breeds, the Raynes asked the Melbourne show sponsors to appoint local judges for the cattle dogs, kelpies, Australian terriers, and silkies.

Derek Rayne was born in Surrey, England. One of his earliest memories was hiding under the dining-table with his pet airedale during the air raids of World War I.

"We were both about three at the time," he said.

In 1936 he went to America en route to Australia to promote the family shoe business, but he liked America so much he decided to stay.

Mr. Rayne is secretary of the classic Del Monte dog show in California, and flies all over the U.S. to dog shows, judging an average of 30 a year.

He met his wife, Elizabeth, at the Westminster show in New York's Madison Square Garden in 1956. They were married the following year.

## TV show

Until recently Mrs. Rayne produced, directed, and compered a network TV programme for children five mornings a week, as well as a local daytime show for Californian housewives.

The Raynes keep five Pembroke Welsh corgis on their 10-acre ranch.

Three of the corgis are the rare tricolor variety.

According to the American Kennel Club, there has been a revival of interest in Welsh corgis in the U.S., although the breed's popularity there has never equalled that in Britain and Australia.

The A.K.C. census shows 678 registered corgis in the country, but they are easily outnumbered by poodles (123,865), beagles (47,961), chihuahuas (45,965), German shepherds (45,541), and dachshunds (44,491).

How does an all-breeds judge evaluate as many as 200 dogs in the course of a day?

"You have to know the standards of all breeds," said Mr. Rayne. "After 24 years of studying dogs, one acquires an 'eye,' a kind of intuitive evaluation, so that in a few seconds you can spot a defect without even touching it."

"You need a good memory, too. In fact, I rarely have to make notes during the course of judging a show."

In all his years of judging, Mr. Rayne has been bitten only once—when he touched a hidden canker under the ear of an English sheepdog.

"You can usually tell by the dilation of the eyes if the dog is going to attack," he said. "Yet you must get fairly close in order to count the dog's teeth."

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### Love in public

OUR recently engaged daughter and her fiancé are causing much amusement to our friends—and keen embarrassment to us—by their display of affection in front of everyone. We feel it is in bad taste, but our request for them to refrain from kissing in public has been resented. How do other parents cope with this situation?

£1/1/- to "Embarrassed" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

### His wonderful compliment

MY husband has just paid me a wonderful compliment. My "in-laws" were present to stay after nearly eight years. I looked round the house and saw all the repair jobs I had never quite got round to doing. When I mentioned this to my husband he said: "We've been too busy being happy." I thought this was one of his nicest remarks in our ten years of marriage.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Barnes, Kensington, S.A.

### Social clubs for women

MEN'S clubs are commonplace, but I have not heard of one evening club where lonely women may go unaccompanied. Unmarried women, wives whose husbands cannot or will not take them out, and widows should have somewhere to meet and enjoy a few hours with other people. Do other readers agree there is a need for such clubs?

£1/1/- to "Sometimes Lonely" (name supplied), Banks-town, N.S.W.

### After the operation

ON a patient's discharge from hospital, I think a statement of details of treatment or operations should be given. I had to ask what had been done to me, and then, as an afterthought, the doctor put his head back in the cubicle and added: "We took your appendix out, too, so don't let anyone operate for that."

£1/1/- to "Making Sure" (name supplied), Lakemba, N.S.W.

### Big v. small families

UNTIL I had my third child I used to think that children of a large family had a much better upbringing as far as character building was concerned than the only child. Now I wonder. When I had only one child, I was strong and very consistent in my disciplining. Now I find my children "get away" with far more than they should because I just haven't always got the time to reprimand and guide them properly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Fiddler, Melbourne.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"SHE took some of my icing!"

The atmosphere of goodwill at a recent birthday party was shattered by this accusation. Along with it came such reproaches as "you big meanie" and "anyhow, you're a show-off."

The incident showed what heated passions can be aroused by icing.

There is only one crime at our place more resented than pinching someone's icing. That is taking the crackling from their roast pork—"quackle," as Baby Pip calls it.

Crackling must be shared out with minute accuracy or the cry goes up: "She's got more quackle than me!"

Though keen on quackle, or crackle, I am not an icing man. The stuff usually strikes me as rather sickly. But there is no doubt about its importance to many people.

For example, all cakes sent to the cake stall at the school fete are supposed to be iced.

Last year Mrs. Hopkins sent a fruit cake without icing on it. Old Mrs. Goole, who was in charge of the cake stall, muttered: "People don't take the trouble nowadays."

As for a birthday cake without

### ICED UP

icing—I have never heard of such a freakish thing. It would cause an uproar.

Certainly it would be humiliating to the birthday person.

All the guests take pieces of birthday cake home wrapped in tissue-



paper. You can imagine the comments when the pieces were unwrapped and the lack of icing was noticed: "Pretty ordinary sort of a birthday cake, isn't it?"

The only birthday cake icing I remember that nobody liked was made by my cousin Hilda. She put bicarbonate of soda on it by mistake instead of icing-sugar.

The colors can be tricky. Pink icing has a solid public. But boys think it sissy, and some birthday girls think they are too old for pink icing.

Green icing is pretty, but makes some consumers feel sick. For all-round popularity chocolate icing is hard to beat. I have seen several fights over it.

I hold strongly to the view that all the things on a cake should be eatable (except the candles).

A couple of years ago Mrs. Goole made a cake for her husband, who works in the railways, with an iced cardboard model of Sydney Central Station on it. It looked impressive, but tasted awful.

The pink babies on christening cakes are eatable, yet somehow chewing them goes against the grain.

However, my opinions on icing don't count much, because I am one of the minority who prefer cakes without it.

To please me my wife once made a piebald cake that was half iced and half not. But the remarks passed were so rude she never tried it again.

Icing is one of those things you should not do by halves.

### Storm fears

I CAN sympathise with "Em Ell" (Qld.), for I, too, am terrified of thunderstorms. I live alone, and whenever there is a storm I sit in the wardrobe facing the wall. Sometimes the situation strikes me as funny, and that seems to ease the tension. I won't let any of my friends know of this fear.

£1/1/- to "Fear" (name supplied), Fortitude Valley, Qld.

I CANNOT read or listen to music. I cannot lie down or sit. I even experience violent pain if a storm is severe. Fortunately, this does not last for ever, but passes with the storm, and I recover completely—until the next storm.

£1/1/- to D.D. (name supplied), Whittlesea, Vic.

MY only regret is that we do not have enough storms in our district. I love them! The tension, the flashes of lightning, and the roar of thunder bring out the primitive in me. My mind is stimulated, and I feel mentally and physically refreshed after a storm.

£1/1/- to Constance E. Little, Swan Beach, Vic.

I HAVE to confess that at nearly 67 a storm devastates me. When I was grown up, I always had a headache before and during a storm. I tried to conquer my fear by forcing myself to go out in bad storms, but this made me worse. Eventually my doctor gave me some pills to take during a storm. These send me to sleep, but do not stop my fear. Another bugbear about this is that after I have slept through the storm I have to work like mad on the household chores that I should have done while I slept.

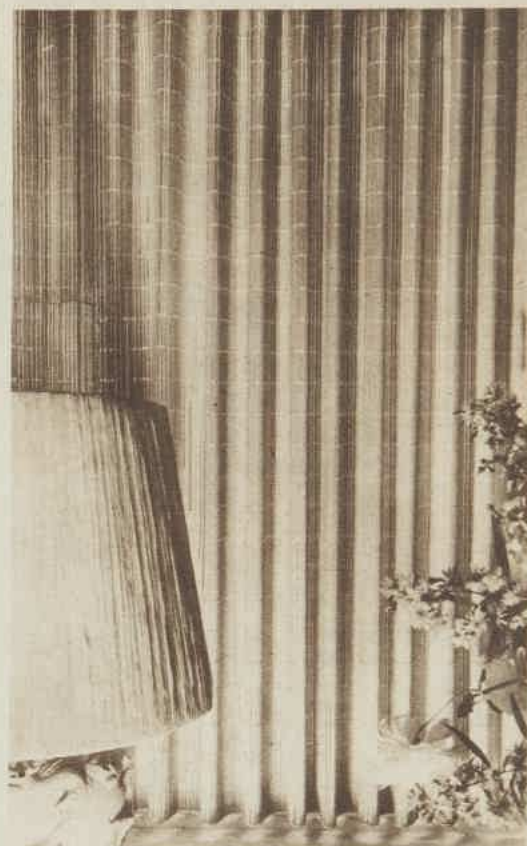
£1/1/- to "Another Cowardy Custard" (name supplied), Raleigh, N.S.W.

I HAVE plenty of reason to fear thunderstorms, as I was once in a house during a thunderstorm when a large tree struck by lightning fell across my bedroom. Then, in 1931, a house I was living in had 12 windows shattered by lightning. This year a storm struck, and we had three feet of rainwater in the kitchen. I only pray that we have finished with storms for a while. It is very expensive putting things right again.

£1/1/- to "Oria" (name supplied), Wynnum, Brisbane.

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## QUEENSLAND TOMATO RECIPE CONTEST

### RESULTS — AUGUST

Prizewinners for August in the Queensland Tomato Recipe Contest are:

|                     |   |                                |
|---------------------|---|--------------------------------|
| First Prize<br>£20  | Mrs. W. Kuris,<br>18 Queen Victoria Street,<br>Drummoyle.         | Tomato Gumbo Soup              |
| Second Prize<br>£10 | Mrs. N. Homan,<br>103 Wollongong Road,<br>Arncliffe.              | Savory Spaghetti<br>Margherita |
| Third Prize<br>£5   | Miss S. Phelps,<br>Flat 5,<br>40s Birriga Road,<br>Bellevue Hill. | Tomato Wine Fish               |

Prizewinners for September will be announced in the Australian Women's Weekly, issue dated 6th November.

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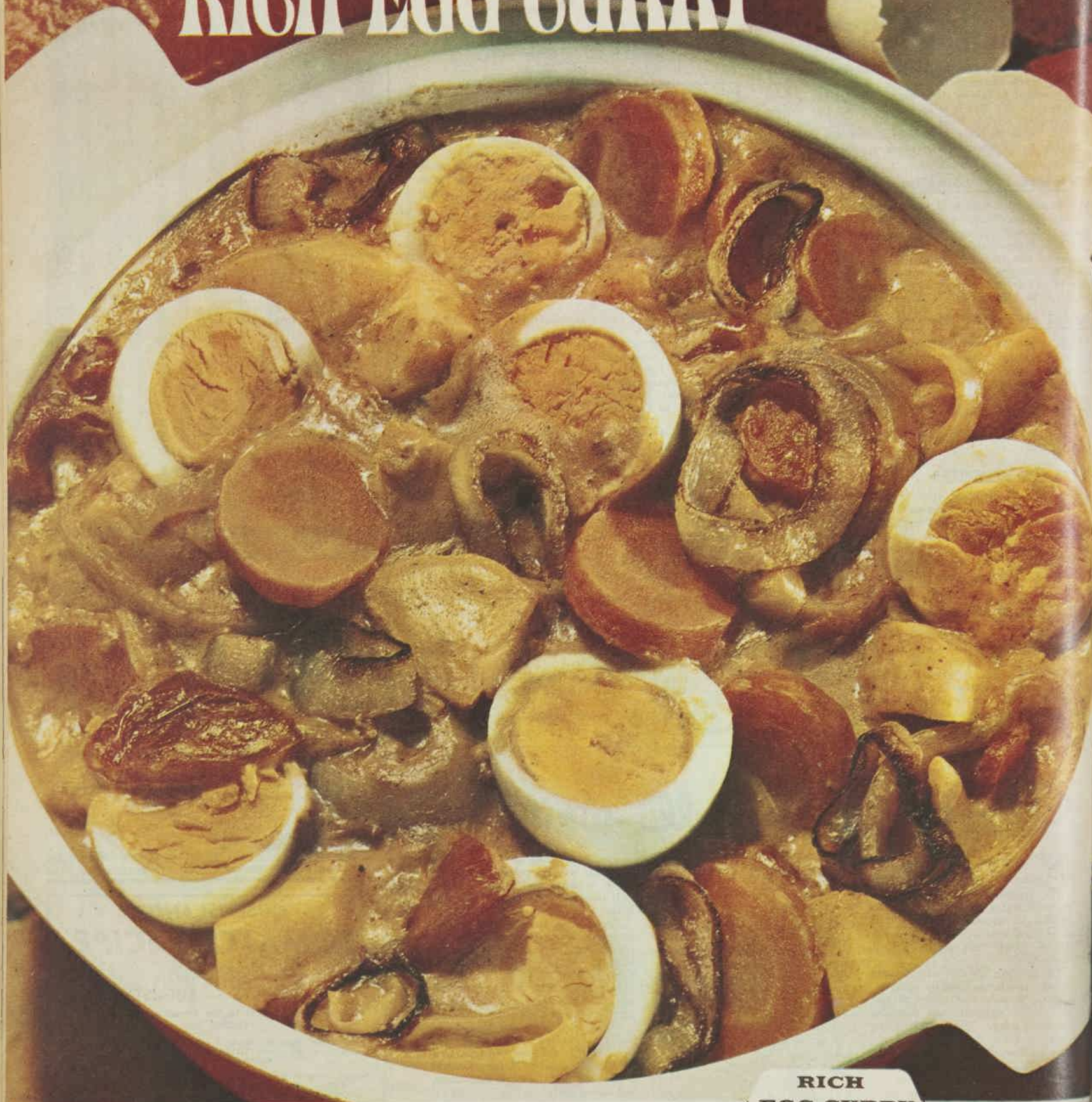
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EW300



# Since last time

By **HOLLY WHITE HICKLER**

THE truth is that everything begins before it begins. I didn't think that until later. But after it was all over I could imagine its being described by the weather man — the one on television at night after the news report. There's something solid and reassuring about him. He explains the weather in a voice filled with logic and patience and he makes it seem so reasonable — low-pressure areas and high-pressure areas. The sky outside next day is the result.

It's the weather map, of course, that permits him these predictions. He can trace the source of winds straight across the country and tell you what odd combinations are going to meet and make the kind of day you see outside your window. It was all beginning to happen the day before and the day before that.

It's been a damp, oppressive summer, since we're talking about weather. My daughter Beth has been bored for two weeks. In a way, maybe that's why she got sick. Not very sick, but sick enough to feel dull and restless. She has an ear infection — nothing worse for pure misery. And being 14 is often a rather low-pressure area in itself. The barometer is inclined to fall.

But Beth lives in a mercurial climate. She is tall and robust, with a quick, alive face. When she is stimulated, her tilted blue eyes take on amusement and intelligence; her mouth curves up and her neck seems longer. She sits straight and relaxed as though she were riding a favorite horse. But when her inner climate changes, her eyes seem more grey than blue. She leans her chin on her hand and slumps, with her shoulders rounded. She stares into space, not even looking at me when she speaks.

Beth's interior climate has a logic all its own, and I know even before I see her in the morning, just by the sound of her footsteps coming down the stairs, what kind of weather she is walking around in that day. Lately it's been a kind of fine drizzle.

Beth is my oldest child and I have always looked upon her halfway as my friend. The others seem like my children. But it would strike me as inappropriate to tell Beth when to go to bed or remind her about brushing her teeth. It would be like imposing on the dignity and privacy of a friend.

Perhaps it's because she was born when I was 19 and not very grown-up myself. Anyway, that's how it is, and I respect Beth's perceptive mind and the softness and sweetness in her nature.

We know a lot about each other without speaking of it. Like the time we both got tears in our eyes over a commercial on television. I knew and she knew, but it was too absurd to mention. I mean that child who runs in, laughing and triumphant, and shouts, "Look, Ma! No cavities!" It doesn't

To page 69

*Stephanie was sitting in the porch, tenderly holding the little kitten in her arms.*





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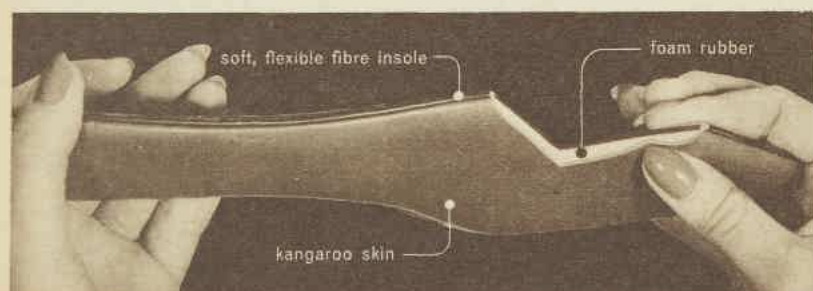


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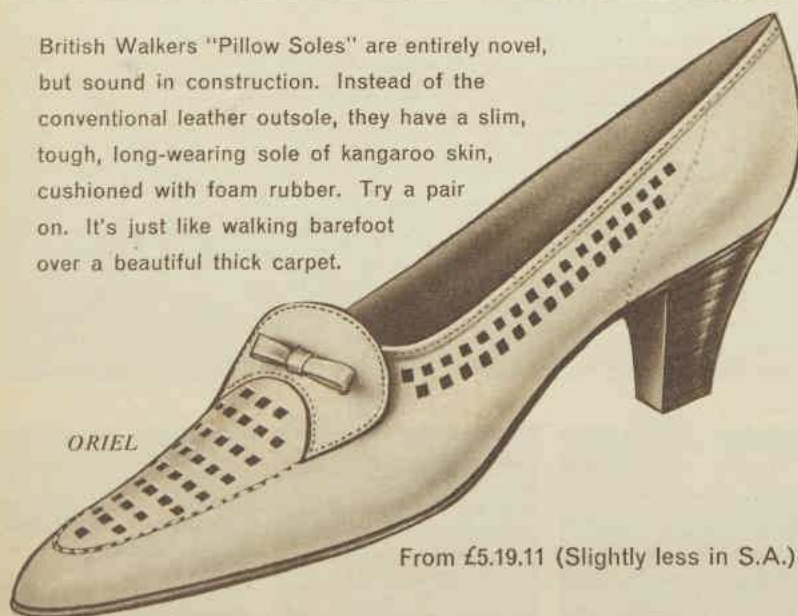
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AT BETTER SHOE STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

BW14

# The Voice of Emma

By DOROTHY EDEN

EVERY morning Lucy indulged briefly in her daydream of the kind of breakfast appointments she would like. The sun streaming on to the table from windows opening into the garden, Giles reading his morning paper peacefully, the aroma of freshly brewed coffee filling the air, a robin pecking on the lawn, the postman clicking the gate shut behind him, having dropped the mail through the handsome white-painted Georgian door, an enormous bowl of chrysanthemums and michaelmas daisies in the hall that one glanced at with pleasure as one went to pick up the letters, Giles calling in a relaxed voice, "Anything interesting in the mail?"

The dream could go on indefinitely, taking in the bedrooms upstairs, the nursery, the cheerful and punctual daily help already making the beds.

But at this stage Lucy was usually interrupted by Giles saying impatiently and with tension in his voice, "The post must have been. Aren't you going down for it?"

"Yes. In a minute. Watch the milk. I just haven't time to clean that horrible gas ring again if it boils over. And, darling, couldn't you pick up some of your clothes? If we have to live in a bed-sitter, does it need to be quite so scruffy?"

"Don't nag. Get the post."

"I don't see why I always have to go down all those stairs."

"Because you're dressed, sweetie, and I'm not. I don't want to fall over Mrs. Jenkins in my pyjamas. Don't you know she eats up innocent little boys like me?"

He was being facetious to cover his tension. She recognised that, and by evening, with the strain of the day behind her, she would have laughed because she usually found his jokes amusing.

The exception was first thing in the morning, when there were four flights of stairs to descend to pick up letters that would almost inevitably sort themselves out into bills, circulars, and perhaps the weekly one from her mother full of chat about nothing.

It was so awful coming back to face the look of calm acceptance which Giles would then wear.

"Didn't expect anything. You know that."

Or else there would be the bulky oblong envelope that meant a rejected manuscript and that was much, much worse. Giles would make airy comments about it, talking philosophically about editors' obtuseness, but he was never able to hide, for that split second, his desperate disappointment, when his face was so hurt and old-young.

And later, perhaps days later, there would be one of those painful scenes when he would make bitter remarks about being the kind of husband who couldn't keep his wife.

After that, several days might pass before he could work happily on his book again. And she would have to be so careful what she said in case it could be construed as resentment or dissatisfaction.

They both knew he was a good writer, but the road was long and tough and sprinkled with things like fourth-floor bed-sitters, sharing the bathroom, no meals in restaurants or theatres unless an unexpected cheque arrived, almost no new clothes, using an umbrella from which a spoke as naked as a knitting needle stuck, being constantly economical about gas fires and food, cooking a meal, and doing housework after a long and tiring day at the office, leaving Giles alone all day in the limited surroundings of one room, when always, always, he wrote so much better when she was there, quietly occupied, but reassuring him with her presence.

Lucy ran down the stairs quickly to shut out her disturbing thoughts. Mrs. Jenkins, the middle-aged widow with the honey-yellow hair on the second floor, had been there first and put the letters in piles on the hall table. There were three in Lucy's pile, a gas bill, a card from the library to say that the book she had been asking for was in, and a letter from her mother.

With her meagre booty she went slowly upstairs. Although she had been away such a short time, she found Giles up, the bed made, and his clothes hung tidily.

She exclaimed, "Oh!" in surprise.

"You were nagging, did you know?"

"Was I?" Her voice was full of remorse. They had only been married a year. It was too soon, always too soon, to begin nagging.

"Well — sort of!" He had the cord of his dressing-gown tied tightly round his narrow waist. She loved his body, his face, his ruffled dark hair, his hands, the way his nails were shaped, his bony narrow feet.

"No news," she said quickly, knowing he wouldn't ask.

There was a short story they expected to hear about any day now. It was a good one. Lucy knew fiercely that if the editor to whom it had been sent didn't buy it he was ignorant and blind and deluded.

Giles was maintaining his facetious mood this morning.

"What does the man think we eat? Typewriter ribbons? Words? The fine pure air of our attic? Oh, well, no news is good news. And I didn't let the milk boil over. Come and kiss me good morning. Tell me you love and adore the romance of living in an attic with a starving author."

"You make it romantic," Lucy murmured in his arms. "That's true. Except that this is hardly an attic. And feeling romantic on this cold foggy morning

THE AUSTRALIAN Women's Weekly, October 3, 1955



To Lucy and Giles this old piano represented the elegance and romantic grandeur of a past era

when I've a bus to catch in ten minutes and I haven't had any breakfast is something of an achievement."

She felt his arms breaking her ribs.

"Don't let me nag," she whispered.

"I married you too soon."

"No, no, no!"

"I should have had a book accepted first."

"And shut me out of your struggle? Selfish beast. Giles, you're only twenty five. There's no hurry, do you see? Other writers are forty or even fifty before they're successful. Be patient. We've all the time in the world."

"Never enough time," he muttered. "And another five minutes has just eked itself away. Gone forever. Stolen itself out of our lives."

Lucy laughed, pulling herself away.

"I'm hungry. You be philosophical when I've gone to work. Pour the coffee, please. Let me read Mummy's letter. And could you be an angel and find time to pick up this library book for me today. I think we'll have lamb chops tonight. It's so cold, we won't want to wait for anything that takes a long time to cook. Oh, good gracious! What do you know?"

She had torn the letter open as she talked, and now was torn between laughter and tears.

"We've been left a legacy. Great-aunt Emma has remembered me in her will."

"Great-aunt Emma? The goofy one who lived alone and wouldn't be put in a home? What's she left you?"

"Don't get excited. It isn't money. It's her grand piano."

Giles sank into a chair.

"Wouldn't you know it! Not money but a grand piano for two starving people living in an attic. Well, we can sell it, I suppose. I don't know how the market is for grand pianos. I imagine it's limited to those people who have space to house them, plus a liking for piano music, and someone to perform on the instrument. Which would seem to be quite a rare combination of circumstances nowadays. I always thought your aunt was more or less penniless and too proud to accept help. What was she doing with a grand piano?"

"But of course we won't sell it," Lucy was saying. "That's absolutely the last thing I would ever agree to."

Giles looked astonished.

"Surely you're not being sentimental about it. When did you last see your Aunt Emma, anyway?"

"Not for a long time, I'm sorry to say. She discouraged relatives visiting. I think she was ashamed for them to see the way she lived. Mummy went once, and wasn't even asked in."

"Where did she live?"

"In one small room in a house in Birmingham. The worst part."

"The room couldn't have been that small if it housed a grand piano. Unless there wasn't room for another person to get in."

Lucy flung round on him.

"Don't you dare make jokes about her!"

Giles looked more astonished.

"Honey, I'm not making jokes. I was stating a possible fact. And really, if your aunt was that poor, why didn't she sell the piano?"

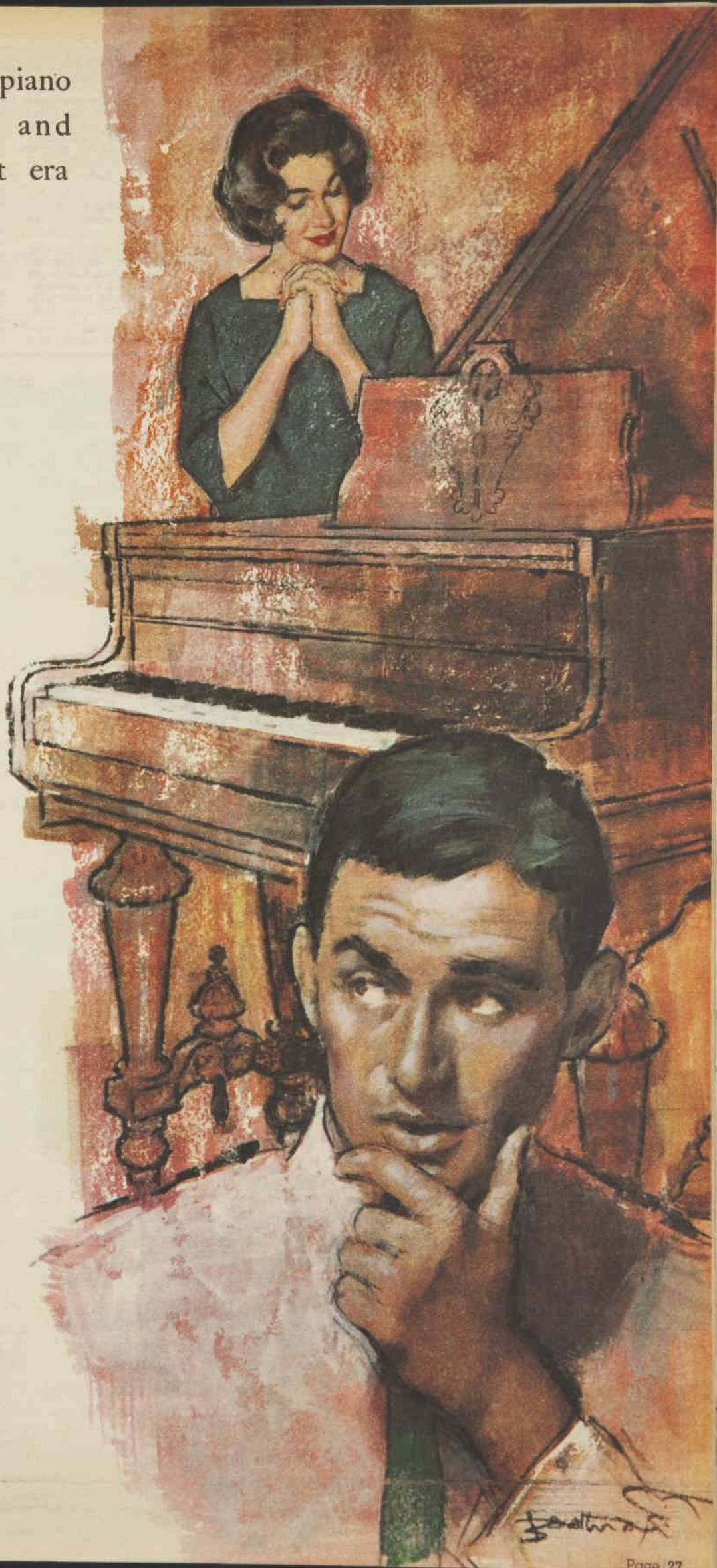
"Because it was her! Or the best part of her. She'd been given it for her twenty-first birthday. Her parents thought she might be a great pianist but she was never that good. When her parents died and there wasn't much money she had to move to a smaller place and take pupils. She hated their clumsy fingers on her piano. She taught me for a while. I had no talent at all, but I loved to hear her playing or singing. I'd ask her to, after my lesson. She'd sing those old sentimental ballads 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and Tosti's 'Goodbye'."

Lucy was lost for a moment in the memory of the thin dedicated figure of Great-aunt Emma, happy over her music, her light sweet voice caressingly dwelling on the words of love. She must have been almost the last figure in that world of leisurely drawing-rooms and gentle music and romantic ideals. She was very old-fashioned and too unrealistic to know she had been born out of her time. She simply kept that time alive.

"She got arthritis in her fingers," Lucy went on. "She couldn't play or teach any more. She began to withdraw from everybody, even me. She was abnormally sensitive. I think she thought she was nothing without her music, and even I would find it a trial to have to visit such a dull person. But now, you see," there were tears in Lucy's eyes, "she has left me her most precious possession. So how could I possibly sell it?"

Giles was sympathetic, but practical.

"I see your point. The piano was the poor old thing's status symbol. Her voice, her poem, her dream, whatever you like. But it isn't ours. And where are we going to put it? If it goes here, by the window, the table will have to be shifted to where the bed is. The wardrobe will have to be





## THE VOICE OF EMMA

moved out to make room for the bed, or we sleep on the landing."

"We'll have to store it until we can afford a bigger room."

"My dear darling wife, I thought yours was the business head in this partnership. Do you know how much storage fees are? It would be cheaper to get a bigger room now."

But they wanted a baby, too. They were living in this cramped, inconvenient room in order to save money for the country cottage and the day when Lucy could give up her job. If they spent more on rent now it meant waiting even longer.

"Then we'll move," said Lucy.

Giles took her by the shoulders. "What on earth has got into you? I thought we'd made our plans. A

cottage by 1964 and a baby the year after. You're not giving this up for the sake of an old piano?"

"Plans are things that can be altered," Lucy said. "Giles, please understand! I have to do this. Aunt Emma trusted me to preserve something — something —" She groped for what she was trying to express.

"A faith, a gentleness, a beauty? Something the world badly needs today." She caught his gaze and flared, "Don't pretend you don't understand what I'm trying to say. You do. But it's something I believe in, a light from my childhood, let's say. Anything. But I won't—I just won't—sell that piano."

Giles shrugged. He was a tall, lean, intensely modern figure in his

tightly belted shabby dressing-gown, with his sardonic face. He didn't have an appreciation for lavender sachets. But he was her husband. He had to understand her point of view. If he didn't, nothing mattered, not even Aunt Emma's awkward legacy.

"We'll have to call it Emma," he said at last. "That seems the least we can do."

The twinkle was back in his eyes. Lucy's heart leaped with joy and relief. He hadn't failed her — yet. Why should she think the possession of a grand piano was going to be such a testing time for a marriage?

"Let's start looking for a bigger room this weekend. I can do some

overtime for a while. And you're bound to have some luck soon."

As it happened, the next day a letter from the dilatory editor arrived asking Giles if he would accept forty guineas for his story. The question was superfluous. They dined out that night, Lucy radiant, Giles quietly confident.

"I'd buy you an eternity ring," said Giles, "since you have such a sentimental nature. But instead it will have to be housing space for Emma."

They found a room, a large cold barn of a place that would cost a fortune to heat. The crumbling plaster frieze went with ancient grand pianos, Giles said. Lucy contrarily wept as they packed up to

leave. She wondered if anyone would realise that two people had begun their marriage there. As Giles had discovered, she had a very sentimental nature.

The piano arrived and was inspected thoroughly by Giles, who pronounced that she was a tottery old girl (she was automatically assumed to be feminine) with woodworm, faded polish, and stiff keys.

"But she looks good," said Lucy.

"Oh, definitely she gives us status. We're now people who own, not a television set or a baby car, but a grand piano. We're different. Even though being different doesn't pay the rent."

He took Lucy and whirled her round the large room.

"There's room to dance in here. Let's have a party. Let's give Emma a house-warming."

"But, darling, we can't afford—"

"That isn't a word we can use any more. We have a grand piano. He whirled her about again. Already they were freer, gayer.

Lucy went to play a half-forgotten tune, but her fingers were awkward and the keys stiff. Some of them didn't sound a note at all. It didn't matter. The piano wasn't there to be played. She was a friend, not a servant.

They had a party, and one of Giles' friends tried to play rock-a-roll on Emma, but the silent keys were a problem. Finally he gave up, and as the party grew merry everyone used the top as a table. Afterwards, Lucy found cigarette burns and rings from wet glasses.

She was furiously angry. "Honestly, even if they treated Emma as a joke they needn't have been so careless."

"Honey, you know what parties are."

"I know what parties with your friends are. They have no possessions, so they have no respect for other people's."

"Now you're not going to get house proud! Old Emma's probably never had the sniff of a glass all her life. Let her enjoy her old age with human beings."

"You're suggesting my aunt wasn't human. You're making a joke of her and her piano just as all your friends did tonight. Then why did you let me have Emma? Why did you let us move? I thought you understood."

IN the chilly, unreal hours of early morning they faced each other. Momentarily, Giles, with his taut, stubborn face, was a stranger. He was as far from knowing her mind as those insensitive people who had been here tonight.

Lucy had the dreadful feeling that already she was facing a crisis in her marriage. Giles had laughed at her before, but gently and sympathetically, not with this scorn for a long-dead form of sentimentality.

"Giles—once and for all—Emma isn't to be a party gimmick."

His eyes kindled. He pulled her to him roughly.

"Do you realise we're quarrelling over that antiquated instrument? Why did I let you have her? Why did we move? Because I love you, Lucy." His lips met hers and everything was wonderfully right again.

There were no more lucky forty-guinea sales that winter. Giles worked hard at his book. Then Lucy not only got bronchitis but also discovered that she was going to have a baby. Their careful plans had come unstuck.

For a little while Lucy couldn't worry. The baby was making its appearance too soon, and the problems seemed insuperable, but she couldn't help the warm feeling in her heart. It didn't seem to her that the baby would be ashamed of its parents. It would find plenty of love, which seemed more important than a fashionable trousseau and well-equipped nursery.

But she had to face reality when Giles talked of getting a job.

"You can't! What about your book?"

"It will have to be done in my spare time."

"But you know you can't work that way." Her emotion made her cough again, and Giles exclaimed:

"What am I! A man who can't keep his wife?"

"But you can, darling! I can

To page 29

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## THE VOICE OF EMMA

work until the last month, and by that time you'll have got an advance for your book."

"And supposing it's a failure? And the baby's here and we're trying to pay more rent than we can afford." His anxiety about Lucy forced him to vent his temper on the only possible object. "Look, Lucy, the time for sentiment is over. We'll have to sell that piano."

He only called Emma a piano when he was really angry. He hated her, Lucy realised.

"Don't you dare! If you sell Emma I'll sell your typewriter."

Then she was aghast at what she had said. She looked at Giles' stricken face.

"Darling, darling, I didn't mean that! I do believe in you. I do!"

"The publishers did everything but promise a contract," Giles said in a bewildered voice. "They said they couldn't do that until they had the complete manuscript, since I'm an unknown quantity. I didn't think you were so uncertain—"

"But I'm not, I'm not!" Lucy cried. "I only said that in a temper." She pressed her palms to her eyes. "I don't seem to be seeing anything clearly, even about Emma. I suppose I'm tired, or it's the baby. But I do see you're right, Giles. Emma will have to go."

"Not if you hate the idea."

"I think it's a fine, sensible, realistic idea. Even Aunt Emma would understand this idea. After all, she couldn't have deprived a baby of things just to keep a grand piano. The thing will be to find someone who wants to buy Emma."

"I know a dealer," Giles began. "So you've been enquiring—"

Lucy stopped quickly. "That's lucky, darling. Get him to come as soon as possible."

THE dealer came the next day. He was brisk and loud-voiced and she hated him. He ran his fingers over Emma's wood, peered inside her, and spoke in derogatory tones.

"You know it isn't worth much, don't you? Hard to find a buyer for an instrument that size. It's old, too. Been neglected." He gave Lucy a reproachful look. "Pianos have to be carefully treated, same as people." He ran his fingers over the keys and found the ones that stuck. "You see?"

Giles stood by, frowning.

"How much will you offer?"

"Can't say. I'll have to give it some thought. See if I can locate a buyer. Might make it a tenner."

"Only ten pounds!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Lady, everybody doesn't live in houses this size." He looked round the large room disapprovingly. "Even an upright doesn't fit into the average living-room nowadays. Still—" his voice went softer. "It's a pity, in a way, isn't it? I remember my grandmother playing the piano to us kids at Christmas. We'd sing round it. Now it's the telly and everyone stays mum."

He sat down and picked at the keys with a stubby forefinger.

"I even had a singing voice once, and a hankering for those old soppy songs. Like this . . .

I love thee, dear,  
I love thee, dear,  
I love thee now and for eternity

It was true that he had a pleasant singing voice, deep and with unexpected feeling.

"That's better than all those pop songs nowadays. It really says something. I mean, if you sang that to your wife, she'd believe you. And for eternity . . ." He laughed loudly, a little embarrassed by his lapse into sentimentality.

"Well, mustn't waste time. I'll raise my price to fifteen pounds and pay removal fees. There, that's a generous offer for such an old timer. Look at that!" He ran his finger inside the lid. "Woodworm, too."

Giles said suddenly, "I'm sorry I've brought you here for nothing. I've changed my mind about selling."

"Giles—" Lucy began.

"I don't think fifteen pounds is enough," Giles said. "Indeed, not

fifteen hundred or fifteen thousand."

"For that piece of wormy wood!" The dealer's face was outraged. "Come, chum, you're talking fantastic. Fifteen hundred pounds!"

"In a manner of speaking," said Giles. "But I've changed my mind about selling, I told you. Thank you for coming. Goodbye."

"Giles, why?" Lucy cried, as the dealer banged the door sharply behind him.

Giles was sitting at the piano, feeling the keys. "I don't know." He looked bewildered. "It just seemed for a moment as if the old girl spoke to me."

"It was that ridiculous old-fashioned song," Lucy burst out.

"Not ridiculous at all," Giles said, still in that puzzled, absent voice. "Now that doesn't seem reasonable, that only three keys stick. It feels as if something's bungling them up."

Lucy was at his side as they peered into the instrument.

"You watch as I press those keys."

"It's easy enough to see what's wrong," said Lucy. "There's something wedged behind them. A piece of paper. No, it isn't a piece of paper—" her voice took on the uncertainty of excitement. "It's an envelope. A thick one."

Lucy had the envelope out and was holding it up to the light, read-

ing its spidery inscription. "But it is!" she whispered.

Giles took it from her. He read aloud:

"For my great-niece Lucy, or for whoever, by finding this, has been interested enough to keep my voice alive."

He tore open the tough manila. The notes came out in a tightly pressed bundle.

"Five hundred pounds!" whispered Lucy. "But that must have been Aunt Emma's life savings!"

"Corny!" said Giles in a rough voice. "Eccentric, crazy! What did she think she was doing, starving herself to keep an old piano in tune? That's what she means by the voice, I imagine."

Lucy knew that it wasn't what Aunt Emma had meant. It wasn't the money, it wasn't the piano, it was an emotion, perhaps, a memory, a way of life.

For just one moment, when the dealer had sung, Giles had caught that emotion. Did he understand the legacy? Or Lucy's emotions?

He was looking at her.

"Don't stand there dreaming of how we're going to spend the money. Five hundred pounds won't go far. Think instead," he added, and although his voice was apprehensive, the old warm twinkle of understanding was back in his eyes, "how we're going to live with Aunt Emma's ghost. Because I'm pretty certain that isn't the only time she's going to speak."

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**Freshen up your home with Air-O-Zone**



As darkness fell, every step  
of the journey was perilous  
... a short short story

# THE NARROW WAY

By BRYCE SIMON

ANDREW MCPHERSON stood hesitant, chafing his hands together to try to draw some of the circulation back into his numb fingers. Although the dusk was gathering fast, there was still enough light left for him to see the lie of the land and make an attempt to gauge his whereabouts.

He knew he was hopelessly lost, and to a young man like Andrew McPherson it was not a predicament he liked to find himself in. Life had always gone very smoothly for him, the way carefully paved by a wealthy father and a solicitous mother, and now he felt a rising panic that he might be called upon to fall back on reserves he doubted he had.

It was hours since he had lost touch with the hiking party, and he had been forced to blunder along on his own, endeavoring to strike a northerly direction that might guide him back toward the Hikers' Lodge.

Inexperienced as he was, he knew enough to realise the hazards of spending a night in the open during winter in nothing more than his hiker's shorts and a pullover. Despite his weariness, he had to keep on and try to find some type of shelter before darkness enveloped him.

He continued on for another half an hour and then stopped to look about him again. With a sudden rising of spirits, he saw that he was on the right track after all. He had somehow managed to reach the top of a long spur that ran off the main range of mountains, whose peak he and the others had originally set out to scale. Far below him he could just distinguish the Lodge, a dark shape in the blue dusk.

Relief made him feel strangely weak. His first excited impulse was to plunge down recklessly through the sea of trees and bush that clothed the slope of the hill, but common sense prompted him to hold back. He began his descent with caution.

Suddenly he came to an abrupt halt. Ahead was a small clearing and beyond that the land fell away to the right, a mass of jutting rock and bramble, with only a narrow ledge winding down beside it. Andrew McPherson felt his courage ebb. Impossible to attempt to follow such a narrow path in the darkness.

He was seized with despair and turned away, but it was only then that he noticed a small hut at the edge of the clearing. At least this might afford him shelter until the morning, and he was very weary. He started toward it, and then stopped in surprise. The figure of a man, barely discernible, had emerged from the door.

McPherson thought it strange that he had not noticed a light, but he was relieved to find a fellow-being. Uncertainly he called out. The man lifted his head in a startled listening fashion, like an alerted animal, clearly surprised to find anyone up there besides himself.

Andrew hurried up to him and without hesitation began an explanation of his predicament. He was so used to people helping him that he did not doubt he would find aid now.

The other man listened silently. It was now so dark that his features were little more than shadows in the gloom, but Andrew felt that he was an older man. Perhaps a hermit, living up there in his solitary fashion.

He said, "I'll lead you down. No need for you to spend the night up here. It gets very cold and I have only enough blankets for myself. With any luck you should be at the Lodge in a couple of hours. But you'll have to do exactly as I say, it's tricky."

He disappeared into the hut for a moment and came back tying a guide rope around his waist. The free end he held out and McPherson took it from him.

"Put this round you and keep close to me."

"What about taking a lamp?" asked Andrew McPherson.

"Can't carry a lamp and feel your way down the hillside. Look, don't worry. I live up here; been travelling up and down for years in all weathers. Trust me."

Reluctantly Andrew allowed himself to be persuaded. He



"Trust me. I'm used to travelling up and down in all weathers," the stranger said encouragingly to Andrew McPherson.

was virtually in the stranger's hands, but what would prove a difficult trip in the daylight was a hazardous undertaking to attempt in the gloom of the dusk.

"Ready?"

"Yes." There was little he could do but agree.

They set out, the stranger leading the way, McPherson following cautiously, feeling the taut and slack of the guide rope that told him when his companion hesitated or moved forward. To him it was a nightmare trip, each step filled with uncertainty. On one side he could feel the damp hillside, and on the other, fringed with fern and bracken, was a sheer drop into a rocky ravine.

Their progress was necessarily slow. By the time they reached the bottom Andrew was exhausted from the strain, his nerves ragged. He was immensely grateful for the feel of level ground under his feet once more.

He had spoken little with his companion on the way down. Now and then the other man had talked a bit about the peace of his lonely life on the mountainside, but McPherson had been too intent with his own fears to pay much heed. Now, however, he tried to thank his strange rescuer.

"No trouble at all. You'll be all right now, just keep going straight ahead like I told you."

"Yes, I can just see lights through the trees. That'll be the Lodge." McPherson now sounded rueful. "I suppose they will be wondering where I have got to."

"Well, I'll be getting back," said the other.

McPherson had untied the rope around his own waist and now felt the man turn away from him in the darkness. At once he put out his hand to restrain him.

"Wait," he said. "You can't possibly go back there tonight. Come with me. There's room to put you up at the Lodge and you'll be very welcome. You can make the return journey by daylight."

"No, thank you all the same, but it's my home and I must get back."

"But the dark..."

A wind had risen to shake the quietness and McPherson felt his words carried away. Desperately he repeated them, sensing that the other man was already withdrawing from him, and appalled at the picture of that solitary figure making such a perilous ascent.

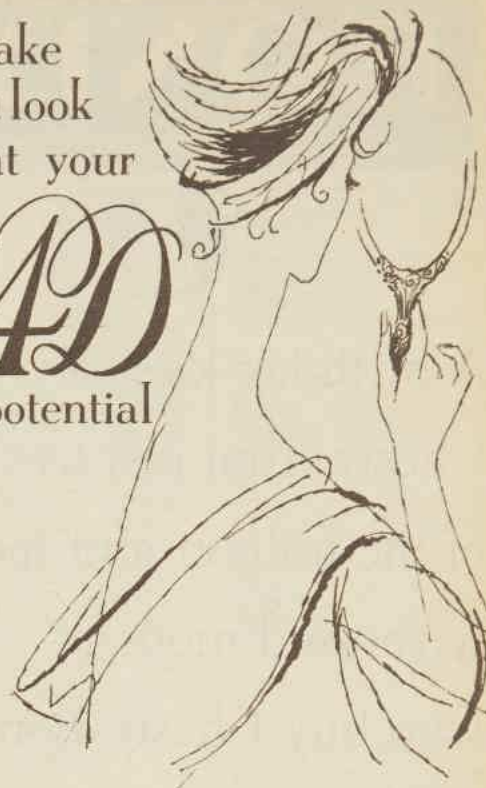
"But the dark, man... it's pitch-black, you won't be able to see a thing..."

A laugh, very low, came back to him from the night. "Makes no difference to me, son, night or day — it's all the same. You see, I'm blind."

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By SUMNER  
LOCKE ELLIOTT



"Who am I?" the boy's voice rang out making them all turn toward him, thinking it was some new game he wanted to play.

ALL the way home on the ferry, sitting inside because it was cold, P.S. bubbled to Lila about the interview and she nodded and laughed a little about the puppies, said, "Fancy, pet," and, "Aha."

"Well," he said, cross with Lila for not really paying much attention, "anyway, we won. The judge said I could go home."

But Lila didn't seem to be listening; she was staring out of the cabin window at the grey harbor and the screeching seagulls following the ferry.

So why?

Why, he protested later, did they have to go back to the court? It was all over, wasn't it? The judge had said so, had said that he could go home.

Lila, washing his face (quickly, because she knew they would miss the nine-thirty ferry, knew they would be late, that things would have to go wrong this morning, like the clock), said, "Not quite." The judge hadn't quite meant that. Why? Had the judge fibbed to him then? No, pet, of course not. It was something to do with red tape. The judge had to hand down something called the minutes of the court and they had to be there and so did Vanessa. No, George was not going. Poor George was too worn-out.

"Quickly now, P.S. I'm waiting to know which tie you want to wear. Don't stand there wasting time." Then, wasting time herself, she hugged him.

Agnes, putting on her funny hat, said, "Even though my affidavit was refused, Lila, I will pray for you for Sinden's sake." Kissing him, she said, "P.S., in thy father's house are many mansions," and Lila said, "Let's hope after today there'll only be one."

George, getting ready for bed, ruffled his hair and said, "Well, old chap, tonight we'll kill the fatted calf, eh?"

There wasn't time to ask what this meant, for Lila was already hurrying him through the front gate and down the road to the tram stop. When a scraggly black cat darted in front of them and squeezed through some palings, Lila said, "Ooossff," as though she had stepped on something sharp. "Pretend we didn't see it," she said, and later, hoisting him up the step on to the tram, "On the other hand, it could be lucky."

They went, hand in hand, up the dirty steps into the wide, cold hallway of the court, where men in black gowns and grey wigs were hurrying up and down and people were sitting on benches waiting, with long, sad, worried faces. There was a smell of ink and coal and damp stone walls and the bare wooden floors were worn very smooth with all the hundreds and thousands of people who had walked in and out.

It was dirtier than the State school, he told Lila as they sat down on a hard bench, and Lila said she hoped he hadn't told that to the judge, but yes, it was a very old building, over a hundred years old and it had been built by the convicts. Fancy that.

"Fancy that now," said Lila in her put-on cheerful voice and with the laugh she used when she pretended everything was all right though it really wasn't. How about a nice little tomato sandwich, she asked him as if they were at the zoo having a treat. No, he said, shaking his head

at the little damp package of sandwiches she took out of her bag. No, not now. Why did they have to wait? Where was the judge? In the court, Lila told him. There were other cases ahead of theirs and Mr. Gentle would come and get them when it was time.

He must be very quiet and still when they went into court, she told him, putting the sandwiches into his pocket in case they had to wait a long time before lunch. Oh, it would be so interesting for him to see the judge up on his high bench in his robes and he must try to remember every bit of it to tell Winnie and Alan when he got home tonight. And Lila, as she said this, caught her breath suddenly as though she had swallowed a fishbone and he saw that Vanessa had come through a door with a tall, very black-haired man, the same man who had come with her in the car that night there had been all the screaming.

It was the first time he had seen Vanessa since that night and it seemed now so long ago that he had almost forgotten what she looked like. It was as if Vanessa had never been real, only make-believe in a game, and yet here she was, swinging through the door in her dark blue dress and her fur coat, her black hat with a gold ball on it. Vanessa, very real, very tall and straight, ready to give strict orders.

When she caught sight of them she drew herself up sharply, and for one frightened moment he thought that she was coming straight for them, coming to shout at them, perhaps to hit him for being so wicked to her. But Vanessa simply stood very still, staring at Lila, and looking up at Lila he saw that she was staring back at Vanessa and it was as though they had never seen each other before and yet at the same time as if they had been told awful secrets about each other.

Then Vanessa turned her back on them and her back was very straight and angry, and next to him he heard Lila begin to make purring sounds which meant her asthma was coming on again, meant something was wrong. But what? What could go wrong now? Everything had been settled with the judge, hadn't it? He turned quickly to Lila with the questions on his face but she only smiled

and he saw that her lips were trembling, and now there was no time left for questions because Mr. Gentle had come flapping up in a black gown with a little grey wig perched crookedly on his yellow hair and he was speaking in undertones to the tall black-haired man, who nodded, and then, taking Vanessa's arm, led her away through a big arched door.

Then Mr. Gentle came up and whispered to Lila, who said, "Oh, no—why? Can't he be with me?" Then there was more whispering and finally Mr. Gentle said, "Now, sonny, come along with me and I'll show you where to wait." He drew back quickly toward Lila but she said, "Go with Mr. Gentle, P.S." and Mr. Gentle took him by the hand and they started off down the long hallway.

He saw Lila wave to him, blowing kisses, and saw her turn away and walk toward the big door where Vanessa had disappeared.

Mr. Gentle whisked him around a corner, down some steps to a door, knocked on it, and a voice said, "Come in."

It was the room where he had waited with Lila to see the judge and the same fussy young man was sitting behind the desk.

"He's to wait here," said Mr. Gentle, and the young man nodded and Mr. Gentle flapped out, closing the door.

What? Why? Was he going to see the judge again?

"Sit down, sit down," said the fussy young man. "Over here by the radiator where you'll be warm."

What were they doing? Lila had promised he'd see the judge in court with her; be with her all the time.

He sat down on a hard chair and the man turned back to the desk, reading a long paper. It was very quiet in the room. Every now and then the radiator gave a little sping sound and a clock ticked slowly like water dripping.

Nothing to do but wait and look at the dull pictures on the grey walls. What could they be doing that would take all this time? Was it an hour? Two hours? He looked up at the big clock, but the numbers were strange to him, all funny X's and V's. Now

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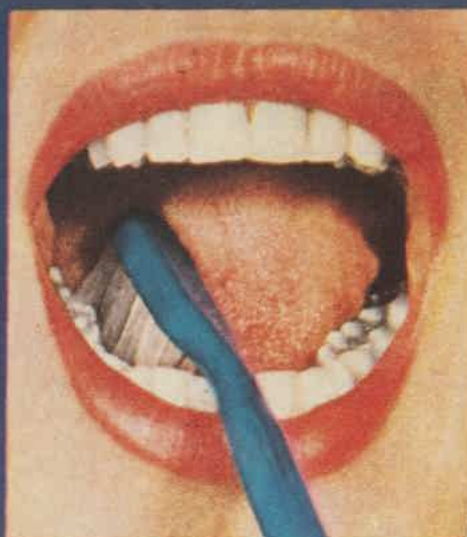




1.

**BRUSH OUTER SIDES OF ALL YOUR TEETH**

Hold the brush with the sides of the bristles pressed against the gums. Teeth should be brushed (in a circular action) in the direction they grow — down on the upper teeth, up on the lower teeth. Brushing correctly — with Nyal Fluoride — can really cut down on the number of cavities.



2.

**BRUSH INSIDE YOUR BACK TEETH**

Use the same brushing action as for the outside. Brush from the gums. You will find this awkward at first, but with practice it becomes easy.

## How to Brush your Teeth..

Correct Brushing Helps to Keep Teeth and Gums Healthy



3.

**BRUSH BEHIND YOUR FRONT TEETH**

Holding the brush vertically, pull it upwards over the gums and backs of your lower front teeth. For the upper front teeth, pull the brush downwards and forwards over the palate and the backs of the teeth.



4.

**BRUSH THE CHEWING SURFACES OF YOUR BACK TEETH**

Brush these surfaces with a backwards and forwards action. Two golden rules for dental health: (1) Brush after every meal or snack. (2) Have a regular check-up with your dentist every six months.

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*DESIGN by Alexandre of Paris smooths hair from centre part, coils it into wonderful Second Empire bun at back.*



*CLEAR-BROWED, with spring's new look of short smoothness, the flipped-up sides clipped in place with a band.*



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*DESIREE, face-flattering style from Europe just released here, is short and wide in keeping with current ideas, swirls up at crown. Hair hugs nape at back.*



*ROME stylist Filippo leaves hair long for wide side-pieces. Smooth topknot is balanced with tiny side bows.*





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NEW LINEN-COTTON YARN

# RESORT WEAR FOR SUMMER



**BEACH COAT** in new linen-and-cotton mixture yarn features simple styling and unusual front-buttoning using crocheted loops and wooden toggles. This yarn is light, washable, and needs little ironing. Directions to knit begin below.



**CASUAL TOPS** to team with shorts or slacks for outdoor fun. Navy design has crew neck, short sleeves, red has buttoned, round neckline and slitted sides. Directions for knitting both these tops are overleaf.

## BEACH COAT IN NEW YARN

**Materials:** 23 (24, 25, 26) balls "Panda" Cotlin, 1 pr. ea. Nos. 11 and 10 needles, No. 6 crochet hook, 6 toggles; 3 hooks and eyes.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust (actual measurement across back at underarm will be 3 in. larger to provide a comfortable fit); length from top of shoulder, 25½ (26½, 26½, 27) in.; length of sleeve seam, 8½ (9, 9, 9) in.

**Tension:** 6½ sts. to 1 in.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 128 (134, 140, 146) sts. Work in garter-st. for 8 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and work as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 5, \* k into front and back of next st. and sl. off needle, k 2, rep. from \* to last 6 sts., k

into front and back of next st. and sl. off needle, k 5.

3rd Row: K 5, \* sl. 1 purlwise, k 1, p.s.s.o. p 2, w.bk., rep. from \* to last 7 sts., sl. 1 purlwise, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5.

4th Row: K 5, p to last 5 sts., k 5.

Rep. these 4 rows until work measures 7 in. (all sizes), inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and cont. in patt., keeping inc. sts. in g-st. When work measures 8 in. (all sizes), work patt. across all sts., omitting the 6 g-sts. each end. When work measures 10 in. (all sizes), dec. 1 st. ea. end of the next and every foll. 20th row until dec. to 122 (128, 134, 140) sts. When work measures 18 (18½, 18½, 18½) in. or required length, place a marker ea. end for start of arm-

Continued on page 40



**PARTY SHIFT** has attractive neckline with rouleau straps and bow. Skirt is slit at sides for ease of movement. Knitting directions are overleaf. All designs shown on this page are made up in the new yarn.



# COCKTAIL SUIT CROCHETED IN RAFFIA STRAW

**Materials:** 6 spools of Jolly Italian raffia (4 spools for skirt, 2 spools for jumper). **Note:** If making larger size, use 1 more spool for the skirt, 1 more spool for the jumper; 14yds. taffeta for lining skirt; 14yds. soft silk for jumper; 6in. zip-fastener; No. 11 crochet hook.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; cont., continue; dec., decrease.

**Measurements:** To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust, length of jumper, 22in. (all sizes); waist, 24 (26, 28) in.; hips, 38 (40, 42) in.; length of skirt, 25in.; for ea. larger size adjust with 2 shells.

## PATTERN STITCH

### (Shell Stitch)

The shell stitch used in the pattern is worked with groups of 3 tr. and 1 d.c.

Use 1 strand of raffia throughout the whole suit.

### SKIRT

Start with 270 (282, 294) ch.; work back into 4th ch. from hook with 5 tr. and 1 d.c., cont. by making alt. 5 tr. and 1 d.c. into every 3rd st. of foundation ch. There will be 43 (45, 47) shells at the end.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, work 3 tr. into first st. Work 1 d.c. into 3rd st. (centre of former shell) then cont. making 5 tr. into prev. d.c. and 1 d.c. into centre of prev. shell.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st. (centre of former shell), cont. in shell st. to end of row. Rep. this row 57 times (59 rows altogether).

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st. (centre of former shell), cont. by making 11 shells, dec. 1 (2 tr. only), cont. by making 19 shells, dec. 1 (2 tr. only), cont. by making 13 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st. (centre of former shell), cont. with shell st., skip last row's dec. (skip means, yarn over the needle, insert hook into next st., then into the 2 following d.c., yarn over the needle, draw through 3 loops, yarn over needle, then draw through last loop). There will be 42 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 16 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 8 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 16 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., cont. without dec., skip last row's dec. as before, 40 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 6 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 26 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 26 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 6 more shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 38 shells, skip dec.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 9 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 11 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 16 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 36 shells, skip 2 dec.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 8 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 18 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 8 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 34 shells, skip 2 dec.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 14 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 4 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 14 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 32 shells, skip 2 dec.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 1 d.c. into 3rd st., 6 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 19 shells, 1 dec. (2 tr. only), 6 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., 30 shells, skip 2 dec. Make 4 more rows, each with 30 shells.

Make another row round bottom edge of skirt for trimming (5 tr. into the foot of prev. shell and 1 d.c. into the top of prev. shell).

### TO MAKE UP SKIRT

Press finished piece flat under a damp cloth. Sew side seams flat, leaving 6in. for zip-fastener. Sew in zip, line skirt.

### JUMPER BACK

Start with 123 (135, 147) ch., work back into 4th chain from hook with 5 tr., 1 d.c., cont. making alt. 5 tr. and 1 d.c. into every 3rd foundation ch.—20 (22, 24) shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn (make 4 ch. at the end of every row for turn), 3 tr. into first st. and 1 d.c. into 3rd st. (centre of former shell), then cont. making alt. 5 tr. into prev. d.c. and 1 d.c. into centre of prev. shell.

Rep. 2nd row 43 times. There will be 45 rows.

**To Shape Armhole:** **Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn. Start by making 7 d.c., then 5 tr. into prev. d.c. and 1 d.c. into centre of prev. shell, cont. till last 7 sts. There will be 18 shells.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn, make 7 d.c. into the last sts. of former row and break off.



**COCKTAIL SUIT** for summer parties has sleeveless, square-necked top and cone-shaped skirt. In raffia straw, it is crocheted in pretty shell-stitch pattern. Directions are complete on this page.

**Next Row:** Start at the 7th st. with 4 ch., 3 tr. into centre of prev. shell with 1 d.c., cont. by making 17 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st. and d.c. into centre of prev. shell, cont. by making 16 shells altogether.

Rep. last row 3 times.

**Left Shoulder:** **Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st. and 1 d.c. into centre of prev. shell, cont. by making 4 more shells. Make 15 more rows, starting each row with 4 ch. for turn and 3 tr. into first st., break off.

**Right Shoulder:** Leave 7 shells between the left shoulder and right. Start with 4 ch., 3 tr. into prev. row's centre of shell, cont. shells till end.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st. and d.c. into centre of prev. shell. Cont. with shell st. Work 15 more rows (altogether 16 rows), starting each row with 4 ch. for turn, 3 tr. into first st., and 1 d.c. into centre of prev. shell. Break off.

### JUMPER FRONT

Work as for back to armholes, allowing 2 extra rows for darts (46 rows altogether).

**To Shape Armhole:** **Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn. Start by making 10 d.c., then 5 tr. into d.c. of prev. row, 1 d.c. into centre of prev. shell, cont. till last 9 sts., on last shell

work 3 tr. only, 1 d.c. into 9th st., leaving 8 sts. (19½ shells).

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, make 5 tr. into prev. d.c., cont. making 19 shells.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn, make 4 d.c., cont. making 18 shells.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn, 3 d.c. into former shell, cont. making 17 shells.

**Next Row:** 4 ch. and turn, 3 tr. into first st., cont. by making 16 shells.

### LEFT AND RIGHT SHOULDERS

Follow the pattern for jumper back.

### TO MAKE UP JUMPER

Make 2 darts about 2in. deep and 4½in. long on bust of jumper. Pin front and back on the wrong side and stitch them together, also top of shoulders, stitch inside sloping ½in. deep toward outside.

Make trim row at bottom edge of jumper: 5 tr. into the foot of prev. shell and d.c. into the top of prev. shell.

Also, make one row at the edge of the armholes and at the neck edge. Press flat under a damp cloth. Cut lining, dart, sew seams, and stitch into jumper.

More designs page 46



## BEACH COAT

Continued from page 38

holes. Cont. in patt., when armholes measure  $6\frac{1}{2}$  (7,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ) in., shape shoulders by casting off 5 (6, 6, 7) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off 9 (10, 10, 11) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 68 (71, 74, 77) sts. Work in g-st. for 8 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and work same as for back until work measures 7 in. (all sizes), inc. 1 st. at side-seam edge of next row, keep inc. st. in g-st. Cont. in patt. until work measures 8 in. (all sizes).

Next Row: Work in patt. to last 5 sts., k 5. Cont. in this way, keeping the 5 border sts. in g-st. and rem. sts. in patt. When work measures 10 in. (all sizes), dec. 1 st. at side-seam edge on next and every foll. 20th row until dec. to 65 (68, 71, 74) sts. When work measures 18 ( $18\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $18\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $18\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. or required length, place a marker at armhole edge to mark commencement of armhole. Cont. in patt., when armhole measures  $5\frac{1}{2}$  ( $5\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , 6) in., shape for neck by casting off 15 (16, 17, 18) sts. at the neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 (4, 4, 4) rows, then every 2nd row 4 (4, 3, 2) times. When armhole measures  $6\frac{1}{2}$  (7,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ) in., shape shoulder by casting off 5 (6,

6, 7) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Cast off 9 (10, 10, 11) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, with shapings and border at opposite ends.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 73 (76, 79, 79) sts. Work in g-st. for 8 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. same as for back (omitting the 5 g-sts. at ea. end), inc. 1 st. ea. end of every 16th row until inc. to 81 (84, 87, 89) sts. When sleeve seam measures  $8\frac{1}{2}$  (9, 9, 9) in. or required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. ea. end of every row until dec. to 45 (48, 51, 51) sts. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using No. 11 needles, pick up and k about 100 (102, 104, 104) sts. around neck. Work in g-st. for 6 rows. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a hot iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Stitch sleeves into position. Sew up side and sleeve seams, leaving 7 in. openings each side at lower edge.

Using Cotlin double, crochet a chain 13 in. long. Join and stitch centre piece together, leaving  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. open each end for toggles. Stitch 3 sets of toggles on to coat. 1st set being at neck and 2nd and 3rd sets evenly spaced about 6 in. apart. Stitch hooks and eyes at centre front to correspond with toggles.

## PARTY SHIFT

Materials: 18 (20, 22, 24) balls "Panda" Cotlin; 1 pr. ea. Nos. 11 and 12 knitting needles; 12 in. zip-fastener; 2 yds. lining; length narrow tape for shoulder-straps.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust (these are actual measurements); length from top of raglan shaping to hemline,  $36\frac{1}{2}$  (38,  $38\frac{1}{2}$ , 39) in.; hips, 34 (36, 38, 40) in.

Tension:  $6\frac{1}{2}$  sts. to 1 in.

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 115 (121, 127, 133) sts. Work in moss-st. 6 rows. Change to No. 11 needles and work in foll. patt.

1st Row: P 1, \* k 5, p 1, rep. from \* to end.

2nd Row: P 1, \* k 1, p 3, k 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end.

3rd Row: K 2, \* p 1, k 1, p 1, k 3, rep. from \* to last 5 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 2.

4th Row: P 3, \* k 1, p 5, rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 1, p 3.

5th Row: K 2, \* p 1, k 1, p 1, k 3, rep. from \* to last 5 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 2.

6th Row: P 1, \* k 1, p 3, k 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end.

These 6 rows complete the patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 16 (17, 17, 17) in., shape for hips by dec. 1 st. ea. end of the next and every foll. 5th row 12 times in all — 91 (97, 103, 109) sts. Cont. in patt. on these sts. until work measures 23 (24, 24, 24) in., then inc. 1 st. ea. end of the next and every foll. 6th row until inc. to 107 (113, 119, 125) sts. When work measures  $29\frac{1}{2}$  (31, 31, 31) in., shape armholes by casting off 0 (2, 2, 2) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next, then every foll. 3rd row until dec. to 65 (67, 69, 71) sts. Shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 9 (9, 9, 9) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on these 9 (9, 9, 9) sts., casting off 2 sts. (all sizes) at neck edge of the next and foll. alt. rows 3 times in all, at the same time cont. to dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 3rd row until all sts. have been dec. Fasten off. Join yarn to sts. left on spare needle, cast off 47 (49, 51, 53) sts., work to end of row. Work to correspond with other side.

### FRONT

Work same as for back until inc. to 107 (113, 119, 125) sts. Cont. in patt. until work measures  $30\frac{1}{2}$  (32,  $32\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $32\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. longer than back, shape armholes same as for back until dec. to 67 (69, 71, 73) sts., shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 14 (14, 14, 14) sts., leave rem. sts. on holder.

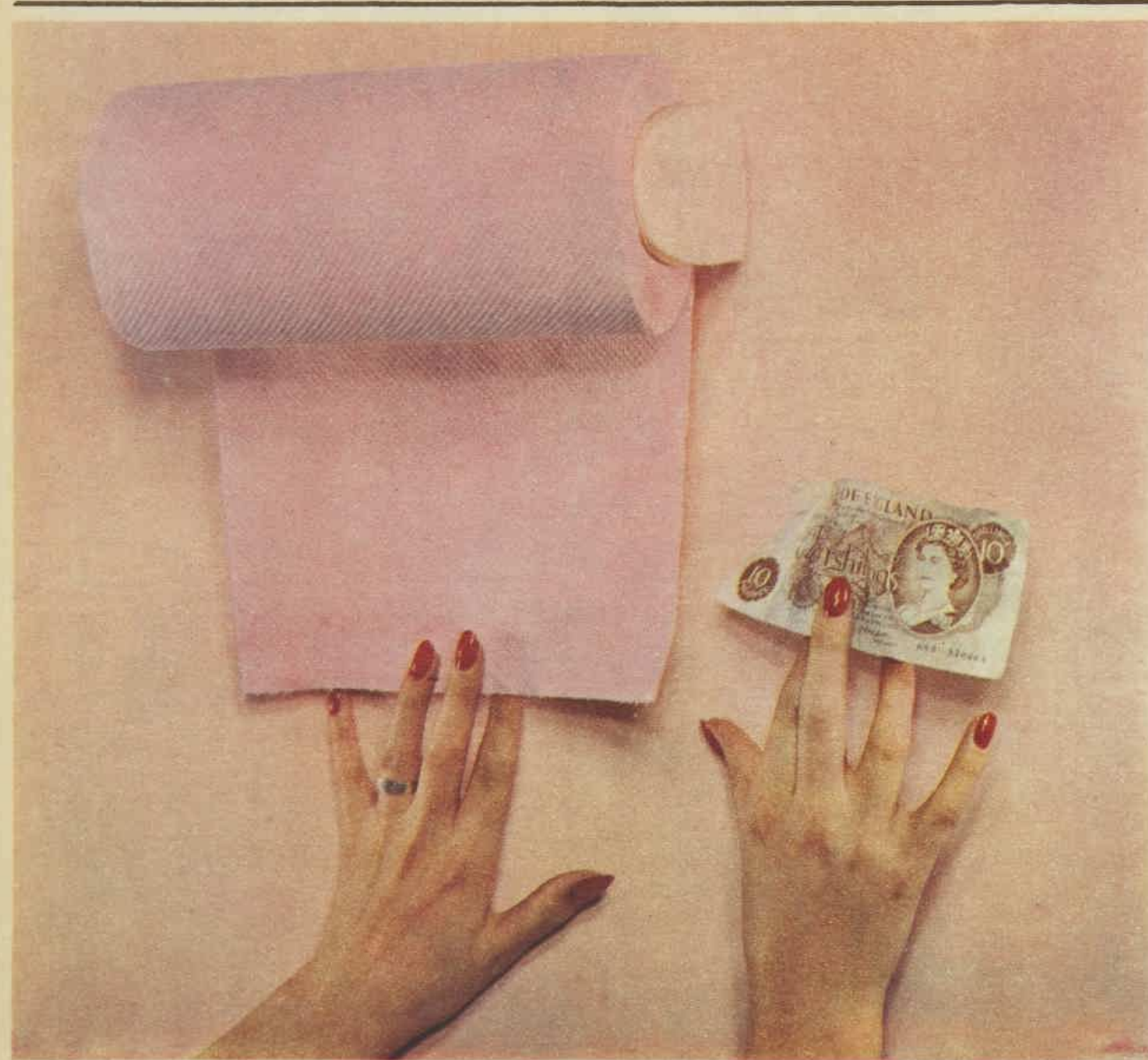
Cont. on these 14 (14, 14, 14) sts., casting off 2 sts. (all sizes) at the neck edge of the next and every foll. alt. row 5 times in all, at the same time cont. to dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 3rd row until all sts. have been dec. Fasten off. Join yarn to sts. left on spare needle, cast off 39 (41, 43, 45) sts., work to end of row. Work to correspond with other side.

### TRIM

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 7 sts. and work in m-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. and dec. 1 st. at end of every alt. row. When work is long enough to go over left shoulder-strap (5 in.), across front, and over right shoulder-strap (5 in.), cast off. Work another piece in same way long enough to go from top of right armhole at front, around armhole, across back, and around left armhole to front. Cast off. Work another piece long enough for tie.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a hot iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Cut lining to shape, allowing for seams. Make a fin. dart 2 in. down from armhole each side of front. Sew up side seams, leaving 7 in. open each side at lower edge for vents and 12 in. on left side for zip-fastener. Work 1 row of d.c. around vents and side opening and sew in zip-fastener. Stitch narrow tape into position to form shoulder-straps. Allowing 5 in., or required length, sew trim over left strap, across front, then over right strap, on right side of work, roll back on to wrong side and sl-st. into position. Stitch on rem. trim in same way. Roll the piece worked for tie, sl-st. tie into bow and stitch into position. Sew up lining and stitch into dress.



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## CASUAL TOP (RED)



**Materials:** 12 (13, 14, 15) balls "Panda" Cotlin; 1 pr. ea. Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 3 small buttons; 1 No. 3 steel crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust. Actual measurement will be 2 in. larger to provide an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 19½ (20½, 20½, 21) in.; length of sleeve seam, 2 (2, 2, 2) in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to lin.

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 125 (131, 139, 145) sts. Work in st-st. for lin. Change to No. 10 needles and work in foll. patt.:

1st Row: K 1, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to end.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: P 1, \* k 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end.

4th Row: Purl.

These 4 rows complete the patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 8 in., cast off 3 sts (all sizes) at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Inc. 1 st. ea. end of the next row—121 (127, 135, 141) sts. Cont. in patt. When work measures 13½ (14, 14, 14) in. or lin. longer than required length, shape armholes by casting off 6 (6, 6, 7) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. ea. end of the next 4 (4, 5, 5) rows. When armholes measure 7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulders by casting off 7 (9, 9, 10) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 8 (8, 9, 9) sts., patt. 8 (8, 9, 9) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle, turn, p to end of row. Cast off. Join yarn to rem. sts., cast off loosely 55 (57, 59, 61) sts., patt. to end of row. Cast off 8 (8, 9, 9) sts. at armhole edge of the next and foll. alt. row.

### FRONT

Work same as for back until work measures 12½ (13, 13, 13) in. or lin. shorter than back to armholes, divide sts. for front opening as follows:

Next Row: Work 56 (59, 63, 66) sts., leave rem. 65 (68, 72, 75) sts. on a spare needle, turn, cast on 9 sts. (all sizes), p to end of row. Cont. in patt. on these 65 (68, 72, 75) sts. When work measures 13½ (14, 14, 14) in. or lin. longer than required length, shape armhole by casting off 6 (6, 6, 7) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 (4, 5, 5) rows. When armhole measures 5½ (5½, 6, 6½) in., shape for neck by casting off 22 (23, 24, 25) sts. at the neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then every row until dec. to 23 (25, 27, 28) sts. When armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 7 (9, 9, 10) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 8 (8, 9, 9) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join yarn at centre front and work to correspond with other side, making shapings at opposite ends, and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1½ (1½, 2, 2½) in. above opening and 2 more evenly spaced about 2 in. apart.

### BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work 3 sts., cast off 3 sts. loosely, work to end.  
2nd Row: P to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts. loosely, p 3.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 81 (83, 85, 87) sts. Work in st-st. for ½ in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. same as for back,

inc. 1 st. ea. end of every 2nd row until inc. to 93 (95, 97, 99) sts. When sleeve seam measures 2½ (2½, 2½) in. or ½ in. longer than required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. ea. end of every 2nd row until dec. to 57 sts. (all sizes), then every row until dec. to 43 sts. (all sizes). Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a hot iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Overlap the 3 cast-off sts. at side and stitch neatly into position. Turn back facing on lower edge of blouse and sleeves and sl-st. neatly. Work 1 row of double crochet down side openings and front opening and 2 rows around neck, working 1st row on right side and 2nd row on wrong side. Sew on buttons.

## CASUAL TOP (NAVY)



**Materials:** 13 (14, 15, 16) balls "Panda" Cotlin; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 1 No. 3 steel crochet hook; 5 in. zip-fastener.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust (actual measurement will be 2 in. larger to provide an easy fit); length from top of shoulder, 20½ (21½, 21½, 22) in.; length of sleeve seam, 2 (2½, 2½, 2½) in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to lin.

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 120 (124, 132, 140) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ (1½, 1½, 1½) in., inc. 1 st. on last row 121 (125, 133, 141) sts. Change to No. 10 needles and work in foll. patt.:

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: P 1, \* sl. the 3rd st. over 2nd and 1st. sts., k 1, w.fwd., k 1, p next st. double by purling into the next st. below, not the

st. on needle, rep. from \* to last 4 sts., sl. the 3rd st. over 2nd and 1st. sts., k 1, w.fwd., k 1, p 1.

4th Row: Purl.

These 4 rows complete the patt. Cont. in patt. When work measures 13½ (14, 14, 14) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 8 (7, 8, 8) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. ea. end of the next 4 (4, 4, 6) rows. When armholes measure 3½ (4, 4½, 4½) in., divide sts. for back opening as follows:

Next Row: Work 47 (50, 53, 55) sts., p 2 tog., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. in patt. on these 48 (51, 54, 56) sts. When armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 11 (11, 11, 11) sts. at the armhole edge of the next

Continued on page 46

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# Good ways to enjoy your protein

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CHEDDAR

SWISS

PROCESSED  
CHEDDAR

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BLUE VEIN

COTTAGE

## EDAM & GOUDA

Both mild in flavour and soft in texture, Edam is like a ball, Gouda like a wheel. The red rind looks really appetising. Serve big thin slices in salads.

## SWISS

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## CHEDDAR

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## PARMESAN

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## BLUE VEIN

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## COTTAGE

White, creamy, soft to touch. Makes a wonderful spread, goes perfectly with fruit or as a filling for omelettes and pancakes. Keep it in the refrigerator.



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## Are you "YANG" or "YIN"?

*A three-page feature*

● First thing to do is find out what type of person you are: Yang or Yin? Both words are ancient Chinese. Yang referred to the strength, dignity, and sterling qualities of the great oak and the bright sun; Yin represented the gentleness, daintiness, and softness of the vine and moon. Think of tall Princess Alex in a floor-length gold shift; little Princess Margaret in a crinoline.

FOR the two words have been translated into terms of modern fashion.

They can help you identify your own "dress personality" type, and choose clothes to flatter your figure and harmonise with your personal yang or yin characteristics.

This is the harmony referred to by Paris' great couturier and arbiter of fashion Balenciaga, who said:

"Being well dressed does not consist in the length of a woman's skirt or the height of her waistline. It is not as simple as that. A woman has first to discover her personality and dress in harmony with it."

Each type has its own advantages. The yang groups have the opportunity for sophistication and high fashion; the yin quality accents charm and femininity.

Yang and yin represent direct contrasts in the universe, and can describe the appearance of either people or their clothing.

A girl may be called "large and athletic," but people don't speak of fabric in those terms. Likewise, a fabric might be "coarse and rough," but this is hardly a flattering feminine description.

But both the girl and the fabric may be described as "yang."

In order to recognise whether you have yang or yin characteristics, you must analyse your own manner and appearance. But first you must understand the characteristics of each of these opposing types.

Of course, not all women will be all yang or all yin—some yang types will have a dash of yin and some yin types a dash of yang.

A woman's age can matter. Remember that extreme youth is always a yin quality, just as maturity is likely to be yang. It is also true, however, that after middle age the yang quality is lessened, and the striking yin dress described on page 39 is no longer becoming.

Apparently the cycle from infancy to old age begins and ends with the yin.

### Old age is yin

Pink-and-white childhood dressed in ruffled organdie is very yin—but so is fragile old age, silver-haired and complemented by the softness of lavender and lace.

But to get the idea, begin by studying Chart I, which contrasts the physical characteristics of exclusively yang and yin people. Then Chart II. Different categories of both types follow on the next page.

CHART I: The physical characteristics of extremes of the two opposite types, yang and yin.

|                        | YANG   | YIN  |
|------------------------|--|--|
| Height (average 5' 4") | Tall — up to 5' 8" and over  | Short — down to 5' 2" and under                                  |
| Build                  | Large-boned, angular, sturdy, broad shoulders  | Slender, small-boned, pretty, feminine figure, sloping shoulders |
| Posture                | Military, erect, back on heels, head held high with chin raised                      | Graceful, poised, tilted head with chin lowered, ballet posture  |
| Coloring               | Extreme, often dark skin, dark, bleached, or red hair                                | Often light blonde to light brown, fair skin, blue eyes          |
| Face                   | Long, oval, round, square; straight or protruding jaw; high cheek bones, flat cheeks | Heart-shaped, round-cheeked; straight or receding chin           |
| Features               | Large scale, perhaps angular   | Dainty, rounded  |
| Eyes                   | Slanting, oval, close together   | Round, wide open, wide apart                                     |
| Eyebrows               | Heavy, angular, or straight  | Delicate and arched  |
| Nose                   | Long, large, straight, or convex curve, flared nostrils                              | Short, turned up, delicate                                       |
| Mouth                  | Large, flat curves   | Rosebud, heart-shaped  |
| Hairstyle              | Extreme of fashion, long, severe, centre part, chignon                               | Tending to short, natural, soft curls                            |
| Manner and expression  | Reserved, formal, dignified, poised, quiet   | Friendly, gay, coy, naive, angelic, mischievous, active          |
| Voice                  | Low, slow  | Soft, more rapid   |
| Gestures and walk      | Deliberate, firm, decisive   | Graceful, airy   |
| Age                    | Mature or appears older  | Youthful or appears young, or very old                           |

CHART II: An analysis of typical clothes preferred by the extreme yang and yin opposites.

|   | YANG  | YIN  |
|---|---|--|
| Silhouette                                      | Extremes of fashion; long, unbroken lines; tight or heavy skirts, side-draped skirts, trains; dolman sleeves; high neck or heavy collar                         | Bouffant, full skirt, small waist; short, broken lines created by boleros, ruffles, short capes, puffed sleeves; off-the-shoulder necklines and soft, fluffy collars |
| Line—Type                                       | Straight, angular, flattened curves, continuous lines   | Shallow curves, broken or interrupted lines  |
| Direction                                       | Vertical, diagonal, and downward movement of line   | Horizontal and upward movement of line   |
| Details (Collar, cuffs, buttons, pockets, etc.) | Large scale and few; pockets placed low, more often found in skirt  | Small scale and many; placed high, near yoke or collar, or to emphasise small waist.   |
| Color   | Bold, contrasting, striking; subtle and sophisticated   | Clear, sparkling, youthful, dainty, feminine, demure   |
| Texture   | Heavy, rough, stiff, rich, shiny, and luxurious; heavy tweeds, firm suiting, satins, brocades, lame, limp crepes  | Crisp, transparent, sheer, fine, lightweight, soft; organdie, net, taffeta, soft sheer woollens, crisp cottons   |
| Balance   | Informal balance adds sophistication  | Formal balance usually, except in small details  |
| Emphasis  | At waistline or hipline   | At yoke or neckline  |
| Rhythm  | Long, flowing, continuous rhythm as found in long drapery; regular marching rhythm as found in evenly spaced buttons on a dress with a continuous front opening | Interrupted, staccato rhythm as found in buttons which are paired, creating different intervals of spacing   |

## Color your outlook

● What is your favorite color — and does it reflect your personality? The following colors and character qualities are often linked together:

**BLUE** can reflect a cold, or peaceful, or reserved, or conservative, or quiet nature or mood.

**BLUE-VIOLET** can be reserved, cold, or mature in mood, and may be melancholy and depressing.

**VIOLET** goes with the dignified, regal, or dominating, or sometimes depressing or mysterious.

**RED-VIOLET** can be any of these: Exciting, mysterious, warm, irritating.

**RED** can look bold or aggressive, or warm, or exciting, and it may seem crude and obvious. But it can also be marvellous, on either blonde or brunette.

**RED - ORANGE** is a strong, warm, advancing, bold, demanding color.

**PINK** in light tones is the most becoming color for any woman; in strong shades, is exciting.

**ORANGE** is lively, cheerful, vivacious, and both more

youthful and less aggressive than red.

**YELLOW** is happy, warm, cheerful, friendly, and reflects these qualities in the wearer.

**YELLOW - ORANGE** is sparkling, gay, lively, warm, cheerful.

**GREEN** has an effect that is peaceful, quiet, serene, friendly.

**BLUE - GREEN** is reserved, cool, pleasant, happy.

*More details overleaf*



# Are you YANG or YIN?

## Chart III

## YANG

## YIN

Continued from previous page.



• Lauren Bacall.



• Ingrid Bergman.



• Greta Garbo.



• Elisabeth Taylor.



• Shirley MacLaine.



• Doris Day.

| Figure            | Dramatic  | Athletic   | Classic   | Romantic  | Gamin   | Ingenue   |
|-------------------|---|--|---|---|---|---|
| Height            | Above average, 5' 7" or more  | Above average  | Average (5' 4")                                       | Average (5' 4")   | Below average   | Below average   |
| Build             | Current fashion figure, angular, large boned, long legged               | Strong, muscular, sturdy, stocky, broad or square shoulders                  | Average for height, well proportioned                 | Beautiful feminine figure, long-legged                  | Small boned, compact, well co-ordinated               | Small boned, dainty, feminine, delicate                     |
| Posture           | Fashionable or erect, stiff, elevated chin, weight on heels             | Relaxed and casual, or vigorous and alert; solid, flat-heeled, hands on hips | Easily erect, poised, well balanced                   | Graceful, willowy, relaxed                              | Alert, perky, hands on hips                           | Graceful, ballet posture, head tilted, appealing, compliant |
| Head              |   |  |   |   |   |   |
| Contour           | Long oval, high cheekbones, flat planes in cheeks, angular              | Broad or long, square jaw, wide forehead                                     | Oval  | Beautiful, heart-shaped, triangular                     | Small rounded cheeks and chin                         | Width between eyes, rounded cheeks and chin                 |
| Eyes              | Deep set, heavy lids, close together, angled or slanted, direct gaze    | Average for size, friendly   | Average size, clear, direct gaze                      | Large, beautiful, melting, long-lashed, alluring glance | Wide open, wide apart, twinkling, friendly            | Large, round, wide open, long lashes, coy or demure glance  |
| Eyebrows          | Sharply defined angular line  | Heavy, dark, natural, straight   | Pleasing arch   | Arched  | Natural   | Delicate natural arch                                       |
| Nose              | Long, pointed, flared nostrils, straight or convex curve in profile     | Strong, large, blunt, heavy, irregular                                       | Straight, well shaped, average size                   | Delicate, long, straight, or slightly turned up         | Short, turned up, rounded, "button end"               | Dainty, fine boned, upward tilt                             |
| Mouth             | Wide, flat curve, thin or heavy lips held firmly                        | Wide, average or heavy lips, smiling   | Well modelled   | Curved full lips, slightly parted                       | Small, rounded  | "Rosebud" or heart-shaped, soft, relaxed                    |
| Hairstyle         | Plain, severe, extremes of fashion, centre part with chignon is typical | Casual, short, unset, large wave, mannish                                    | Simple, neat, plain but not severe                    | Long, curly, soft, feminine style                       | Short, natural, bangs, "pony tail," straight or curly | Curly, short, feather cut                                   |
| Coloring          | Definite, extreme contrasts   | Natural, outdoor   | Medium to light                                       | Rich and glowing  | Natural   | Light, fair   |
| Hair              | Black, dark brown, auburn, bright bleached blond.                       | Dark, medium brown, or auburn  | Light brown, grey, medium blond                       | Dark, golden blond, red                                 | Light brown to blond, perhaps brunette                | Blond or light brown  |
| Skin              | Dark, olive, or cream   | Tanned, freckled, natural looking  | Clear, with no sharp contrasts                        | Clear, fair, fine textured                              | Natural tanned or freckled                            | Pink and white, fine textured                               |
| Eyes              | Black, brown (usually)  | Dark brown, hazel  | Blue or hazel   | Violet, dark blue, brown                                | Blue, hazel, brown                                    | Blue  |
| Expression        | Formal, dignified, reserved, haughty, sophisticated                     | Free, easy, frank, open, friendly  | Gracious, poised, well mannered, mature, conventional | Flirtatious, charmingly feminine                        | Direct, natural, "tomboy"                             | Sparkling, gay, or demure and shy                           |
| Manner            |   |  |   |   |   |   |
| Voice             | Low, husky, resonant, emphatic, deliberate                              | Naturally low pitch, strong, clear   | Well modulated, pleasing                              | Soft, feminine  | Low pitch, boisterous                                 | Soft, gentle, higher  |
| Walk and gestures | Decisive, energetic, or slow and purposeful                             | Long strides, free swinging, large, easy, relaxed, natural                   | Calm, poised, well controlled                         | Graceful, languorous                                    | Quick, "skipping," free swinging, awkward, natural    | Graceful, dancing, light airy                               |
| Age               | Mature or appears older than others of same age                         | Appears older than her age, always friendly and casual at any age            | Poised at any age                                     | "Over 20," but never old                                | Young, or appears so                                  | Youthful, or appears young                                  |

• Chart III is a description of six different types, designed to help you analyse yourself by checking the descriptions which are most like you.

THE six types have been developed to show possible and fairly common variations from

the extremes of yang and yin.

The dramatic and athletic types represent two interpretations of the yang,

while the gamin and ingenue are variations of the yin. The classic and romantic are respectively yang with a touch of yin,

and yin with a touch of yang.

The chart describes the various types only in outline, but it is important for you to try to grasp the general impression given here.

Don't be too literal about each descriptive phrase used. As you check the chart, do not expect to find all the descriptions in

each category applicable. Tick those that appear to apply.

In some areas the descriptions are very alike.

For example, the athletic and gamin hairstyles and manners are similar because of the casual and informal quality present in each.

The romantic and ingenue are quite similar, too

—the major difference lies in the greater sophistication of the romantic type.

The descriptions are brief, but they show some of the possible appearance-variations within the yangs and the yins.

When each item is ticked in Chart III, a line connecting the ticks will form a profile of your characteristics.



## ● Here's a guide to dressing to suit your yang or yin type, as set out on the page opposite under Chart III.

### DRAMATIC:

**EXTREME** yang; size, coloring, features, and manner all striking, theatrical.

Dress: High-fashion clothes rather than merely pretty or flattering costumes (the dramatic type is not overpowered by exotic fabric and color).

Silhouettes: Include slender skirts, long tunics or overblouses, any bulky or heavy look.

Keep detail down. Welt or slash pockets and single button closing.

Necklines, severely plain: High collars,

### ATHLETIC:

**NATURAL** and casual, with the yang quality of largeness and apparent strength.

Dress: Must retain some of the dramatic bold simplicity, but an air of comfort and ease replaces the exotic and extreme.

Silhouettes avoid extremes of either tightness or fullness (a bell skirt, seldom). Detail is limited to belts, pockets, collars, and cuffs, or buttons — maybe a large hand-crafted leather belt, wooden buttons, or novel cord fasteners.

Necklines, usually softened by collars (often, the "shirt" collar). The low square necklines can have a large bow or tie.

### CLASSIC:

**INTERMEDIATE** type combining yang dignity and simplicity with yin delicacy; often beautiful, but never theatrical.

Dress: Yang qualities tend to predominate, so clothes are essentially simple and dignified (though not severe).

Silhouette basically straight, perhaps with soft pleats or folds, but never the bouffant look. Shirtmaker dresses, cardigan suits.

Detail is kept right down. Classic chic comes from perfection of fabric and fit.

Necklines, softly tailored; small conver-

turtlenecks, deep Vs, big shawl collars, high collarless necklines, large downward lapels.

Fabrics, plain rather than patterned: Textures, from firm daytime weaves to stiff, lustrous satin or brocade for evening.

Neutral colors — but not light beige or pale grey. Black. Deep rich shades of all colors: Purple, magenta, gold, chartreuse.

Bags, shoes, gloves, jewellery vary from the boldly plain to the elaborate and lavish. Hais can be "important" in fur or straw: A wide, dropped brim is typical.

Flowers include carnations for daytime, orchids for evening, calla lilies for weddings.

Fabrics: Uneven or rough textures (tweed, shantung, linen, raw silk), with the plainer surfaced jersey, flannel, or gabardine. Large-scale plaids. For evening, shantung or peau de soie.

Colors — woodsy shades like brown, forest-green, dull gold, rust, and the dull yellow-greens. Bright blues and reds.

Accessories also avoid extremes (except perhaps sportswear): Simple pump shoes — a large calf or alligator bag, and gloves in hand-sewn leather or woven cotton. Plain, heavy jewellery. If a hat, it should be a jaunty beret or cloche.

Flowers, bold in outline like chrysanthemums: or use artificial fruits (cherry, lemon, orange).

tible collars, curved shawl collars, Chinese styles, or necklines with neat bows or ties.

Fabrics with a soft finish (pure silk, wool crepe) or dull surface (chiffon, shantung). Closely spaced stylised designs, or small polka dots, or else quite plain.

Color shows restraint. Soft beige, navy, neutral hues; or mid-blues, blue-reds.

Accessories, simple and understated: Classic pumps, average-size handbags, plain kid or cloth gloves, pearls or other inconspicuous jewellery, trim little hats.

Flowers include white roses, gardenias.

Fabrics — rich, soft, and lustrous (chiffon, velvet, lace, silk, satin, soft woollen, cashmere). Can be daintily patterned.

Colors include glowing reds, rose, and greyed violet tones. Black, but made prettily, without severity.

Accessories, frankly feminine: High-heeled shoes, long pale gloves, fabric or soft leather bags, gathered or pouched. Large (picture-style) or small (satin-flower cocktail bandeau) hats; jewellery includes cut stones—real or fake — in delicate settings.

Flowers can be orchids, camellias, or red roses.

Necklines include the small Peter Pan collar and convertible collar.

Fabrics have the informal look, gingham, pique, corduroy, novelty sheers, crisp cotton, or (for evening) taffeta or velveteen.

Colors: Bright yellow-reds, clear blues, and aqua, often accented by touches of white. Strong colors only with unusually dramatic personal coloring.

Accessories: Flattie or little-heel shoes; simple handbags; shortie gloves; if a hat is worn, it's often a straw cloche or boater, or perky beret. "Pretty" jewellery is OUT.

Flowers, small daisies, small fruits.

Necklines, demure.

Fabrics: Sheer, organdie, batiste, voile, taffeta, and soft lightweight woollens.

Colors: Delicate pastels, with sparkling tints of blue, pink, orchid, peach, and mint-green, plus light navy or brown.

Accessories: No extremes. Shoes with medium or low curved heels; pouch or small clutch handbags; wrist-length gloves; delicate jewellery; ribboned or flowered hats (often merely a wisp of veiling).

Flowers include roschbuds.

Otherwise, a small woman with sharp regular features should recognise, for example, that she could be a gamin-classic.

She should never dress as a typical gamin; this would accent the sharpness of her face. The rounded silhouette will still be becoming because of her small build. Modified classic clothes are good, too.

The romantic-athletic woman will similarly choose from her two worlds what suits HER best. And so on.

### GAMIN:

Typical yin, carefree, often with a "little boy" quality; small, young, friendly, and casual in manner.

Dress: Youthful informality in simple, gaily colored clothes. Snazzy sportswear.

Silhouette. When short skirts are "in" the gamin wears hers knee-length or even shorter. The young yin quality is also seen in short boxy jackets, pleated skirts, sleeveless overblouses, sweaters, Bermuda shorts.

Detail is small-scaled. Dainty buttons, small pockets, collars and cuffs, small bows.

### INGENUUE:

**THE** most yin type: Particularly unsophisticated (even childlike), pretty rather than smart, with a "little girl" look.

Dress: Reflects youthfulness and daintiness. Frilly dresses. Feminine fabrics. Suits must avoid severe lines, harsh materials.

Silhouettes: Bouffant, short-skirted, often with small waists and puffed sleeves.

Detail is frequent: Rows of tucks and ruffles, little rounded collars, tiny bows.

### COMPOSITE TYPES:

A FEW women will find they are "a bit of everything," and these can look completely different by altering hairstyle, posture, manner, dress, and accessories.

But it is important for them to harmonise conflicting qualities. Choose clothes which avoid extreme designs in either category, and emphasise coloring, figure, or facial beauty.

## Personal analysis

● Having determined your dress-personality type, now is the time to sum up your assets (do you make the most of them?) and your problems (do you try to overcome or minimise them?).

FILL in the "figure analysis" and "general appearance" charts below by inserting your measurements and underlining the descriptions that apply to you. Add others that are suitable.

Summarise by listing your assets, the characteristics you would like to emphasise, and the liabilities you would like to improve. After that, it's up to you.

### ANALYSIS OF FIGURE

| Figure         | Actual Measurement  | Description   | Assets | Problems |
|----------------|---------------------|---|--------|----------|
| Height         |                     | Tall (5' 8" or over), short (5' 2" or under), middling (5' 3"-5' 7")                                |        |          |
| Weight         |                     | Slender, overweight, average  |        |          |
| Build          |                     | Large-boned muscular, small, average  |        |          |
| Posture        | Good, fair, or poor | Erect, relaxed, graceful, stooped shoulders, forward head, protruding abdomen or prominent derriere |        |          |
| Bust           |                     | Prominent, small, average   |        |          |
| Waist          |                     | Large, small, average, long, short  |        |          |
| Hips           |                     | Wide, small, standard for size  |        |          |
| Legs           |                     | Long, short, standard   |        |          |
| Thigh          |                     | Heavy, average  |        |          |
| Calf           |                     | Thick, slender, well shaped   |        |          |
| Ankle          |                     | Thick, slender, average   |        |          |
| Shoulders      |                     | Broad, narrow, sloping, stooped, average  |        |          |
| Neck           |                     | Long, short, thick, thin, average   |        |          |
| Arms and hands |                     | Unusually long, large, average, short   |        |          |

### ANALYSIS OF GENERAL APPEARANCE

|                        | Description                                      | Assets | Problems |
|------------------------|--|--------|----------|
| Face                   | Long, short, or just right                       |        |          |
| Eyes                   | Large, sparkling, small, glasses                 |        |          |
| Nose                   | Prominent, average                               |        |          |
| Mouth                  | Large, small, average                            |        |          |
| Complexion             | Clear, sallow, pale, ruddy, freckled, blemished  |        |          |
| Coloring               | Definite, striking, drab, medium                 |        |          |
| Hair                   | Curly, straight, shining, dull                   |        |          |
| Health                 |  |        |          |
| General                | Good, fair, poor                                 |        |          |
| Diet and eating habits | Regular, irregular                               |        |          |
| Sleep                  | Sufficient, insufficient                         |        |          |
| Exercise               | Adequate, inadequate                             |        |          |
| Grooming               |  |        |          |
| Cleanliness            | High standards, medium, low                      |        |          |
| Neatness               | Yes, no  |        |          |
| Personality            |  |        |          |
| Voice                  | Pleasing, soft, nasal, clear, low, high-pitched  |        |          |
| Manner                 | Reserved, quiet, gay, friendly, informal, formal |        |          |
| Walk                   | Rapid, graceful, awkward                         |        |          |
| Gestures               | Few, many, slow, nervous                         |        |          |
| Summary                |  |        |          |
| Assets                 |  |        |          |
| Goals                  |  |        |          |

(Adapted from "Art in Clothing Selection," by Harriet T. McJinsey, Harper and Row, publishers, New York and Evanston.)



## NAVY TOP

Continued from page 41

row. Cast off 10 (11, 12, 12) sts. at armhole every 2nd row twice. Cast off. Join yarn at centre back, work to correspond with other side.

### FRONT

Work same as for back, omitting back opening, until armholes measure  $4\frac{1}{2}$  (5,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ) in., shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 38 (41, 43, 44) sts., leave rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. on these 38 (41, 43, 44) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of the next 4 (4, 4, 5) rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 31 (33, 35, 35) sts. When armhole measures  $7\frac{1}{2}$

( $7\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 11 (11, 11, 11) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 10 (11, 12, 12) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 21 (21, 23, 25) sts. loosely, work to end of row. Work to correspond with other side.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 81 (81, 85, 93) sts. Work in patt. same as for back, inc. 1 st. ea. end of every 2nd row until inc. to 89 (91, 97, 103) sts. When sleeve seam measures  $1\frac{1}{2}$  (2,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ) in., shape top by dec. 1 st. ea. end of every 2nd row until dec. to 43 (43, 47, 53) sts., cast off for 1st and 2nd sizes, then every row until dec. to (43, 43) sts. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side facing, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 103 (105, 107, 109) sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Cast off in ribbing.

### TO MAKE UP

Press. Work 2 rows double crochet round sleeve. 1st on right side, 2nd on wrong side. Sew in sleeves, sew up side and sleeve seams. Work 1 row d.c. on neck, sew in zip-fastener.

## BAG TO TAKE TO THE BEACH

Materials: 10 skeins (24yd. pieces) Tura-Bast brilliant Swiss raffia; 1 pr. No. 7 knitting needles;

$\frac{1}{2}$ yd. material for lining; gold or silver mount with chain.

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; st., stitch. Cast on 54 sts. Knit 6 rows.

7th Row: \* K 1, wind raffia once round needle, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

8th Row: Insert needle in first st. and pull up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. length. K this st., \* drop the raffia wound round needle in previous row, k next st. Rep. from \* to end of row. Rep. rows 1 to 8 18 times more, then rows 1 to 6 only. Cast off as follows:

Cut raffia, leaving about 2yds. length for casting off. Cast off 3 sts., \* draw raffia from right to left through st. on needle, sl. st. from needle and pull tightly, k 3 sts., draw 2nd st. over 3rd st., \*\* k next st., draw 2nd st. over 3rd st., rep.



STRAW BAG for holiday time is big enough to hold all beach requirements.

once from \*\*, then rep. from \* to end of row.

Note: You will now have 1 st. out of every 5 sts. left on the needle.

Remove needle and drop these sts. to the cast-on row to make lacy pattern.

The piece should now measure 18in. by 22in.

### TO MAKE UP

Fold work in half and sew up sides. Cut lining the same size as bag. Line bag and attach to handle.

## BAG FOR SUMMERTIME

Materials: 12 skeins (24yd. pieces) Tura-Bast brilliant Swiss raffia; 1 pr. No. 7 knitting needles; material for lining; 1 pr. oval plastic tube covered or 1 pr. 8in. round cane handles.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl. Cast on 43 sts.

1st Row: K 5, \* p 3, k 7. Rep. from \*, finishing with k 5 instead of k 7.

2nd Row: P 5, \* k 3, p 7. Rep. from \*, finishing with p 5 instead of p 7.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: Knit.

5th Row: \* P 3, k 7. Rep. from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

6th Row: \* K 3, p 7. Rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3.

7th Row: As 5th row.

8th Row: As 4th row. Rep. rows 1 to 8 four times more, then rows 1 to 4.

45th Row: K 1, p 1 along row. Rep. this row 6 times more. Cast off. Knit another piece to match.

### GUSSET

Cast on 32 sts.

Work 4 rows in k 2, p 2 and 4 rows p 2, k 2. Rep. these 8 rows 23 times more. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Cut lining pieces to match bag. To make bag, sew gusset round two side pieces, easing in fullness at corners and along bottom and leaving free the 7 rows of k 1, p 1. Attach handles, using the 7 rows k 1, p 1, and line bag. White lining and handles are attractive if using a pastel shade of raffia.



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# AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● At a school-holiday seminar held recently in Sydney to discuss "Problems and Responsibilities of Youth in the Modern World" one of the chief complaints of the teenage girls taking part was that "we're totally out of touch with our parents."

THIS has a sad ring to it—until you realise that teenagers have been saying it for many thousands of years and that by saying it they are only proving that they are perfectly normal youngsters, growing up in a perfectly normal way.

How can anyone be expected to make the transition from being a dependent and obedient child to being a self-governing adult without a quarantine period in which

the barriers are up, and a good deal of hissing and spitting goes on?

The hissing and spitting comes pretty equally from both sides of the fence—"normal" children find their parents old-fashioned, and bossy, and self-righteous at these times, and the parents find their children proud, and touchy, and childish, and obstinate.

It's little wonder, then, that it seems to the teenagers that they "can't talk to their parents" and to the parents that the teenagers "won't listen to anything that's said."

The golden rule for parents is to remember how they felt and thought about their own parents at that age.

If you can remember the times you rushed out of a room, slamming the door behind you; the resentment with which you answered questions about where you were going, and what time you'd be home; the scorn with which you rejected your mother's views on suitable wearing apparel, then you're less likely to be hurt (though you'll still be irritated) when the same treatment is dished out to you.

For the teenager there's no golden rule to follow. Breaking free from dependence is a stage that just has to be gone through, and those who manage to do it with the least discomfort aren't ALWAYS the ones who do it with the most eventual satisfaction to themselves and their parents.

## Parents shouldn't expect

to be told "everything" . . .

THE people who get my goat are the friends of mine who say to me "my children tell me absolutely everything." Mine don't!

Lots of things that I'd be interested to hear they don't tell me just because telling me would bore them; some things they don't tell me, I imagine, because they don't think they'd be good things for me to know.

No children who are half-way normal tell their parents "everything"; some of the dreams of youth are not fit subjects of conversation with adults, who are likely to besmear them by saying "But . . ."

When people say that their children tell them "everything" they are usually talking about sex and about affairs of the heart. If they really think they hear it all they're fooling themselves.

Suppose you're 40 and you feel an urgent need to unburden yourself to someone. Who would you be most likely to choose? Somebody of your mother's generation or somebody of your own age group?

Probably the most a mother can hope to do is to lay such a good background in the child's sub and early teen years that the adolescent should have enough confidence to come to her (or to some other friendly adult) with any major problems that crop up.

Minor problems (and if you think back, those minor problems engage about 50 per cent. of your thoughts at that age) have to be muddled through in private. Even the most puppyish love brings up new loyalties.

If the dream man of the moment has faults, then that temporary loyalty to him — plus the fiendish pride that makes the adolescent afraid of being thought foolish—makes it practically impossible to talk about things with even the most sympathetic parent.

## Don't talk, judge, or

probe — just listen!

KAY and Di confide in me in bursts, usually over the washing-up. Any washer-up, being talked to about Life and Love by a young drier-up, is well advised to do a good deal more listening than talking, I find.

You may not have been told anything about anything for the last six weeks, but you'll cop it if you say, "But you never told me that . . ."

You're supposed to have grasped these things by some magical parental process of telepathy. You are not supposed to make judgments, or ask probing questions.

And that's fair enough, too, because you're being offered something fairly valuable — the momentary confidence of someone who for a year or two will be one of the most secretive people in the world.

I wonder what Mike will do with his confidences when he has any to offer? At present he has no time for gloopy talk or for gloopy people (i.e., all females, or approximately half the human race).

Sometimes I look at Mike and think that anybody but a parent would find him astonishingly boring. His interests are narrow (food and sport) and he seems to be unable to communicate with anyone except at the top of his voice.

Stephen Leacock might have had Mike in mind when he wrote, "The parent who could see his boy as he really is would shake his head and say, 'Willie's no good; I'll sell him'."

This household's ironing is all behind schedule this week, thanks to a letter from a reader commenting on the "jumbled tray" game which I mentioned we used to play when I was a child.

She advised me to re-read Chapter 9 of Rudyard Kipling's "Kim." There I found what surely must be the origin of it, the "Jewel Game" Kim learnt in the house of Lurgan Sahib, the healer of sick pearls. Unfortunately for the ironing, Chapter 9 whetted my appetite for the whole book, which I hadn't read since I was D's age.

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# STARTING SCHOOL

● Those first schooldays can be a time of trial for both child and parent. Here a teacher, in a factual and commonsense way, explains the problems that may face the school beginner and how child and parent can deal with them.



IS your child starting school after Christmas? How do you feel about it?

In thousands of homes all over the country there are little children waiting in happy anticipation for that great day when they will achieve their heart's desire and be admitted to school.

And, in those same homes, there are parents waiting in apprehension and indecision for that same great day. "Is my child ready? Is she too young? How will he compare with other children?"

And then comes the most worrying thought of all: "Shall we coach him so that schoolwork will not be quite strange to him?"

Every infant mistress is asked by parents: "What shall I teach my child before he comes to school?"

The answer is always em-

phatic: "No formal work at all."

There are two reasons for this. Your methods will possibly differ from the school's and you may send your Graham along with some knowledge that he will have to unlearn.

The most common mistake is to teach him to write the capital letters. This knowledge does him more harm than good.

Most infant schools teach print script, a round type of lower-case lettering. They use capital letters in certain places only, such as the beginning of a sentence and the initial letter of a proper noun.

Graham, who has been taught to write his name in capitals, will be harder to teach than Brett, who has been sent to school knowing nothing of formal writing.

When Brett has learnt to write, "Brett can run," Gra-

ham will be writing, "GrA-HAM cAn RuN."

Mistakes caused by the teaching of wrong forms at home take up to two years to eradicate.

The second reason is of even greater importance. If you attempt to teach work that is too hard for him you will give him a sense of failure and personal inadequacy that will stay with him for the rest of his life.

## Nature's pattern of growing up

You will be forcing him beyond the limits of his ability, and he will build up a resistance to learning that is as strong as a stone wall.

Children mature physically according to an inflexible pattern predetermined by nature. He crawls before he walks; he walks before he runs. He develops downward and outward.

He can gauge distances with his eye before he can control the movements of his hand. He can grip with his fingers before he can stand.

It is the same with learning. There is a stage when your child can and will learn easily, and that is when formal work should be presented to him.

With most children this stage is not reached until some time after he starts school.

Parents are advised to leave the problem to the trained infants teacher. The tiny beginner the teacher hopes to see is not one versed in phonics and reading but one who comes on opening day with an inquiring mind and a happy confidence in his own abilities.

This is the area in which the parent can be most helpful.

Give formal education its due respect, but do not overestimate its effect on your child. It is the parent and the child's environment that set his personality and character.

The school sees him for only a few hours each day. Its influence is limited for that very reason.

Teachers are at a disadvantage, too, in that their

influence begins toward the very end of the child's formative years. What the child ultimately becomes still remains the responsibility of the parents.

Young children learn by imitating. You have been teaching your child, either consciously or unconsciously, all his life. Since birth he has been observing you and your friends.

What he absorbs shapes his personality and character. He is either patterning himself on you or, because he is distressed by your way of life, is deciding to do exactly the opposite.

Children come to school with an already firmly established set of standards.

Many have great personal integrity, young as they are. An amusing instance of this occurred during opening week this year.

By  
**JOYCE I. RIDLEY,**  
an infants teacher  
with the Victorian  
Education Depart-  
ment.

As I stepped back in the corridor to let the new intake return to their classroom, I accidentally knocked a lunch case from a peg. The nearest girl, Janet, stepped forward without hesitation, picked it up, and replaced it on the peg.

I was so impressed with her helpfulness that I decided to use it for incidental teaching of ethics.

I stopped the class, and, in glowing terms, praised her action. I enlarged on her thoughtfulness, and held such conduct up as an example to be imitated by all right-thinking girls and boys.

I smiled approvingly upon her, then realised that she was looking at me, stonily, quite unimpressed.

My eloquence faltered. When she could get a word in edgewise she looked me straight in the eye and said clearly and without emotion: "It's mine. That's why."

Encourage your child to be independent and full of initiative.

If he plagues you with questions, take comfort from the thought that the child who is interested enough to ask questions is the one who

has the potential to be a very successful student.

Above all, encourage him to play. It is through play and through a variety of experiences that he builds abilities into his intelligence. He learns to see connections, differences, similarities and comparisons.

Read stories to him regularly to enlarge his vocabulary. Encourage him to talk about his own interests.

In these days of TV and the working mother, many children lead silent lives at home and find it hard to communicate.

Don't allow the child to get what he wants by miming his needs. Insist that he put his request into words. The basis for future success in learning to read is a good general knowledge, happy social adjustment, and the ability to talk fluently using a wide vocabulary.

Buy him a large paintbrush, mix some lead-free powder paint with water, and let him paint on large sheets of newspaper.

Mix some powder paint in starch, and he can paint with his fingers on a square of table baize or plastic. Buy modelling clay or make a dough using two parts flour to one part salt. It will keep for quite a time in a screw-top jar.

## The path to general knowledge

This type of art work is very good for him emotionally. He will learn to be creative and will have the opportunity to work off some of his frustrations.

Coloring books have little to recommend them. It is better to buy him some large lumber crayons and let him draw his own scribbled pictures on newspaper or butcher's paper.

Buy plenty of picture books to teach him about the world around him, with its people, vehicles, food, birds, and animals. Children do not always have the required background knowledge to understand even some of the simple stories told them at school.

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ADVERTISEMENT



## NEW FOOD IDEAS

from Betty King

A MONTHLY COLUMN OF NEW RECIPES, NEW FOODS AND NEW COOKING IDEAS.



### Apple Cake

10 oz. (2½ cups) self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ½ level teaspoon cinnamon, ½ level teaspoon nutmeg, ½ level teaspoon salt, 8 oz. (1 cup) sugar, 1½ cups apple pulp, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped raisins, 3 oz. Copha shortening.

**Method:** Sift flour, soda, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt into a basin. Add the sugar, apple pulp, walnuts and raisins and mix through lightly. Melt the Copha over gentle heat, it must only be lukewarm. Add to the other ingredients and mix to combine. Turn into a greased and floured 8" ring tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F. gas, 400°F. electric) for 45-50 minutes. When cooked and cool, spread with a lemon frosting and decorate with chopped walnuts if desired. Allow to stand at least 1 day before cutting.



### Cream Potato Fluff

1 pkt. Deb. Instant Mashed Potato, 12 oz. (1½ cups) water, 1 level dessertspoon margarine (use Fairy or Vidale where available), ½ level teaspoon salt, 4 oz. (½ cup) cold milk, 1 pint lightly whipped cream, 1 cup grated tasty cheese, 1 egg, beaten, 1 oz. melted margarine (use Fairy or Vidale where available), ½ cup fine, toasted breadcrumbs.

**Method:** Make up Deb Instant Mashed Potato according to directions on the pack. Carefully fold in the cream, cheese and egg. Place into a deep fireproof dish. Lightly brush dish with melted margarine. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over the top of the potato mixture. Bake in a barely moderate oven (300°F. gas; 350°F. electric) for 20-25 minutes, until top is golden brown. Serve with grills or cold meats. Serves 4-6 portions.



WB1/10WW141

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"How about that, Dad? Two Dandies and two Fairs."



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Teen Age Magazine Women's Wear, October 2, 1963



# SPRING LAMB

● Spring is the time for tender, juicy, sweet young lamb. Served hot, with a colorful variety of vegetables, or cold, as the centre of a gay, good-tasting salad, it is full of flavor.

**T**HERE seems no end to the many ways of cooking lamb.

Here are some special recipes which use lamb to most delicious advantage.

Quantities given will serve 4 to 6.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure has been used.

## CROWN ROAST OF LAMB

Get your butcher to prepare 14 to 16 rib chops, as for cutlets, but without cutting through the sections. Ask to have the skin removed, then tie ribs together in a circle (bones to outside) to resemble a crown. Fill cavity with Mint Stuffing (recipe below), put in well-greased baking-pan. Cover ends of chops with pieces of raw potato to stop burning. Bake in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours. Serve on heated platter with sauteed mushroom caps, glazed baby carrots, baked potatoes, and minted peas.

**Mint Stuffing:** Two ounces butter, 2oz. mushrooms, 1 onion finely chopped, ½lb. sausage mince, ¼ cup celery, 1½ cups rolled oats or soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped mint.

Heat butter in pan, add finely chopped mushrooms, saute 3 minutes. Add onion, meat, celery, salt and pepper to mushrooms, stir to combine, then cook until meat changes color. Take from heat and add rolled oats. Mix in well, allow to cool slightly, add chopped mint, and fill into crown roast.

## LAMB CUTLETS WITH CUCUMBER AND ONIONS

Two pounds lamb cutlets, seasoned flour, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, 1 large cucumber, 12 spring onions, 1oz. butter, handful of finely chopped mint, fat for frying, gravy if desired.

Trim cutlets, roll in seasoned flour, dip in beaten egg, then press crumbs on. Peel cucumber, cut into four lengthwise, then into 2in. lengths. Trim spring onions to within an inch of the bulb, then blanch and drain them well. Melt butter in saucepan, add cucumber and onions. Season to taste, cover, and cook slowly until tender, shaking pan occasionally. Add mint.

Meanwhile, fry cutlets in heated fat until tender and well browned. Drain and arrange on a serving-dish. Pile vegetables in centre of dish and serve immediately. If desired a well-seasoned gravy can be served separately.

## SHOULDER OF LAMB A LA BOULANGERE

One shoulder of lamb, 1 large clove garlic, 8 potatoes, 4 onions, bouquet garni, salt, pepper, butter, stock.

Make several incisions near bone of shoulder, insert pieces of garlic. Grease a shallow ovenproof dish, arrange peeled and sliced potatoes and onions neatly, leaving a space for meat. Sprinkle shoulder with salt and pepper and put it and the bouquet garni in the dish. Dot meat with butter, moisten vegetables with a little stock. Bake in moderate oven, allowing 20-25 minutes to the pound. Add a little more stock if necessary. Serve in the ovenproof dish.

## LAMB CHOPS VILAREAL

Ten lamb chops, little fat, 4 rashers bacon, 2 finely chopped onions, sprinkling mixed herbs, ½ cup stock, salt, pepper, 1lb. par-boiled sliced potatoes, butter.

Cook bacon in pan until crisp, add onion, and cook until softened and lightly browned. Remove from pan and transfer to a casserole. Add a little fat to bacon fat in pan, heat. Fry chops in this until browned all over. Add to casserole, sprinkle herbs and seasonings on and pour stock over. Cover and bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Add potato slices; top with a little butter. Cover and continue cooking until meat and potatoes are tender. Remove lid for last 10 minutes. Serves 5.

**CROWN ROAST OF LAMB**—grand enough for a banquet, yet so simple to prepare. See recipe on this page.



## Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

### LIMA LAMB BAKE

One cup dried lima beans, water, 2lb. shoulder of lamb cut for stewing, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 or 3 tablespoons fat, 2 onions (sliced), 4 stalks celery (sliced), 4 small carrots (halved lengthwise), ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 cup water, 2 cups chopped tomatoes, pinch marjoram, ½ cup white wine (sauterne, hock, or chablis).

Cover lima beans with water, soak overnight, then drain. Coat meat with mixture of flour, salt and pepper. Brown slowly in heated fat in heavy saucepan. Add all remaining ingredients, including beans, season to taste. Cover and simmer very slowly about 2 hours or until meat is very tender. Serves 6.

### LAMB A LA MANCHEGA

One leg of lamb, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 bayleaf, salt, pepper, 1 cup white wine, extra 2oz. butter, 1 small red and 1 small green pepper, 1 or 2 cloves garlic (crushed), ½ cup chopped parsley.

Put lamb in ovenproof casserole, add butter and bayleaf; season with salt and pepper. Put in moderate oven and bake meat until it begins to brown, basting frequently with butter. Add wine, cover, and continue baking until meat is almost tender. Melt extra butter in small pan and fry chopped peppers and garlic well, add parsley and add wine mixture from meat. Simmer a few minutes, pour sauce back over meat. Serve with green beans and creamy potatoes. Serves 6.

### TURKISH LAMB PILAFF

One and a half pounds lamb, 4oz. butter, 2 finely chopped onions, 10oz. rice, 1oz. peanuts, 2oz. currants, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 2 tomatoes (peeled

and chopped), 2 pints stock, 1 teaspoon chopped fresh sage (less if dried), 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon mixed spice.

Bone lamb, cut meat into small cubes, fry in half the butter in a large saucepan. Add remaining butter and onions and brown lightly. Add rice and peanuts. Fry about 5 minutes, stirring all the time until rice is browned. Add currants, salt, pepper, chopped tomatoes, hot stock, sage, parsley, and spice and mix well. Cover saucepan with a clean cloth, then clamp lid on. Cook very slowly about 1 hour. When lamb pilaff is ready, all liquid should be absorbed.

### BARBECUED BREAST OF LAMB

Two pounds breast of lamb, salt, pepper, 1 lemon (thinly sliced), 1 large onion (finely chopped), 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup water, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon chilli sauce, 2 tablespoons worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce.

Cut breast of lamb into serving-sized pieces. Put in a shallow casserole or baking-dish, season with salt and pepper. Put a slice of lemon on each piece of meat, sprinkle onion over all. Bake, uncovered, in hot oven 30 minutes to brown well. While meat is browning, combine remaining ingredients in a small saucepan, bring to boil, and cook about 5 minutes. Pour sauce over browned meat, cover, and put back in oven. Continue baking in moderate oven a further 1 hour.

### YOGHURT AND TOMATO RAGOUT

Two pounds leg of lamb, 2 sliced carrots, salt, pepper, ½ pint water, 2 large tomatoes (skinned and chopped), 1 green pepper (chopped), 1½ cups yoghurt, 2 teaspoons chopped mint.

Cut meat into 1½in. squares. Put in saucepan with carrots, salt and pepper, and pour water over. Cover and simmer very gently 1 hour. Add tomatoes, green pepper, and simmer a further 1 hour. Stir in yoghurt and mint and reheat without boiling. Serve on a bed of hot fluffy rice or cooked noodles.

More recipes overleaf







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## SPRING LAMB — continued

### TUNISIAN LAMB CASSEROLE

Half pound dried apricots, water, 2lb. to 3lb. lamb or mutton cut from shoulder or leg, 1 pint olive oil, 2lb. onions (chopped), 2 small turnips (chopped), 3 carrots (quartered), 1 clove garlic (crushed), paprika, curry powder, cinnamon, cumin, allspice, little saffron steeped in cold water, sprig fresh thyme, 2 bayleaves, hot water, fluffy rice.

Soak apricots in enough water to cover. Cut meat into cubes, brown in hot oil. Take meat out, then brown onions, carrots, and turnips in same oil. Add garlic and sprinkle with a little paprika, curry powder, cinnamon, cumin, and allspice. Add saffron, thyme, and bayleaves. Return meat to pan and add sufficient water to cover. Put lid on and simmer very slowly 2 hours or until meat is tender. Add apricots half an hour before cooking is completed. Serve with fluffy boiled rice.

### MADRAS LAMB CURRY

Three cups lean stewing lamb or mutton (cut into 1in. pieces), 1 quart water, 1/2 teaspoon peppercorns, 1 sprig thyme, 1 sprig parsley, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 onions (sliced), 1 large green apple (peeled and sliced), 4 table-

spoons flour, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, juice and grated rind 1/2 lemon, 1/2 cup seedless raisins, 2 whole cloves.

Cover meat with 1 quart hot water, add peppercorns, thyme, and parsley. Simmer until meat is tender. Remove meat. Strain liquid and reserve. Melt butter, add onions and apple, saute until golden yellow. Add flour mixed with curry powder, salt and pepper. When well blended slowly pour on strained liquid. Bring to boiling point, add lemon, raisins, and cloves. Return meat to mixture and simmer a further 10 minutes. Serve with steamed rice and chutney. Serves 6.

### ITALIAN ROAST LAMB

One leg lamb, salt, coarsely ground pepper, 3 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons red wine or wine vinegar, 1 large clove garlic, 1 sprig rosemary, little butter.

Prick leg here and there with knife point, rub well with salt and pepper. Put it into a dish and pour oil and wine or vinegar over. Cover and leave several hours or overnight, turning from time to time. Make a tunnel in meat near bone, insert garlic and rosemary. Transfer to baking-dish, dot with butter, pour marinade over and roast in moderate oven approx. 1 1/2 hours. Baste joint occasionally; serve with a gravy made from pan juices.

### LAMB CUTLETS WITH AUBERGINE

One aubergine (eggplant), salt, 2oz. butter, 4 tomatoes (peeled and quartered), salt and pepper, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 3 large onions (sliced), 6 to 8 lamb cutlets.

Wipe aubergine, slice it, and sprinkle with salt. Cover with a heavy plate and set aside about 30 minutes. Heat 1oz. of the butter in a frying-pan, add aubergine slices, and fry until soft. Then add tomatoes, salt, pepper, and garlic, and cook another 10-15 minutes. Arrange this mixture down the centre of a serving-dish and keep it hot. Then melt remaining butter in pan and fry onion-rings until soft and golden. Grill cutlets. Arrange cutlets around aubergine mixture and top each one with a few slices of fried onion. Arrange remaining onion over aubergine and tomatoes, serve immediately.

### INDIAN SIKH KABAB

One pound lamb, 1 tablespoon mustard, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, little chilli pepper, 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 small clove crushed garlic, 1 teaspoon ground turmeric, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon ground coriander seed, juice 1 large lemon, butter.

Remove any bones and gristle from lamb. Blend remaining ingredients, except butter, put in a deep dish, then put meat in. Let it stand 1/2 hour, turning occasionally. Then cut meat in equal-size squares, replace in marinade, mixing well, and let stand 1 to 1 1/2 hours longer. Remove from mixture and thread on skewers. Grill under hot grill, basting frequently with melted butter. When done, remove meat from skewers and serve hot.

More recipes overleaf

## Delicious with lamb

HERE are recipes for a simply prepared Mint Chutney, a cool, green-as-spring Mint Jelly, and a delicious, Indian-type Tomato Chutney. Choose one — try it next time you serve hot or cold roast lamb.

### MINT JELLY

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 5 tablespoons hot water, 1/2 pint vinegar, 1/2 cup finely chopped mint, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, few drops green food coloring.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add hot water, stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt, mint and vinegar. Add few drops of food coloring to tint an attractive green. Set aside, stirring occasionally, until mixture is consistency of unbeaten egg-white. Pour into shallow tin rinsed with cold water, refrigerate until set. Cut into cubes with a sharp knife dipped into hot water and dried. Pile into a dish and serve as an accompaniment to hot or cold lamb or add to a salad to serve with cold lamb.

### MINT CHUTNEY

One cup fresh mint leaves (packed into cup), 1 cup raisins, 1/2 teaspoon each salt, tabasco, worcestershire sauce and dry mustard, grated rind and juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon.

Put mint leaves and raisins through fine blade of mincer three times. Combine with remaining ingredients and blend well. Refrigerate until needed.

### TOMATO CHUTNEY

One tablespoon oil, 1 dried red chilli, 1/2 teaspoon cumin seed, 1/2 teaspoon each nutmeg and mustard seed, 4 tomatoes, 1/2 lemon, 1 1/2oz. raisins, 1/2 cup sugar.

Melt oil in saucepan, add cumin seed, crumbled chilli, nutmeg, and mustard seed. When seeds start to jump, add tomatoes, peeled and cut into 1in. slices. Quarter the lemon half and put on top of tomatoes. Simmer, stirring frequently, 15 minutes. Stir in raisins and sugar. Simmer, stirring frequently, a further 30 minutes or until thickened. Cool, then chill.



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| Model PAC223           | 125 gns. | Model 358GW (elevated) | £126-0-0 |
| Model PAC224           | 139 gns. | Built-in oven          | £72-10-0 |
| Model 359GW (elevated) | 139 gns. | Built-in hotplate      | £47-10-0 |

Illustrated is fully automatic Model PAC224



YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

# Westinghouse





**ALMOND HONEY DELIGHT:** Crisp pastry, rich smooth filling, and soft meringue. See recipe at right.

## DESSERT TART WINS £5

● A mellow honey-flavored dessert pie recipe wins the £5 award for a lucky N.S.W. reader in our popular contest this week.

**A** CONSOLATION prize of £1 has been awarded for a special Chicken and Almond Curry.

All spoon measurements are level.

### ALMOND HONEY DELIGHT

Pastry: One and a half cups self-raising flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, a little water.

Sift flour into basin, rub in butter or substitute, add sugar and beaten egg-yolk. Mix to a dry dough with water. Roll out thinly on floured board and line an 8in. or 9in. tart-

plate. Prick base and sides and bake in a hot oven until golden. Allow to cool before filling.

Filling: Half cup custard powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, 3 tablespoons honey, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 eggs (separated), extra 4 tablespoons brown sugar, almonds.

Blend custard powder and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar with a little of the water. Put remaining water on to boil. Gradually add custard powder mixture and stir until thick. Allow to cool a little, then beat in egg-yolks, honey, and butter. Pour into pastry-case. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add brown sugar, beat until sugar dissolves. Pile roughly on top and decorate with almonds. Return to oven to brown lightly. Serve cold.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Peters, 42 Bellambi Street, Northbridge, N.S.W.

### CHICKEN AND ALMOND CURRY

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup chopped cooking apple,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon curry powder (more or less according to taste), 1 cup milk, 1 cup chicken broth (from cooking chicken), few pieces finely peeled lemon rind, 3 cups chicken (cooked and cut into 1in. cubes),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped toasted almonds, rice.

Melt butter in pan, add apple, celery, onion; cook gently until soft but not brown. Add flour, salt, pepper, curry powder; mix well. Stir in milk and broth, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Add lemon rind, cover, and cook gently about 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove rind, add chicken and almonds, reheat without boiling, and serve with rice.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Light, 34 Brewster Street, Essendon, Victoria.

### SPRING LAMB concluded

#### BULGARIAN LAMB

One pound lamb (from shanks, shoulder, or any other cut desired), 3oz. butter or substitute, 8oz. spinach,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bunch shallots,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika, water, 4oz. rice, 10 peppercorns, 2 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint sour cream, chopped parsley.

Cut lamb into slices and fry lightly in butter. Add chopped spinach and shallots. Fry a few minutes more, then add paprika and enough water to cover meat well. Cover and simmer gently until meat is almost cooked. Add rice and peppercorns and continue cooking until rice is soft. Before serving beat egg-yolks and sour cream together and add, stirring continuously. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on each serving. Serves 4 to 6.

#### LAMB SHANKS WITH PRUNES

Four lamb shanks, 3 tablespoons fat, 12 prunes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water, salt, pepper, 1 onion (finely chopped), 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup rice, 2 large carrots (finely sliced), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch thyme, 2 cups hot water or stock,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shredded packaged or fresh coconut.

Brown lamb shanks in hot fat, add prunes, boiling water, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours or until meat is tender. Add more water if necessary during cooking. While meat is cooking, saute onion in butter or substitute until tender, add rice, and cook until browned.

Add carrots, parsley, thyme, salt and pepper to taste, stir in hot water or stock. Cover and cook very slowly until rice is tender and all liquid absorbed, about 40 minutes. Add coconut. To serve, arrange rice on a platter, pour prune gravy from shanks over rice, arrange prunes and shanks around rice. Serves 4.



## Fresh from an Edgell country garden

Edgell vegetables are very special—from special seed they grow in scientifically irrigated fields of Edgell country gardens. They mature in warm sunshine and the instant they're perfect, Edgell picks, prepares and packs them for you—capturing and keeping that garden-fresh colour, flavour and tenderness. And so easy to serve!

There are field-fresh mushrooms broiled in butter . . . meaty, chunky slices with a delicate country-picked flavour. Peas that are tender, young and sweet. Stringless beans that are garden-fresh and sliced for you. Taste the difference careful growing and timely picking make—open a can of Edgell.



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Japanese vase.

My old kerosene lamp has a glass top which is burgundy-colored and is decorated with white embossed figures.—Mrs. W. Deveril, Merimbula, South Coast, N.S.W.

Your 19th-century lamp was made about 1885-1895. The top is made of American Mary Gregory glass. It is a ruby-colored glass enamelled with opaque white figures usually set in landscape.

★ ★ ★

I have a basket-shaped ornament which is white china and is decorated with roses and leaves. It is a fluted shape and measures 9½ in. by 7 in. and is 8½ in. high. 1307 is marked on it.—Mrs. L. W. Symmonds, West Tamar, Tas.

Your ornament (below) is English Staffordshire, made about 1870.



Basket-shaped ornament.

## HOME HINTS

Readers' helpful tips win £1/1/- prize.

Stitch two rows of wide tape round the bottom of baby's singlet. It gives a firm base for the napkin pin and prevents the singlet wearing into holes.—Miss G. F. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

A square of linoleum is handy for a sewing-room. Put it on the table to protect the top surface when pinning and cutting material.—Mrs. A. Lebsanft, Faraday St., Monto, Qld.

When making or having made bridal or bridesmaid gowns, insert a small pocket in the underslip for the inclusion of a comb, powder-puff, lipstick, etc. This is very handy for retouching purposes prior to having photographs taken.—Mrs. L. G. Peck, 20 Prince Edward Circle, Kingsford, N.S.W.

Comb bulky-knit sweaters that have become woolly very lightly with an ordinary hair comb when they are dry and still hanging on the clothes-line. All fluff will come off on the comb.—Mrs. D. Quake, 407 Yarra St., Geelong, Vic.

## Collectors' corner

● Readers' antiques are commented upon by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

This vase is 24 in. high, colored in various shades of green, and is decorated with animals. It belonged to my grandmother, who bought it at a sale in London. It was left to me by my mother. Could you give me some details about it, please?—P. J. Rhodens, Collins Street, Melbourne.

Your fine 19th-century Japanese vase (left) is about 100 years old.

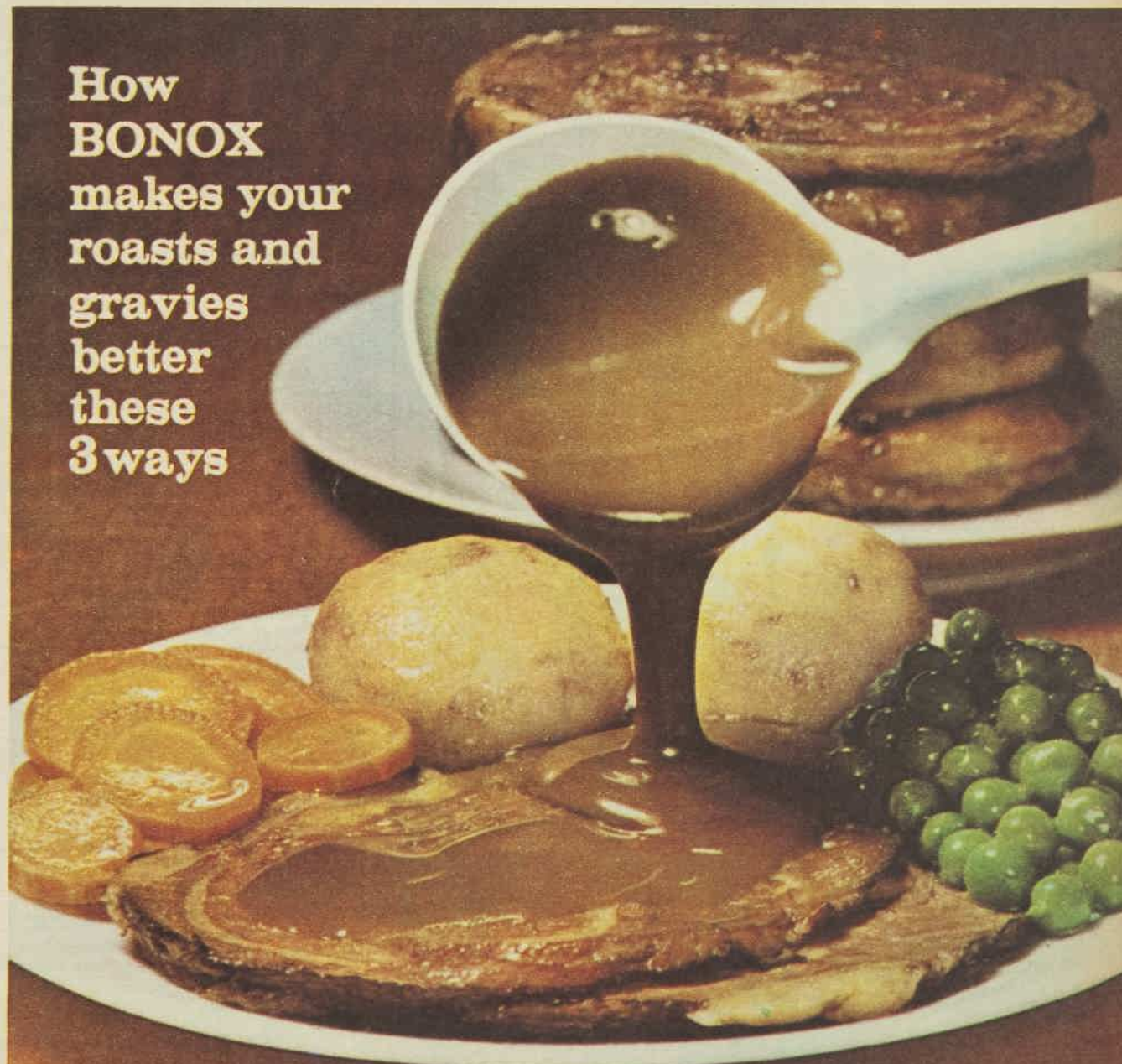
Could you tell me something about a candlestick that I own? It has a base of leaves, a curved handle, and the bottom part is also patterned with leaves. Printed underneath is R.P.B.M. 8207 E.P. & S.—Mrs. R. Chase, Clermont, Qld.

This candlestick (right) is late-19th-century electroplated Britannia metal. It was made about 1885-1895.



Candlestick has unusual leaf-shaped base.

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**KRAFT** for good food and good food ideas

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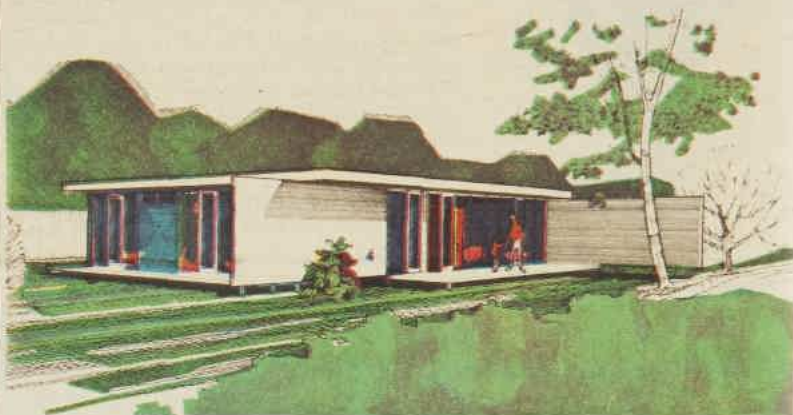
\* Registered Trade Mark

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**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

## Home Plans Service



A HIGH WALL separates bedroom terrace, left, from living-room terrace, right.

**P**LAN 611 is a modern, low-slung house best suited to a wide block (at least 55ft.) with the living area and terrace facing north.

It is 11½ squares if built in timber; 12 squares in brick.

There is a central fire-place separating the living-room from the dining area.

All three bedrooms have been grouped together away from the living area to eliminate noise. Ideally, the wall separating the dining area from the children's bedrooms should be constructed of brick.

A practical feature of the children's rooms is the separate play area, which can be shut off from sleeping areas and rest of the house. Up to four children can be accommodated.

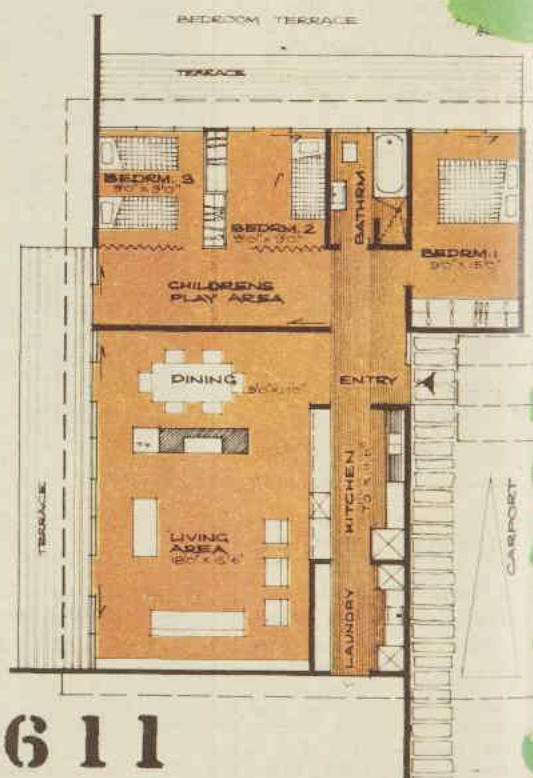
The master bedroom is adjacent to the children's rooms, separated by a bathroom.

The toilet has been incorporated in the bathroom, but a separate unit could be installed by extending the bathroom on to the terrace.

Kitchen, bathroom, and laundry have been planned in a straight line to simplify plumbing.

**NEXT WEEK: Split-level doll's house—three-page feature.**

● This week's plan is a spacious house with three bedrooms. It is ideal for homemakers with young families — and a low budget.



PLAN shows room sizes and features.

### Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

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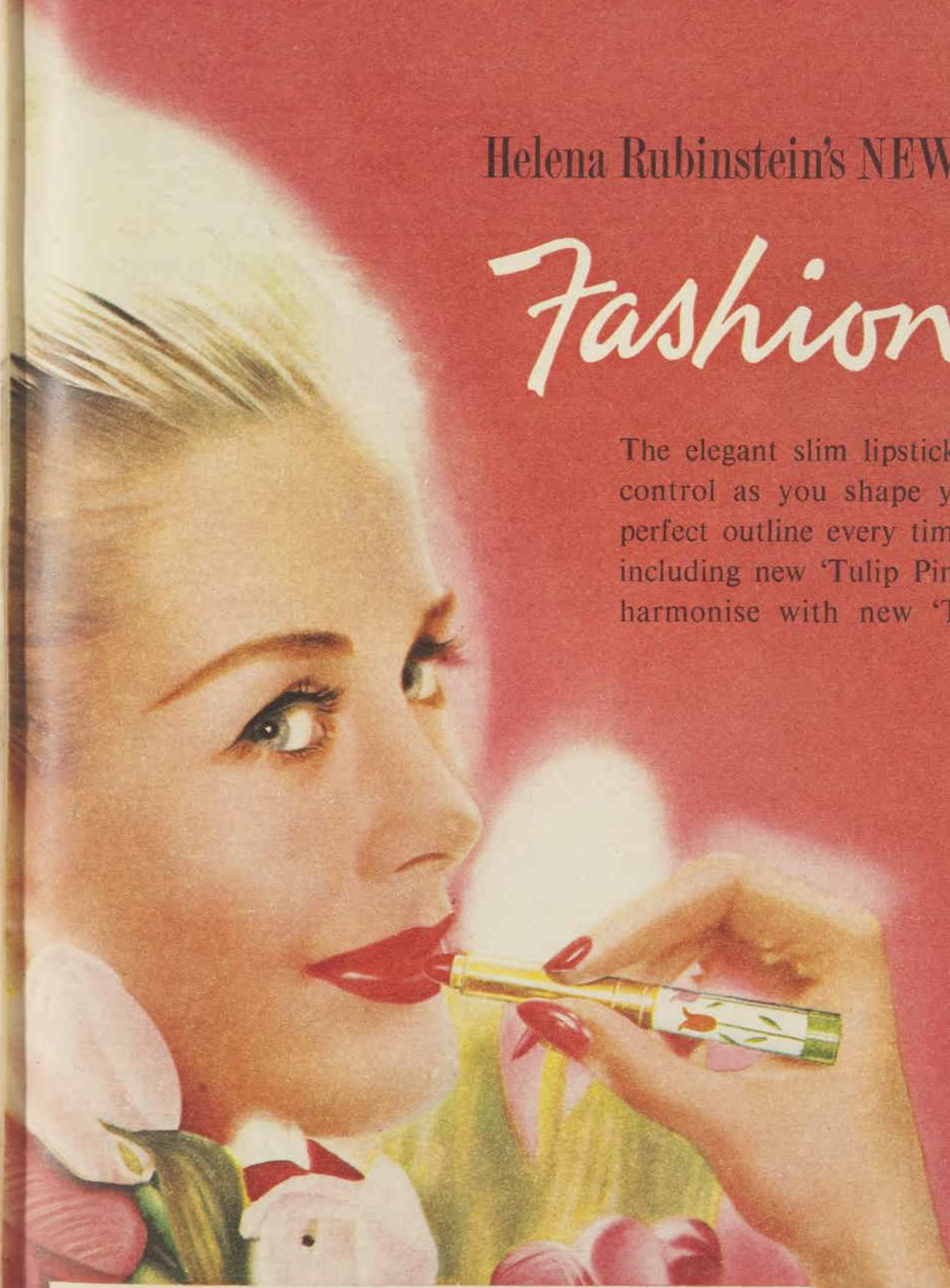
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# Helena Rubinstein's NEW Tulip Fashion stick

The elegant slim lipstick that gives complete control as you shape your lips—you get a perfect outline every time. 20 popular shades, including new 'Tulip Pink' and 'Tulip Peach,' harmonise with new 'Tulip Nail Fashion.'



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## New! Tulip Compact with Young Touch Make-up

Not just another cosmetic—a *cosmiracle* in foundation and powder. Yes, a fine-textured long-lasting make-up for every complexion. Covers beautifully to give your skin the natural look. Young Touch Make-up never cakes, streaks or discolours. Six skin-tone shades. Tulip's bloom with Helena Rubinstein's complete Make-up series.

*Helena Rubinstein*



It's Tulips from head to toes with Helena Rubinstein's Make-up and Tulip shades in Hilton Nylons

Photo: R7



One day, while telling the beginners a story about some animals, including a wolf, I held up a large picture which featured most of the animals. "And here is the wolf," I said, pointing to that animal.

I was startled to hear a little voice raised in protest. Malcolm, who had two good-looking teenage brothers, announced loudly and decisively: "No, that's not a wolf. I know wolves. They go round kissing girls, and things like that."

Teachers are divided on the subject of fairy tales. I come out solidly on the side of the traditional fairy stories, and of Father Christmas, the Easter Bunny, April fooling, and anything else that brings delight into the lives of the tiny tots.

Continued from page 49

Santa Claus may not be real. But on the other hand he is not a lie, either, because he symbolises the very real goodwill that is in the hearts of mankind. He may bring material gifts, but his significance is in the mystical world of the spirit.

Children have a feeling for these things. Any teacher will tell you of the instant change in atmosphere when she starts to tell a traditional fairy tale. The children's attention is gripped immediately.

The touch of the supernatural in all of these stories seems to

satisfy some instinctive need in little children.

I use the word "traditional" to distinguish these classical stories from stories about fairies, which I deplore. A child's imagination can be stirred and enriched without any reference to that very artificial and adult-inspired concept — the fairy.

Read your child plenty of nursery rhymes. These are classics, too, beloved of children down through the years. A knowledge of nursery rhymes should be part of each child's cultural heritage.

Every tiny tot should be well drilled in the road-safety rules.

He should know how to cross at the traffic lights, and, when crossing a street where there are no lights, you should always explain what you yourself are doing.

The rule "Look to the right, look to the left, look to the right again, and walk quickly across" should be as well known to him as his own name.

When teaching him his name leave out the second Christian name but do impress on him to add his surname. A knowledge of his own address is necessary also.

In spite of all the certain signs of intelligence your child has

shown as a toddler, he may not succeed at schoolwork.

It is not enough that through you and your forebears he may have inherited a brain capable of great things.

His potential may never develop, because of obstacles either physical or emotional.

Some children are thought at school to be dull, and only after examination by the school doctor is it realised that there was a hearing or sight defect that the teacher had had no reason to suspect.

Since the examination may not take place until well after the child has started school, in some cases not until two years afterwards, the child has already lost confidence in himself and has formed wrong attitudes.

## STARTING SCHOOL

### Many reasons

### why some children fail

Parents are well advised to take children to eye and ear specialists for testing if the slightest defect is suspected.

This is especially important with children who have a lazy eye. The lazy eye should be attended to by the age of four. It is this eye that will lose its sight first and often leads to complete blindness.

Speech deficiencies will often right themselves by the age of seven. The parents' concern in this area only aggravates the trouble.

It is the emotional problems that are the most devastating of all.

Give your child every opportunity to make friends. The beginner who finds himself unable to make friends is not in a receptive frame of mind.

If he is not accepted by his own age group he worries about it to such an extent that he cannot concentrate on his schoolwork.

Some children find a substitute in friendship with the teacher, but this is only second best.

From babyhood, children should mix with others and learn happy communication with them.

The shy child is the problem child, not the aggressive child. Many cases of shyness result in adults living in loneliness, cut off from the world by an invisible barrier which they themselves have erected.

The child with a possessive mother or an over-protective big sister does not do as well as he should. He is not used to making decisions.

Although no little child should be given too much responsibility or asked to work too hard, he should be required to take his small share of jobs.

There should not be an older person continually at his beck and call. If he is capable of doing for himself he should be required to do so. Over-protection prevents him from having all those necessary contacts with people to experience the give-and-take of human relationships.

This child seldom has the art of making friends, and his day-by-day life lacks the mental stimulation needed to develop his intelligence to the extent that nature intended for that particular child.

Give your child the freedom to mix with other children, and to explore his environment.

This freedom does not imply or include freedom from discipline. Neither does it mean freedom for the young child to control his own line of action.

The adult is the leader. This is a law of nature understood by little children.

To page 60



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RICH, CREAMY, INSTANT PARSONS RICECREAM

Juicy Queensland Golden Circle pineapple chunks, mixed with the rich creamy goodness of Parsons Ricecream into a dreamy, extra-special souffle! It's a brand new dessert idea with a delicious new taste. Yet it's so easy and quick to make, and economical too. Try it for the first time today, and you'll soon find it a family favourite.

BIG JUICY CHUNKS OF GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE



PINEAPPLE RICECREAM SOUFFLÉ (6 servings) —

- 1 Can Parsons Vanilla or Lemon-Coconut Ricecream
- 1 15 oz. Can Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces
- 1 rounded dessertspoon Gelatine
- 1 Egg White

**METHOD** 1 Add gelatine to 3 tablespoons cold water, dissolve over boiling water. 2 Drain pineapple, add juice to dissolved gelatine leave until almost set. 3 Whisk jelly until spongy and fold into Ricecream. 4 Fold in egg white beaten very stiff, and half the pineapple. 5 Pile into small dishes or one large bowl or into a mould, and allow to set. Decorate with remaining pineapple.

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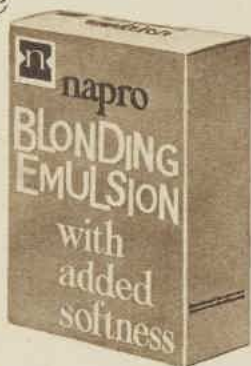




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Continued from page 58

Your child will find strength in the wisdom of your experience. It will give him a feeling of insecurity if you leave things to his judgment.

He needs discipline, and he knows this, too. He does not resent punishment as long as he is convinced of your love.

## There may be tears at first

As the opening day draws nearer, an uneasy thought creeps into the mind: "What if my little Rodney should make a scene that day? What if he should howl and refuse to stay at school?"

Although school is a much brighter, more attractive place than in the past, there are still occasional tears, to the distress of the other tiny tots, and to the embarrassment of the mother.

If mother, over the last few weeks, has been growing more and more emotional at the thought of finally losing Rodney, it is only to be expected that her attitude will communicate itself to Rodney, and by the time opening day comes they will both be so worked up that the little one will collapse into tears very easily.

Whereas Michael, whose mother has adopted a matter-of-fact attitude in front of him, views the occasion as a bit of an adventure and immediately starts playing happily with the toys provided and allows mother to return home without making a fuss.

The saddest case is that of Philip. He knows that once he starts school mother is going to take a job, and he is terrified at the thought of losing her.

Sometimes the fault lies with older children. Gerald cries because his big brother has frightened him with some tall stories about school.

Terry cries because he has watched a group of older boys and girls playing school, and invariably in this game the teacher spends three-quarters of the time in smacking all and sundry. The game is played in this fashion right under the windows of senior teachers.

Many a teacher, affronted by so much chastising, has gone out to ask a few pertinent questions: "School is not like that these days, is it?" "No, sir!" "Does your teacher smack all day like that?" "No, sir!" "Then why do you do it?" "Please sir, it is more fun this way, sir!"

So "sir" retires, shaking his head, and the game cheerfully continues. But no wonder Terry gets the wrong impression.

The school does its part in establishing a good relationship with the prospective beginners by inviting them to visit the place before Christmas to see the real classroom situation.

The little ones will be shown the building, the grounds, the play equipment and the toilets. The resultant feeling of familiarity with their new surroundings makes the coming ordeal much less formidable.

I am assuming that you have long since enrolled your child for next year. Head teachers need to know

the approximate size of the new intake very early in the preceding year so that they can make application for staff.

Where enrolments are restricted, as in the Victorian State schools, evidence of birth date is required. It is a good idea to apply for an extract of the birth certificate, as this is handy to have at various stages of the child's life.

The school may arrange interviews or send out a questionnaire seeking other relevant information. A record card is made out for every child, so the questions will concern his health, and will request home and business telephone numbers in case of accident.

## Getting off on the right foot

If the child has no older brother or sister attending the school, it is advisable to give the name of an older boy or girl living in the same street who could be asked to take him home or look after him at school in case of minor troubles.

If the child is left-handed, the questionnaire will ask whether you wish him changed over. No child is changed over without home co-operation.

Opinion is divided among teachers these days on the advisability of changing children over. But what causes concern to all teachers is the number of children writing left-handed

who are not real left-handers, but were unconsciously trained that way in infancy by having objects placed in their left hands by right-handed mothers passing straight across instead of diagonally across into the right hand.

One of twins in close contact in a pram, or the child seated at the table with his right arm too close to a wall, will tend to use the left hand.

If it is necessary for you, the mother, to go to work, make some arrangement to be home when your child returns from school.

If there is no one at home to hear the story of the day's happenings, the little child tends to take all his failures and disappointments into himself. Remember that in his first year he comes into contact with more germs than he has ever encountered before. He may have many illnesses, so arrange to stay home when he needs you.

It is sad to see tiny Dianne in the sick-bay at school because teacher could not send her home to an empty house, but it is sadder still to see Dianne in the sick bay again the next day because a working mother had sent the ailing child back to school next morning.

It is not enough to supervise children after dark and be under the impression that they will therefore never get into any trouble. There are infinite possibilities for trouble between the daylight hours of 4 p.m. and 6 p.m.

It is always appreciated if the beginners can do up their own shoes. They are required to remove their shoes often for such periods as rhythms.

To page 62



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Even minor cuts and scratches can lead to serious infection... so play safe! Keep BAND-AID dressings handy always—in the bathroom, in the kitchen, in the glovebox of your car.

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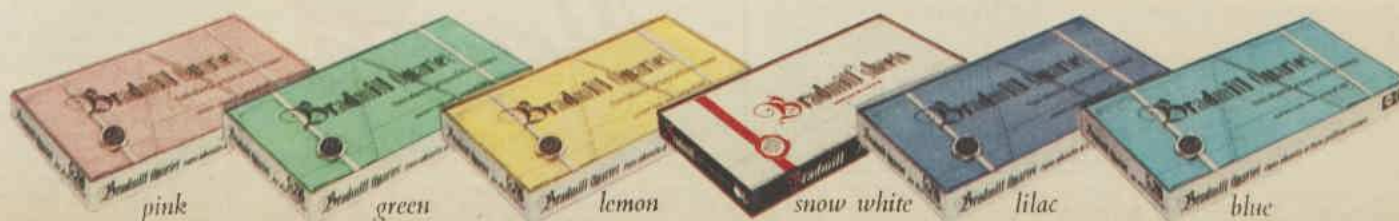




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Children are allowed to go to the toilet whenever they wish, but it will be a help if you find out the times of school recesses and accustom your child to a similar routine.

## They like to dress properly

Ascertain the clothes that children wear these days. No child feels happy unless he is dressed like the rest of his group.

The young miss has for many years dressed most attractively. But

Continued from page 60

now you must find out what the smart young man-about-town is wearing. He insists on appearing in the height of fashion, with bulky knits and the latest thing in rainwear.

Do put his name on every garment. This is especially important if he is wearing a school uniform. If the school has an approved uniform you will find it durable, economical, and well worth buying from every point of view (and tax deductible, too!).

There is no need to buy a school bag or case other than a small lunch-case. Beginners are given no homework; neither are they

required to carry any books back and forth. The lunch-case need not be large.

One round of sandwiches and a piece of fruit is as much as most tiny tots can eat at lunchtime. Wrap another piece of fruit separately for playlunch.

If the lunch is taken in a paper bag it will help the teacher considerably if the child's name is written plainly on it.

Find out whether there is a school canteen. This may be open every day or only on certain days.

Don't worry about book and pencil for opening day. All that the children need for the first

few days is provided by the school. A book list will be issued to you.

Check up on the date of the opening day, and the time when the beginners are expected. Very few schools admit the new intake on the day the school reopens after the Christmas vacation. They are generally instructed to attend on the day following.

Your child is now ready for his great adventure. Rest assured that the school will be happy to receive him.

The little ones are very popular with both the staff and the older children. They are well looked after, both in the classroom and

in the playground, where the older children are instructed to treat them gently and to see that they obey the school rules without being made to feel that they have committed some major crime.

There are fewer accidents among the tiny ones, even when the infant department is attached to the senior school.

If all the enrolment forms are in order and all arrangements completed, it is not essential for the mother to escort the child.

The father, a brother, a sister, or a friend can do what is required.

But it is not advisable for the child to arrive alone. Some large schools take in up to 200 beginners, and one small child may easily wander into the wrong room.

If you are to be away on holidays when school reopens, or if the child is too ill to attend, you should contact the school and have a place held.

And, if you have enrolled your child at one school and then by opening day have moved to another town, do send a message cancelling the enrolment.

When you arrive on opening day you will be directed to a certain classroom. The new intake is usually graded in age groups.

Report your Sally's presence to the teacher in charge, who will mark her present on the roll and pin an identity tag on her, showing her name, grade, and classroom.

If the school is a large one the card will be tied with a colored ribbon which corresponds to the color attached to the classroom door.

This ensures that any child found wandering can be immediately identified, and it will be appreciated if Sally wears this tag for the rest of the week.

She will be shown a little locker in which to put her treasured possessions and a peg on which to hang her coat.

This peg will be identified by a little picture of some well-known object. Sally's may be a flower, Ian's may be a duck. Sally will see her name written there, too, and will soon learn to recognise it.

From the first, encourage her to be independent by allowing her to take charge of her own lunch, canteen order, or money. Play recess and lunch recess may be taken at times differing from those of the senior school for a few days while the teacher trains the children to go to the toilet, wash hands before eating, sit down while eating, and eat the given goods in the right order.

So it is advisable to see that Sally has in her possession all that she may need for the first day.

## .... Until the child calms down

Having seen her safely established in her classroom, where there will be an attractive array of activities such as building blocks, picture books, and small blackboards set out for her use, it is a good idea for you to leave immediately.

If Sally is in tears and the teacher does not object to your staying, take her for a little walk around the grounds until she calms down. If she is too upset to return to the classroom, ask the teacher's advice about keeping her at home for a few days until she is emotionally ready for school.

Often you will find that by the afternoon she is ready and willing to return.

Teachers are divided on this issue. Some prefer to take complete charge of Sally, tears and

To page 63

## STARTING SCHOOL



## Build cool and bright with Alsynite reduce the heat - admit the light

ALSYNITE fibreglass reinforced panels are one of the most useful, practical and durable of all building materials. ALSYNITE transmits light yet eliminates glare and with exclusive "SUPER-GLAZE" finish is so strong, weatherproof and durable, it's guaranteed for 20 years.

Have you an area that is too hot and glary in summer, too cold and windy in winter? Convert this into useful year-round living area with ALSYNITE fibreglass panels.

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ideal for wind-breaks, screens, covered ways, awnings, etc. No other translucent building panel gives you such guaranteed quality. Good reason indeed for insisting on genuine ALSYNITE.

Obtainable from all Glass Merchants, Builders' Suppliers and Hardware Stores.

To Australian Window Glass Pty. Ltd. (address to our nearest sales office).

Please send me full information on Alsynite.

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AWS

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20-YEAR  
GUARANTEE

Look for this guarantee card—your assurance of genuine ALSYNITE.

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THE ORIGINAL TRANSLUCENT FIBREGLASS PANEL

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all, from the beginning. Others will not object if you sit with her in the classroom for an hour or so.

Discuss with the teacher a suitable hour for calling for Sally in the afternoon. A full day may be too tiring for her just yet.

At State schools it is often impossible to shorten the day officially because of school bus schedules and working mothers.

**Every beginner has his problems as he adjusts to the new environment.**

Ian, who comes from a small family, finds that he is afraid of mixing with so many hundreds of noisy youngsters in the playground. He tends to creep back into the classroom during recess periods instead of taking advantage of the fresh air.

Rodney, the centre of attraction at home, feels that he is in danger of losing his identity among so many.

A worried message comes from the mother of friendly little Geoffrey: "My Geoffrey complains that the big boys are cruel to him." When the teacher questions him regarding the form that the cruelty takes, Geoffrey is quite specific: "When I am standing in the yard the big boys come up and they walk right past me."

Mary, who is always addressed by name at home when mother gives an order, is finding it hard to respond to an order given by the teacher to a whole group, names unspecified.

## Problems of the beginners

Capable Janet, coming into contact now with other capable children, finds that on occasion they disagree with her way of doing things, and she finds it hard to accept criticism.

Intelligent Jennifer, accustomed to knowing all the answers, finds, when she returns to school after an illness, that a lot of knowledge has been imparted to the other children during her absence, and she feels her ignorance keenly. She distresses her mother now by not wanting to go to school.

Kim's mother continues to escort her to and from school each day, and poor little Kim's loving heart is wrenched anew by each parting with her adored mother at the school gate. She often enters the classroom in tears.

Bryan, who is over-protected by an elder sister in Grade 6, stands miserably apart from the happy groups in the playground at lunchtime. He would like to join in the fun, but he has made few decisions in his young life, and he just cannot summon up the initiative to make contact with others.

Frankie, whose possessive mother sits with him all lunchtime and waits at the school door at home time, finds that he has no opportunity to establish happy relationships with others in his class, even if he knew how.

Kenneth, who has a will of his own, has discovered with a shock that his teacher actually expects him to listen to her voice, and, worse still, insists that he does what she says. "We talk quietly in school. We tip-toe in the classroom. We do not throw stones. We do not hit each other with sticks. We do not punch each other."

He doubts whether he can take much more of this annoying discipline.

Grant, who will be found one day to have a lazy eye, is in a state of confusion. His teacher talks about things and points to

Continued from page 62

things that are not there at all.

Rosemary, who will later be found to be deaf in one ear, is beginning to feel very insecure in the classroom, because sometimes her teacher tells her what she wants done, but sometimes she only tells the other children.

Marian, who has a very ambitious mother, is an unhappy little girl. Whenever mother asks, "What did you do at school today?" she replies: "We played all day."

Mother, not understanding that, to Marian, work is play, and play is work, fears that her little girl is

wasting her time at school, and she does not disguise her dissatisfaction with the fact that Marian still cannot write her own name after a whole week at school. Marian has already sensed that she is a disappointment to her mother.

Philip, whose mother has taken a job, has many worries. Who is looking after the house? Who is feeding his doggie? How will he get home tonight?

Shy, friendless Peter is very upset. He is striking trouble with the school bully.

Don't make too much of your

child's worries in his own eyes. Give him time to adjust himself.

Don't be in a hurry to interview the teacher. The school will certainly want to know about the bullying very promptly, but, given time, many of the little ones will solve their own problems.

Your nervous concern is not going to help. If you feel it best to ask the infant mistress' advice about Jennifer's unwillingness to go to school, don't go along to the office with Jennifer clutching at your hand. Jennifer's troubles are best discussed without her knowledge.

If, when Peter's complaint has been investigated, you find he has told you a great big fib, don't be too horrified. Children in this or any other age group are liable to act like all other children in that age group.

Once, while at a country school, I was asked to investigate a complaint that the big boys were "picking on" Gordon, a sturdy, belligerent beginner. I found that Gordon, let out to play five minutes earlier than the upper school, as is customary in infant departments, would park himself between the tank-stand and the wall and, as each big boy bent down to drink at the tap, would aim a kick at the well-presented target!

To page 65



## White coffee needs the right coffee



Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.

So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: With cream poured gently near the side of the cup so that it floats . . . served iced, in a glass, and topped with ice cream . . . So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)



# you could win one of 6 Morris 850's



## TONGALA WIN-A-MINI CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Post to 'TONGALA', P.O. Box 97, Prahran, Victoria.  
CONTEST CLOSING NOVEMBER 15, 1963

Look at the list of 7 popular uses for Tongala Condensed Milk. These uses have been placed from 1 to 7 in order of merit by a panel of expert home economists. Now, using your culinary skill, see if you can place them in the same order as the experts.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> For COOKING, CAKES, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> For BABY FEEDING  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For ICE CREAM            | <input type="checkbox"/> For MAYONNAISE    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For PARTY DIPS           | <input type="checkbox"/> In TEA AND COFFEE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For FUDGE                |  |

### REMEMBER TO ATTACH A TONGALA MILK LABEL TO EACH ENTRY\*

Try Tongala Cream on your favourite sweets — it's ready to serve whenever you want it — delicious poured straight from the can or whipped. Now using your skill with the English language create an advertising slogan for Tongala Cream in not more than 15 words. (Example: Tongala Cream — the cream with the dairy fresh flavour.)

\* The number stamped in the bottom of my Tongala Cream can is \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Grocer's Name \_\_\_\_\_

\* Not required where such conditions contravene State Law.

### CONTEST RULES

1. No limit to the number of entries that may be sent in — but each must be accompanied by a Tongala Condensed Milk label and have the number from the bottom of a Tongala Cream can filled in on the entry form (except where this contravenes State Law).
2. The closing date is November 15, 1963. No entries received after this date will be considered.
3. Employees (and their families) of Tongala Milk Products Pty. Ltd. and their Advertising Agents are not eligible.
4. Prizewinners will be notified by mail and a list will also be published in Women's Weekly.
5. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. The list of uses for Tongala Milk from 1 to 7 as selected by the panel of expert home economists has been deposited with Tongala Milk Products Bank. All entries will be judged. If more than six correct entries are received, prizes will be awarded on the skill shown in writing the advertising slogan for Tongala Cream.
7. All entries remain the property of Tongala Milk Products Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes.

## ENTER THE

# TONGALA WIN-A-MINI CONTEST

Just think of it! Filling in the coupon on the left could easily mean you'll win your own amazing Morris 850. And this great Tongala Win-a-Mini Contest gives you not just one, but six chances to win your own Mini-Minor.

Don't delay — read the rules carefully, then send as many entries as you like — extra entry forms at your grocer's. Closing date is November 15th.





## STARTING SCHOOL

The least of your child's worries will probably be the work itself, because all subjects are presented through the playway.

Just as, during the child's babyhood, play was of vital importance in building abilities into the intelligence, play is now the most important subject during his first years at school, since these are still formative years.

All the resources of the schoolroom will be at his disposal.

He will build with blocks, scribble with lumber crayons and chalk, paint with large brushes or with his fingers, model with clay or plasticine, tear paper shapes or cut with blunt-ended scissors, thread beads, play shop, dress up and play "mothers and fathers," "cowboys and Indians," "goodies and baddies," fit jigsaws together, place insets in position in attractive pictures, examine a series of similar shapes to find the one that differs in some slight detail, rearrange a series of pictures so that they tell a connected story, "read" books, and indulge in sand play and water play.

He is left to choose his own activity, because the ability to make a choice is a very important one.

### It's a busy time for teacher

This is one of the busiest periods for the teacher. She moves among the groups, showing the correct use of the material, stressing the importance of careful handling, chatting to the shy ones, and, most important of all, observing the behaviour of the children.

She notes with satisfaction that over-protected Bryan has, for the first time, made an independent decision and selected his own activity, that today Janet shows no concern when her companions criticise her choice of colors in her painting, that Frankie is making overtures of friendship to Geoffrey and they are both co-operating in building a tower;

that Kim, who very rarely addresses a word to her, is talking freely, in short but complete sentences, to those around the sand tray.

She notes with concern that Rosemary does not seem to realise that the child on her left is talking to her, that Grant is invariably unsuccessful in dealing with pictures and puzzles containing any fine detail, that Rodney still brings all his work to her to be praised instead of working out a conception of himself from the reaction of his own age group. Association with someone as all-powerful as the teacher is not the best way for Rodney to gauge his worth.

She looks around at the rest of the children, happy that they are content to work out their problems with their friends without becoming dependent on her.

She senses their growing confidence in their own abilities as they gather material without constraint, and experiment with its use. They share the joy of accomplishment. They are learning to organise, to make judgments, to compare and contrast, to reach decisions. Many are showing signs of leadership.

And, above all, they are relaxed.

Gerald, who often comes to school looking angry and frustrated, is calm and poised after his usual dressing-up session with the sheriff's hat, badge, holster, and gun. Who was he really shooting this morning?

She examines Peter's painting and asks him to talk about it. She sees significance in the fact that after painting a huge bully who filled his whole sheet of paper each day for the last week, today the bully is small and it's Peter himself who is painted big and strong.

She knows the significance of size in children's drawings. Through creative art, Peter is solving his emotional problems. He is cutting the bully down to size.

She watches the large arm movements as the children paint, build, draw, match, push, pull, and lift equipment. What practice in muscle co-ordination!

She knows that this is the best possible preparation for writing. She listens to the conversation going on all

around her. How their facility in handling words and ideas is improving!

She asks them to talk about the pictures and puzzles, and notes their improved ability to organise their thoughts and their eager readiness to express themselves orally.

And she knows that this is the best possible preparation for formal reading.

She decides that Janet, Jennifer, Marian, and Geoffrey have reached the necessary stage to start immediately on book reading.

She knows that most of the play equipment requires a working knowledge of length, equality, adding on, taking away, dividing, and sharing fairly. The children are learning to form mathematical concepts. And she knows that this is the best possible preparation for formal number training.

With the end of the period approaching, the teacher prepares to give further specific training.

She reminds herself to prevent Janet from doing Bryan's packing away for him.

She recalls that at this particular moment for the last three days Kenneth, who interprets the word freedom as freedom to do what he likes, has decided to go out to the toilet.

So today she acquaints Kenneth with still another rule: "We do not leave all the work to other people. We put our own things away first. Then we help the slow children. Then we may go to the toilet."

The day continues in the playway. There are stories, nursery rhymes, and songs.

The children will be on the move all day, out into the yard for a number period to touch eight fence posts and gather four stones, up to the projection room to see a color film, down to the piano room for music through movement, out again into the yard to play, with balls and bean bags, back into the classroom to chat about the day's activities and to see teacher put into print the most important happenings of the day.

How easy it is to learn to read, "Kenneth's Bean Bag Went Up the Tree," when the whole class has just been laughing about that very event out in the yard.

And so to home, tired but happy. And mother, looking back, realises that most of her worries were unfounded, and that the difficulties which actually did arise are gradually working themselves out.

Left to himself and to his own age group, the child will solve his own problems, provided that the all-powerful adults, both teacher and parent, are content to stand aside after providing an environment in which he can have all the experiences he needs to make him a relaxed, well-adjusted little person with an inquiring mind, able and eager to make the most of all the educational opportunities that will be available to him over the years.



Polyester/cotton, 49/11; Scoop Neck, 39/11; Button-through, 29/11.

### It's the choir-boy look!

Something to sing about — Lady Pelaco's choir-boy blouses, demurely styled in a galaxy of sparkling summer prints and plains. In prim 'n proper button-throughs or devilish scoop-necks, the choir-boy look is very "you" — and yours from just 29/11.

*Lady Pelaco*  
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN



"Exchange student?"



# COTY 'AIRSPUN'

CREAM POWDER

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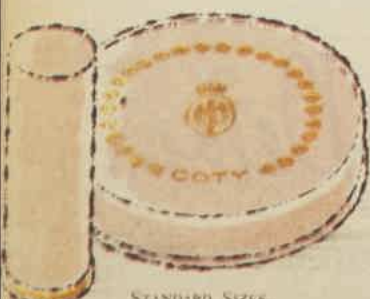
*No more 'touching-up' every hour.*  
Coty 'Air-spun' cream powder really does stay morning-fresh because it really is 'airspun' to a smooth, light more-even texture different from any other cream powder. Result? It never cakes, never streaks, keeps its morning-fresh look long after ordinary powders have wilted

*New from overseas:*

## Pocket-size 'DUETTE'

*Coty 'Air-Spun' Cream Powder and Lipstick beautifully together.*

You'll never search for powder and lipstick again! 'Duette' is the perfect little handful of essential make-up — Coty 'Air-spun' Cream Powder and Coty Lipstick. It's pearlescent-white and beautiful. Refillable, of course. Slip it into your pocket or handbag. In your choice of 10 Cream Powder Shades and 29 Lipstick Colours, 27/6



STANDARD SIZES.  
CREAM POWDER, 10/6, LIPSTICK, 8/9.





# VEGETABLES IN A TUB

**F**ANCY anybody growing vegetables in tubs! It sounds absurd, but it can be done.

Mrs. L. B. Edwards, of Hazelbrook, N.S.W., grows vegetables this way even though she has a garden. She says the tub gardens are easier to look after than a vegetable bed.

The tubs are 27 inches in diameter and 11 inches deep, and of course there are holes in the bottom to drain off surplus water.

These little gardens supply Mrs. Edwards' needs.

One tub contains lettuce and carrots. Last year's crop of carrots numbered three dozen! These took from four to five months to mature and were planted out as the lettuce was used.



**BEANS, TOMATOES, WATERCRESS.** Mrs. L. B. Edwards, of Hazelbrook, N.S.W., grows her vegetables in attractively painted tubs in her back garden. As she lives alone her "crops" are sufficient for her needs, and she finds the tubs are less work for her than garden plots. In other tubs are celery, lettuce, and carrots. Ample compost is used.

Gardening Book—page 199

Another tub contained climbing beans and a third held two tomato plants and some very fine watercress.

As Hazelbrook is a cool district the tomatoes are late, but a few remained on the plants last year until May and June, when they were scarce

and expensive in the village.

Mrs. Edwards gathered a few roots of the watercress at a mountain stream, and the plants provided a delicious addition to the salad bowl. The soil is kept moist, and the more the cress is picked the faster it grows during warm weather.

Last year's bean crop was prolific. Mrs. Edwards picked her lettuces sparingly, using the outside leaves for garnishing and leaving the lettuce itself in the soil until she needed the whole one.

Celery plants were used last year in the same way as the lettuce (taking a few stalks at a time), and leaves were dried and stored for winter use in stews and soups.

The soil is a mixture of compost and wood ash with a sprinkling of lime and sulphur occasionally added. Healthy skins of fruit peelings and outer leaves can be buried from time to time.

Mrs. Edwards believes there must be thousands of people living in congested areas or elderly people, unable to do heavy gardening, who would find the tubs a boon. Watering is easy and weeds can be controlled.

"Even if tubs were not available, very large earthenware pots with saucers could be used," she said.

"Apart from the value of fresh vegetables and the real saving in money, there is the perpetual joy and wonder of watching plants grow. In sunlight after rain plants will grow inches—yes, inches, in one day!"



**CELERY** does well in its tub. Mrs. Edwards doesn't pull the whole plants, but cuts a few stalks as she wants them.

Gardening Book—page 200

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



There's **PINK**



and **BLUE**



and **PRIMROSE**  
too!



**SUPER**SOFT  
**SUPER**STRONG  
**SUPER**LONG

# DAWN

## TOILET TISSUE



DAWN IS A TOP-QUALITY, TRUE AUSTRALIAN PRODUCT OF  
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"Proportioned?  
But why?"

Because . . . what's right for Sue may not be right for you.

That's why Kotex® napkins now come in 3 proportioned sizes — varied in width and depth — 3 different napkins.

You select the one that meets your own personal absorbency needs.

Each has the new moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering.

That's why nothing protects like Kotex

Which proportioned Kotex napkin protects you best?



**WONDERSOFT**  
Medium width, depth, length.  
Designed for average needs.



**SLENDERLINE**  
Narrowest and deep. Slim size  
compact shape for comfort.



**LUXURY**  
Extra depth, regular length and  
width, 16% more absorbent.

Now more than ever Kotex is confidence



matter that it's about toothpaste. It's just that he's a child—a happy, eager child—and he feels proud of himself. I can't explain any better than that why it seemed so moving. I don't suppose Beth could either. But what I was going to tell you has nothing to do with any of that. It has to do with Beth and her earache and her favorite out-of-town friend, who was coming for a visit.

It was to be a splendid visit. Beth made lists and lists of things they would do together. She sat at my typewriter and made neat pages of ideas, typically well spaced on the paper and squarely lined up. And the lists were made with Stephanie's interests in mind. Beth became Stephanie, sitting at my typewriter, although they are very different.

Stephanie comes from a family of boys. She has the wiry, somewhat tense body of a girl who is always dodging baseballs or stepping around electric trains. She is also the youngest in the family. It shows in the way she plays games; she plays with the wound-up desperation of someone who has always been hopelessly and ludicrously the loser.

Stephanie has long black hair, which she brushes defiantly. She tilts her head and pulls the brush down through her hair quickly, over and over, as if she were angry at it. She has the kind of humor that has been sharpened on retorts rather than on amusement, and her sudden, painful spurts of sympathy with others show the kind of turbulent weather she may sometimes live with.

But most of the time Stephanie has an air of fierce self-preservation about her, which I imagine she needs with her older brothers. Like Beth, she is quick and perceptive and enormously sensitive.

**S**TEPHANIE has a long, thin, and as yet undeveloped body. I can feel for her the agony this involves. She doesn't yet believe in her own femininity. Next to Stephanie, Beth is a woman. Perhaps this is one of their interior tradewinds. Whatever the give or take—or mixture of weathers—theirs is primarily a friendship of communication, treasured by each and unique to each.

They have known each other since they were small, when Stephanie lived nearby. Ever since she moved, they have visited whenever they could. Often during the winter Beth will linger over supper, when all the others have gone off to homework, and dream. She may say, "Remember when Stephanie . . ." and her face is alive with appreciation.

She savors Stephanie's sharpness and spikiness with the kind of relief one feels when a joke ventilates some deeply hidden feeling. Beth likes this angularity in Stephanie and Stephanie likes the roundnesses of Beth.

The day Stephanie was to arrive, a cat came up to our door. It was still a kitten, with the appealing baby quality not yet turned to pride. Dorothy, our seven-year-old, wanted to keep it. But when she bent down to pick it up the cat clawed at her.

So Dorothy contented herself with bringing it a saucer of milk and sitting on the step to watch it. She sat for a long time, but every time she reached out to pat it the cat lifted a threatening paw.

"It must be scared," I said to Dorothy, pausing in my housework. Dorothy was incredulous.

"Scared? Of me?"  
"Well, you know, it's—"  
"Lost," Dorothy said matter-of-factly. Her weather is mostly stable, with mild currents running through it. She has her own Gulf Stream.

"It's today!" Beth said, skipping into the kitchen. But then she put a hand to her ear. It was still aching.

I shared her joy with her. "Stephanie's coming!"

"Now, let's see," Beth said, getting her list from my desk.

We spent all morning arranging her room. We all set up a bed and brought in some extra pillows. We even moved the television set and

Continued from page 23

put it on Beth's desk. They were to have their own private quarters. Then it was time to meet Stephanie's bus.

"I wonder if she's changed much," Beth said in the car. She hadn't seen Stephanie for almost a year now.

"Not much, I'll bet."

"I've grown almost four inches this year," Beth said, with just the slightest flavor of reproach in her voice. She did this lately when she was anxious.

"Well, maybe she's taller too."

"I wonder if she's changed her hair or wears lipstick."

"You know Stephanie. I'll bet she's not much different."

"Well—a lot of kids in my class changed a whole lot."

## SINCE LAST TIME

We got to the station just as Stephanie's bus was pulling in. We could see her at a rear window when we were still parking. Beth pushed the door open and raced over to the unloading platform. She was jumping and waving all the time Stephanie waited patiently in line inside the bus, laughing and waving too. Perhaps Beth's car was better.

Finally Stephanie alighted. She looked just the same. She hadn't even grown much taller. Her hair was still long and gleaming black. Beth was now a head taller.

Stephanie turned suddenly shy as she approached Beth. Beth reached down and took her suitcase, shy in her own way, smiling and chattering.

I had forgotten how fragile Stephanie always looks next to Beth. She walked toward the car in her plaid skirt and white blouse as though the wind were gently carrying her along, while Beth stepped vigorously on the concrete, too sturdy to be affected by any movement around her.

"Hi, Stephanie," I called.

"Hi," she answered, still shy.

The girls got in the back seat. They were continuing the conversation they had been having on their way to the car.

"And there was this icky lady," Stephanie was saying. I had forgotten this typical Stephanie word, which Beth always adds to her own vocabulary when they are together. "What was so icky about her?"

"Well, she was—you know—sort of patronising. And I was trying to read this really good book."

"What book?" Beth loves good books.

"This book I'm reading. It's about—oh, well, it takes too long to explain. I'm just up to the part where the boy and girl meet again and they wonder if they'll still like each other. And then it goes into this depressing description of how they're walking on either side of a stream, holding hands across it—you know? But then the stream gets bigger and soon it's a river. And soon they can hardly see each other to wave . . ."

There was silence for a moment. "You mean there's a big river between them?"

"Yes. You know."

They were both silent again.

To page 70



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napkins with  
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soft napkin. Narrow width in soft-  
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KOTEX SLENDERLINE BELT 3 9  
Companion belt to Kotex Slender-  
line napkin. Light slim-line Kotex  
belt of soft-stretch elastic with deli-  
cate trim of pale blue lace edging.  
Adjustable to your waist size.



KOTEX LUXURY BELT — 4 11  
Companion belt to Kotex Luxury  
napkin. It feels like velvet against  
your skin! The wide, soft-stretch  
elastic has chafe-proof cushion of  
brushed nylon, lacy pink trim.

\*REGISTERED TRADEMARK KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP.

Kotex  
Dresses, 20



Then Stephanie spoke. "You've got so tall..."

I could hear Beth move uncomfortably in the back of the car "I know," she said. And then, very quickly: "Remember when we made those hairbands last time?"

They both laughed. It was not their easy laughter.

"And they turned out to be so icky?" Stephanie said.

"Big enough for midgets," Beth said, laughing again.

It was uncertain weather. I felt the year-long swirls and mists of it for them.

"We're going to do lots of things. I made lists of ideas."

"Oh, good. It's been so boring at home! Do you wear lipstick?"

"Well, sometimes. Do you?"

"No. Not really."

"You really did get tall—I mean since last time. And your hair's

Continued from page 69

so curly and looks so pretty."

"Not really. I just set it last night."

"I can never make mine curl." Stephanie's voice had the losing-game quality in it that always made me anxious for her.

"I'll put it up for you when we get home. I'll make it curl."

"It won't turn out," Stephanie said. "It never does."

"Yes, it will."

I could hear them in the bathroom working on Stephanie's hair.

"It's too wet," Stephanie said irritably.

"No. It has to be to curl."

"Won't that spray make it all icky?"

"No. Stop turning your head!"

## SINCE LAST TIME

"Now, I'm not going to touch it till it's all dry," Stephanie said as they sat down to lunch. "Every time I try it I take it down too soon."

"How's your car?" I asked Beth. Stephanie turned her head slowly to look at Beth. "Do you have an earache?"

"Well, it's better."

Stephanie closed her eyes in real pain. "I hate earaches. I get one every summer from swimming."

"Let's sit in the sun. Your hair will dry better."

"Okay. But don't take it down till it's—"

"I won't," Beth said patiently.

I glanced out the window once or twice at the girls, but I couldn't

tell whether they were talking or not. I could see that Stephanie was concentrating fiercely on her hair, willing it to dry and curl.

When I went to call them to supper, I saw Beth's list lying on the kitchen table. "First Day," it said, "go to Art Museum and Window Shop in Town."

"It's almost dry," Beth said, touching the back rollers in Stephanie's hair as they came into the house.

"I like long, straight, shiny hair," I said to Stephanie, passing her the butter. "I always wanted to have swiny hair like yours."

It was true. I always had. But Stephanie I knew suspected my remark.

"I can't wait to see how it comes out," Beth said.

"The cat's still on the porch," Dorothy said, apparently to her salad.

I stacked the dishes and gave myself permission to leave them until morning. Then I stood at the back door and wondered if I should cover the lawnmower and tell Dorothy to bring in her bike. The afternoon had turned into a cloudy twilight. Perhaps it would rain.

Summer rain always has the smell of porch screens to me. It makes me think of the Tanners—the family that lived next door to us all through my childhood. It makes me think of Marian Tanner, two years older than I, who would tolerate me only in the summer, when her real friends were away. Suddenly in September she would become contemptuous of me. "You wouldn't know!" her scornful autumn self would say.

I was thinking so hard about Marian Tanner that the sounds from upstairs almost didn't filter down to me. At first I thought I was hearing laughter. But in a moment I knew I wasn't.

They were in the bathroom. Beth was sitting on the window-sill with her hand to her ear. Her face had a stricken expression and tears fell slowly down her cheeks.

Stephanie sat on the floor, her head on her knees, her long, black, shiny hair hiding her face. The hair hung perfectly straight.

"I knew it wouldn't curl," she was crying. "It never does! And I sat all day, and you said—"

The tense, hunched-up body twitched with misery and fury. "It'll never curl. And now it's all icky from that..."

**B**ETH got up and moved slowly towards Stephanie. She leaned down and touched the back of her head. Stephanie jerked her head away.

"It's no good! I knew it!"

Beth sank down to the floor, her hand still to her ear. She wasn't crying any more, but there was a look of anguish and disbelief on her face. Stephanie, all angles, stayed where she was, still crying.

I stood where I was in the doorway. It had begun to rain. I could hear the light tap of it on the bathroom window. And I could hear, as though it were in my own head, the crack and rumble of earache and storm that was going on in Beth and the bleak, level desert of fog that was pressing on Stephanie. They were a river apart, sitting there next to each other on the bathroom floor.

I started to go to Stephanie, but suddenly she stood up and ran out. Beth looked up at me. "Oh, Mummy," she said, choking. She hadn't called me that since she was small.

"It's all right, Bethie. You'll see."

"Stephanie might be out in the rain," Beth said, beginning to cry again.

"I'll go see."

I found Stephanie at last. She was on the back porch. I walked over to her and saw that she was holding the wild little kitten that had not responded even to Dorothy's gentleness. It was nestled against her thin, flat chest. She wasn't crying any more. She looked frail and alone, with her beautiful long hair lying tangled on her shoulders. I sat down next to her and stroked the kitten.

She looked down at it. Her wildness, like the kitten's, had gone. Perhaps her inner storm was clearing.

"Well, I was thinking—maybe I'm not the curly type," she said. "I mean, maybe we could make a French twist or bun—or..."

I was aware that Beth was standing behind us.

"There's a lot you can do with beautiful long hair," I said.

"Let's make some cocoa first," Beth said. It was one of the things they had done together ever since they were small.

Stephanie got up, still holding the kitten. The river was narrowing to a stream again. And sometimes, on the day after a storm, the high-pressure area clears the skies.

Tomorrow would probably be a beautiful day.

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Cooking with . . .

## WINE

• National Wine Week will be celebrated throughout Australia from September 29 to October 4 with cookery demonstrations, featuring wine, in many city stores.

WINE adds new flavor, interest, and excitement to both sweet and savory dishes. The alcohol in the wine disappears as soon as it is heated, leaving only the rich flavor and aroma.

Wine is versatile, it teams well with seafood, meat, cheese, and soups, as well as cream and fresh fruits.

• Use the last few drops in the bottle (even one opened for some time) to improve wine vinegars. Add red wine to red, and white wine to white wine vinegar and notice the extra flavor in salad dressing for tossed green salad.

• Thin a can of mushroom soup with a little sherry and spoon over hamburger patties.

• Use dry white wine or sherry as part of the liquid in a cream sauce for cooked chicken, veal, fish, or shellfish — specially good for filling small vol-au-vent cases.

• Substitute sherry for part of the liquid in gravies.

• Soak slices of cake (fresh or stale) in sherry, serve with custard or fruit sauce.

If wine in cookery is new to you, try it in any of the simple ways suggested here, then go on to new taste adventures in the special recipes given below.

All spoon measurements are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure has been used.

### CREAM OF CRAB SOUP

Two tablespoons butter, 2 slices fresh green ginger, 2 shallots, 1 small can crabmeat (remove any shell pieces),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sherry, 4 cups chicken stock (bouillon cubes can be used), 2 egg-whites, 3 tablespoons milk or cream, 2 extra tablespoons chicken stock, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons cornflour, whipped cream, extra shallots, paprika.

Melt butter in saucepan, add ginger and finely chopped shallots, saute 1 minute. Add shredded crabmeat, salt, and sherry, cook 1 minute. Add 4 cups chicken stock, bring to boil. Discard ginger. Combine beaten egg-whites with cream, 2 extra tablespoons of chicken stock and cornflour, gradually add to soup. Cook 2 minutes, stirring. Serve topped with spoonful of whipped cream, sprinkle with chopped shallots and paprika.



**FRENCH CHICKEN** — golden, tender — is cooked in a delicious sauce, flavored with white wine and saffron. Dessert is simple — and simply wonderful — Fruit with Sherried Cream.

### FRENCH CHICKEN

Two 2lb. chickens, 4oz. butter, 6 tiny onions, 4 large tomatoes, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 4oz. black olives,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon thyme,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon rosemary, 2 sprigs parsley, 1 bay-leaf, pinch powdered saffron, 2 whole cloves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white wine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, pepper, salt, juice half lemon.

Heat butter to bubbling stage in large heavy pan. Brown cleaned and prepared chickens on all sides. When chickens are half-browned add onions and saffron, continue browning. Add wine, water, herbs, garlic, olives, tomatoes skinned and quartered, salt, pepper, and cloves. Bring to simmering point, cover with tight-fitting lid, simmer very gently 40 to 50 minutes. Before serving, add lemon juice.

### SAUCE FOR ROAST LAMB

One dessertspoon flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup claret,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup good stock,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup red-currant jelly, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, salt and pepper.

Drain all but one tablespoon fat from roasting-tin, stir in flour, allow to brown. Then add wine, allow to bubble a few moments. Stir in stock and jelly and tomato paste, cook about 5 minutes. Season to taste. Serve immediately.

### FRUIT WITH SHERRIED CREAM

One small can sliced peaches, 1 small can apricots, 2 egg-yolks, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar, 1-3rd cup sherry,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream wafer biscuits.

Drain fruit and reserve. Beat egg-yolks and salt until very thick, add sugar gradually, beating continuously. Beat in sherry. Whip cream until stiff, fold into yolk mixture. Add drained fruit. Spoon into serving-bowl. Decorate top with wafer biscuits, or serve biscuits separately.

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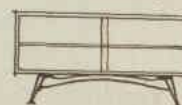
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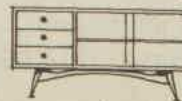
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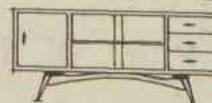
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## CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

he was icy cold all over with fright. He thought of opening the door and running before the man could stop him. But where? There were so many doors outside. Suppose he couldn't find Lila in this big building?

Just as he was making up his mind that he must risk it all the same, must get up and go, run quickly before another minute ticked away, a buzzer rang on the desk and the young man put down his papers and said into a box, "Yes, your honor." Quacking noises came from the box and the young man said again, "Yes, your honor." At the same moment there was a tap on the door and, to his relief, Mr. Gentle came into the room with the tall black-haired man who had been with Vanessa. The young man said, "Go right in, gentlemen," and they crossed the room without even looking at him and opened the door to the judge's room. He caught a glimpse of the judge taking off his black robe as they closed the door behind them.

Where was Lila? If it was over, why hadn't she come to get him? As if in answer to his question, the young man said, "Won't be long now," and sat down again to read. Lila must be waiting outside and any minute now...

But it seemed an awfully long minute. He could hear voices from behind the door and the judge's dry cough. Once, straining to listen, he thought he heard the judge say, "Mrs. Baines." Perhaps Lila was in there with them, had gone in through another door with the judge, and he hung on to this hope until at last the door opened and he saw that the judge was alone with Mr. Gentle and the

black-haired man; heard the judge say, "Oh, I think to avoid any scenes..." and dropped his voice to a low mumble while Mr. Gentle and the other man nodded, looking very serious, said, "Yes, your honor. Thank you, your honor," and started to come out when the judge said to Mr. Gentle, "Oh, wait. There's one other point in regard to Mrs. Baines," and drew Mr. Gentle back into the room.

"Well, now," said the black-haired man, smiling and showing a lot of very white teeth. "Well, now, P.S., I'm Mr. Hood. How do you do? Goodness me, you've had quite a long wait, haven't you? Now, let's see, got your coat?"

What? What was all this? "Where's Lila?" he said. "I have to wait for Lila."

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Hood as though he didn't see at all, and opened the other door, and they went out into the hall but not back the way he had come with Mr. Gentle.

"Where?" he asked, cold all over, hanging back until Mr. Hood took his hand, opening another door as sunlight hit them and he saw the little gritty courtyard where he and Lila had met Mr. Gentle that other day.

Millions of little bright specks swarmed in the air, in his eyes, like beetles; yet he knew they were not really there. Nor was Lila. Beyond the iron fence there was a big black car and a chauffeur was holding open the door.

He said, "No," but could hardly hear his own voice. "No," he said, but went on down the steps toward the car, feeling cold and wet down his legs, walking

stupidly like a baby as if any minute he would tumble over. "Can I see the judge?" he asked, and Mr. Hood laughed and said, "Oh, not now. The judge is very busy," and hoisted him into the big empty car, got in beside him.

Off they went, as he turned to look out of the back window but could see hardly anything because of the swarms of bright beetles everywhere blotting out the people in the street walking

toward Edgecliff, toward Double Bay and beyond that — another hill, then one more. He closed his eyes to shut out the beetles.

There wasn't any doubt where they were going!

"Look," said Vanessa, opening the door to his bedroom. A big shiny blue car stood by the bed; blue leather seats, real rubber tyres, black fenders, steering-wheel, a horn, pedals. A big meccano set in a red box, a model

yet. There were still beetles buzzing about in his eyes and ears.

Vanessa was talking all the time, forgetting her own rules and sitting on the bed, still wearing her black hat with the gold ball on it. She seemed to be explaining something to him but he couldn't take it in, couldn't hear properly because the room was so noisy and bright and he knew that he mustn't cry in front of her because he didn't want her trying to

everyone should be very happy, even Lila. He must see that the judge had taken endless trouble thinking it all out so that there could never be any arguments or trouble again. Yes, everyone was going to live happily ever after. But he only half listened. Something about the long school holidays and Lila which Vanessa thought was jolly fair considering everything that had happened. Lila was to have half of something or other but a long way off, after Christmas, Easter, too. And when a public holiday fell on a Monday — did he understand?

One must bow to a court decision and Vanessa would bow to it, even though she was disappointed that they had not got everything they wanted. However, that was Logan's fault. They would have got to England if Logan had not been such a stupid, vindictive fool eager to hurt her for reasons she would not go into until he was older.

Never mind, everything would be one long treat from now on. There was to be no school, no piano or riding lessons for the rest of that week. It was to be a ripping holiday until next Monday with only the two of them. Would he like to go to a matinee at the theatre next Saturday? A picnic at the zoo? Ian Lawson's birthday party?

He just kept on looking at the chimney pots while she went on and on. Next year there was to be preparatory school, then, when he was ten, boarding school. Listening to her mapping out his life reminded him of a dream he sometimes had of standing on a railway line with a great enormous express train bearing down on him and being unable to move a foot. Thank goodness the little new maid

To page 75

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



calmly about their business as though nothing was going on. Perhaps this wasn't going on and he would wake in a minute in his own safe room.

"Do you know who that is?" Mr. Hood was pointing to a statue. "That's Queen Victoria."

Past St. Mary's Cathedral now and flying under the great Moreton Bay fig trees and up William Street to Kings Cross, down past Rushcutters Bay, the stadium one side and the harbor blue and shining on the other,

ocean liner with three funnels, a big grey stuffed donkey on wheels, a little theatre with a curtain that went up and down and a set of little cardboard people whose legs and arms moved on strings, to act on the little stage; two new Doctor Doblittles, The House at Pooh Corner, The Tale of Pigling Bland, and boxes of games—Lotto, Snakes and Ladders, and Horseracing.

He couldn't feel anything about these presents. He couldn't think about it now, couldn't think about anything

comfort him, trying to put her arms around him.

He looked just past her all the time, looked through the window at the distant chimney pots of the Lawson house. By keeping his eyes very wide open and swallowing a lot, he was able to stop himself from crying, but the effort made his head ache and his throat sore.

"Darling," Vanessa was saying, "are you listening to me? Do you understand?"

Yes, yes, he understood. Of course.

Really, Vanessa was saying,

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# CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

came in at last to say that Vanessa was wanted on the telephone.

Vanessa said he could never guess in a million years what was for lunch, took a quick look at herself in the wardrobe mirror, seemed very pleased with her reflection, pleased with everything, and went clicking off downstairs.

One day, he thought, he would be grown up and then he would find the judge. You wait, he said to the judge, you just wait, seeing the judge cower, beg for mercy on his knees while the rope was put around his neck and P.S. (who now looked like Richard Arlen) gave quick orders to the other cowboys to get on with the lynching.

But that was only pretend and this was real. The bed was real and the wallpaper and the smell of the big house and the sound of the grandfather clock chiming downstairs. The very, very worst had happened and who could count the years it would go on. There would be no use in trying to escape because the judge would only have him brought back again. No use now, anything.

He felt in his pocket for a handkerchief and found Lila's crushed package of sandwiches. It was surprising to find himself crying like a baby over some silly sandwiches, but he gave into it, diving on to the bed and holding the pillow over his mouth so that nobody would come

running. He cried until it became hiccupping; then, as even the hiccupping finally stopped, he lay still, looking up at the ceiling with its white plaster ornaments.

The beetles had stopped buzzing around now and he felt heavy and sleepy, wanting to nestle down into sleep and hide there from the feeling of loss. He knew that something was lost and gone and that it wasn't only Lila. Whatever it was, he would never find it again, and, like the moment now of falling asleep, like the moment of being born, he would not remember.

Coming unexpectedly with warm rains and bursts of hot sunlight steaming the lawns, the spring made Vanessa more than usually burdened with the sense of sadness and loss which comes to most people with autumn.

As the days lengthened and warmed, her nervousness increased. She became quickly irritable, finicky over the folding of napkins and the necessity of scouring toilet bowls. She peered into kitchen sinks and investigated the laundry minutely; went through the house scattering orders and criticism until Ellen twice gave notice, twice took it back for a small increase in wages. In her methodical way, Vanessa tried to find a reason for her sense of disquiet.

It was merely the weather,

she told herself. It was the horrid Australian spring added to the natural after effects of the court case. She had heard, or read somewhere, that victory brings with it a sense of defeat; the

manded. Vanessa, feeling a slight slap in the face, would hurry on to some other aspect of the housekeeping.

Everything was the same, she told herself without conviction. Everything was just

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



longed-for thing, when it comes, is not as sweet to the taste as the anticipation. Tomorrow she would feel better, get hold of herself. But more and more she strayed and the hot sky pushed down on her, full of thunder and the warnings of rainbirds. Heavens, she thought, I'm getting to be just like Lila. Then caught herself gazing across the harbor as she often did these days, wondering what Lila was doing at that exact moment, surprised to find herself wondering.

Did Lila hate her? An icy silence lay between the two houses. Lila might as well be on the moon, so why wonder about her? What was this curious new weakness that allowed Lila to intrude suddenly on her thoughts? Angry with herself, she slammed drawers, shutting Lila inside them. To hell with her.

Perhaps it had something to do with Ettie. There was an odd secrecy about Ettie these days and it was not concerned with drinking. Vanessa searched through the known caches and could find no bottle; yet Ettie tittered about, laughing easily as though she had some secret information that amused her. Was Ettie getting senile?

On the contrary, she seemed more than usually alert, more socially active. Unexpected elderly ladies arrived in the afternoon for bridge and tea. ("Really, Ettie, you might have warned me. I don't think we have any cake in the house; I'll have to send Elsie out.") "Tee-hee—I've already sent her, Ness.") It began to give Vanessa the feeling that she was the dependent one.

Perhaps, again, it was just this deadly spring, bringing inertia to her but filling Ettie with a new boldness. It could only be the spring of Capricorn that made Ettie suddenly take to gardening and sent her out in a large straw hat to trowel and weed among herbaceous borders. But this detracted from Vanessa's power. She was no longer able to question Jocko the gardener. He was now in cahoots with Ettie, and without any advice from Vanessa they planted and potted, transplanted and lured relentlessly in the hot sun.

Sometimes, too, the maids would interrupt her with, "Oh, but Mrs. Bult said..." An order had been counter-

the same, only—only what? Why could she not shake off this ominous feeling? The ghosts hung in the air, pushed out of closets at her, whispered among the vines, and in order to exorcise them she must find the real reason.

She searched around in her mind, half seeing it in periphery, afraid to look it in the face, putting off, excusing, delaying the showdown with herself until, sapped by exhaustion and anxiety, she was unable to pretend to herself any longer.

It was P.S.

It was something elusive that she couldn't nail down. She had anticipated remonstrance and questions and had prepared careful answers to both. He asked nothing and instead of storms there was a deadly calm. He was the model child. At first she was relieved and pleased with the success of her training. But as the weeks went by she came to suspect something deliberate about his politeness.

It occurred to her that, perhaps without even being fully aware of it, he was using her own weapons against her. She tried to prod him into arguments, but to no avail—black was white if she said so. She longed for a good, healthy bad-tempered screaming match that would break the ice, but he maintained an obdurate submissiveness. So damned solemn and obedient that sometimes she wanted to shake him. He went about the house like a little shadow. He had developed a habit (was it planned?) of being suddenly in her path, so that hastening downstairs she would find him sitting on the landing. ("Honestly, darling, stairs are not for sitting on. What are you doing?" "Nothing.")

Nothing; it was always nothing that he was doing, nowhere that he was going, nobody that he had seen today. Coming into a room, she would almost fall over him, standing just inside the door; or turning from her dressing-table, discover him behind her, dreamily absorbed in the bedspread, making her jump. "Heavens! I didn't hear you come in. It's polite to knock, you know. Is there something you want, dear?" "No, thank you." "Well, then, can't you find something to do?"

She began to dread the late after-school hours when she must invent joys, create distractions. More and more she felt he was playing some secret game with her and unless she could learn the rules (and who can learn the rules of children?) she would be beaten.

The toys were part of it. Filling the bathtub for him and floating his ocean liner, she would return to find the boat abandoned while he lay on his back in the middle of the upstairs hall, playing with a piece of string. Tripping over his fallen donkey, she bent to stand it neatly upright when, appearing suddenly behind her, he said, "He can't stand up." "Why not?" she asked. "Because he's dead." "Oh, oh, poor Burro. Why is he dead?" "Because."

Then, shutting a window against a sudden rain, she had seen that his new car was standing in the downpour with its lovely leather seats being ruined; had darted into the garden and was wheeling it on to the side verandah when she saw him watching her from behind the vines. "P.S., you mustn't leave your car out in the rain. Do you want it to rust? Do try to remember."

"I'm sorry," he said, bouncing a dirty rubber ball, and she knew instantly that he had wheeled the car out into the rain so that she would find it there. The impudence

of it took her breath away; the hurt made her want to hurt him—hit him hard. He lifted his angelic face to her, but the glint of amused triumph in his eyes had given him away and was so exactly like Logan that she turned away, shaking. "Go and ask Elsie for a rag," she said.

Once, waking early in the morning, her throat parched, she got up for a glass of water and found his door open, the bedroom empty. Pulsating with fright, she tore downstairs full of unreasoning thoughts of Lila, abduction and flight; ran from room to room until she found him, still in his pyjamas, squatting on the floor of the silent drawing-room.

"What are you doing up? It's only six o'clock."

Something he was hiding in his hand.

"What's that you've got?"

Obediently he held out his hand. He was holding the little piece of rock with the fool's gold that Logan had given him.

"What are you doing with that?"

"Nothing."

Again he simply gave her that look of calculated innocence.

"Please, P.S.," she said.

"Please . . ." Petering out because she wasn't sure what she really wanted of him.

She took the piece of rock and put it in the drawer of the sewing-table.

Turning away from his upward gaze—it was too

To page 81

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 2, 1963





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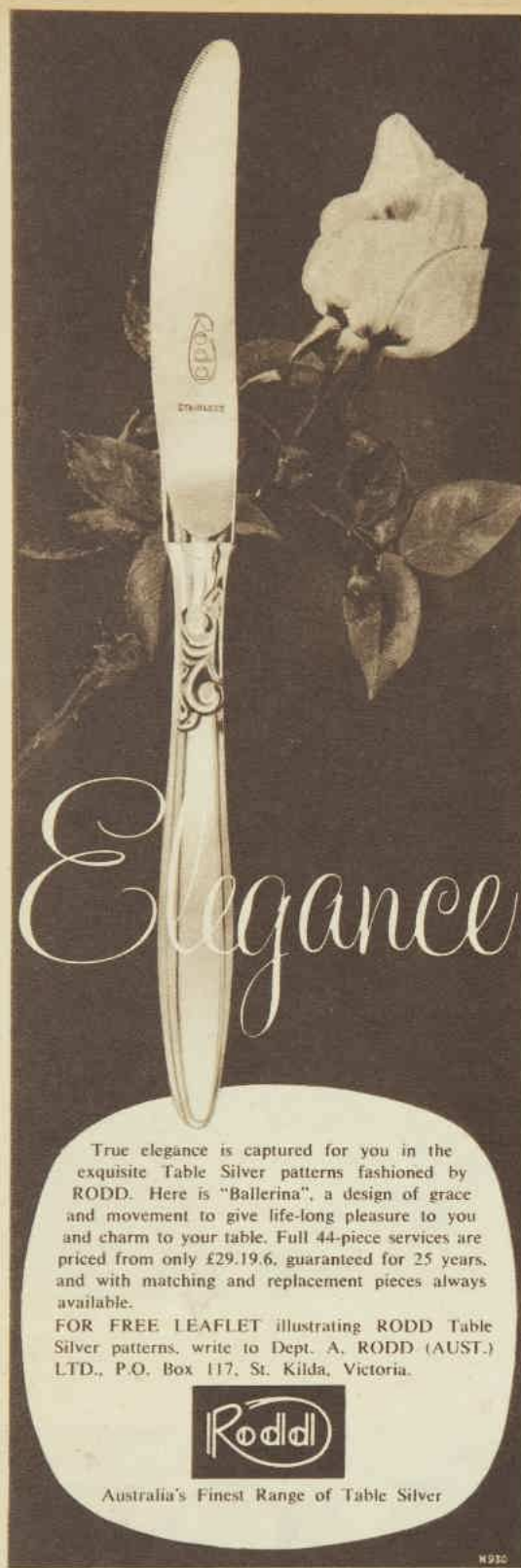
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## CANNED FRUITS CONTEST

● **First Progress Prize of £5 is awarded this week to a Victorian reader. It was selected from the hundreds of recipes already received in our Canned Fruits Contest.**

**C**LOSING date for the contest is October 16.

Send in your entries on or before this date to be in the running for the big cash prizes.

Awards include a Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in the contest, first prizes of £100 in each of three sections, and three second prizes of £20 each. There are 36 prizes in all—the complete list is given at right.

The contest is as easy as pie (or pudding or parfait) to enter.

It's in three sections:

**Section 1: Canned Peaches (halved or sliced)**

**Section 2: Canned Apricots**

**Section 3: Canned Pears**

Simply write out one or more (as many as you like, in fact) of your most successful FAMILY DESSERT RECIPES featuring one of the three canned fruits named above, plus one or more of these six basic ingredients:

- Cake-mix
- Ready-to-eat breakfast cereal
- Evaporated milk
- Gelatine
- Pastry-mix
- Custard powder

and send it to:  
**Canned Fruits Recipe Contest,  
Box 7052, G.P.O.,  
Sydney.**

Write or type each recipe clearly on a separate sheet of paper with the section name, your name and address (and State), and the name of the recipe at the top

| <b>PRIZE LIST</b>  |             |
|--|-------------|
| <b>You can win these big cash prizes in our Canned Fruits Contest for Dessert Recipes:</b> |             |
| <b>Grand Champion (best recipe in contest) .....</b>                                       | <b>£500</b> |
| <b>1st Prize in each of three sections .....</b>   | <b>£100</b> |
| <b>2nd Prize in each section ..</b>  | <b>£20</b>  |
| <b>3rd Prize in each section ..</b>  | <b>£10</b>  |
| <b>20 Consolation Prizes covering all three sections ..</b>                                | <b>£5</b>   |
| <b>One weekly Progress Prize for six weeks .....</b>                                       | <b>£5</b>   |

of the page. Where a recipe runs to more than one page repeat your name and address on each page and pin the pages securely together.

List the ingredients first, one below the other. Then in a separate paragraph give the method for making the dish.

For the convenience of judges use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure in all recipes.

Where two identical recipes are sent in, the first one opened will be considered for the contest.

All recipes will be opened and judged by a panel of experts from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen.

The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Results as published shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part in the contest agree, as a condition of entry, to

accept such results as final and binding.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

**Mother says he's too fat!**



Dear Miss Harper,  
My boyfriend and I are very much in love. I think he is very well built, but my mother says he's too fat. How can we overcome her prejudice?

S.P., Norwood.

Answer: Remove the cause. If your friend is overweight encourage him to lose a few pounds. One of the best aids to dieting is Davis Gelatine. Simply tell your friend to stir two teaspoons of Davis Gelatine into half a glass of cold fruit juice or soft drink. If he takes this half an hour before lunch or dinner, he'll find it a wonderful natural aid to will-power.

Many doctors recommend this high-protein drink because it quickly satisfies hunger.

A scientific weight control plan is available in a free booklet from the makers of Davis Gelatine. It contains an easy-to-follow calorie counter and luncheon menus.

The questions and answers in the "Weight Control Companion" may give your boyfriend a new angle on dieting.

Sincerely, Helen Harper.

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**Veet Odourless**  
pleasantly fragrant—easy to use

### FIRST PROGRESS PRIZE

Miss Jane Stening, of 12 Vernal Ave., Mitcham, Vic., wins this week's award of £5.

#### APRICOT CHEESE SUNSHINE TART

**Crust:** Three and three-quarter cups breakfast flakes, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

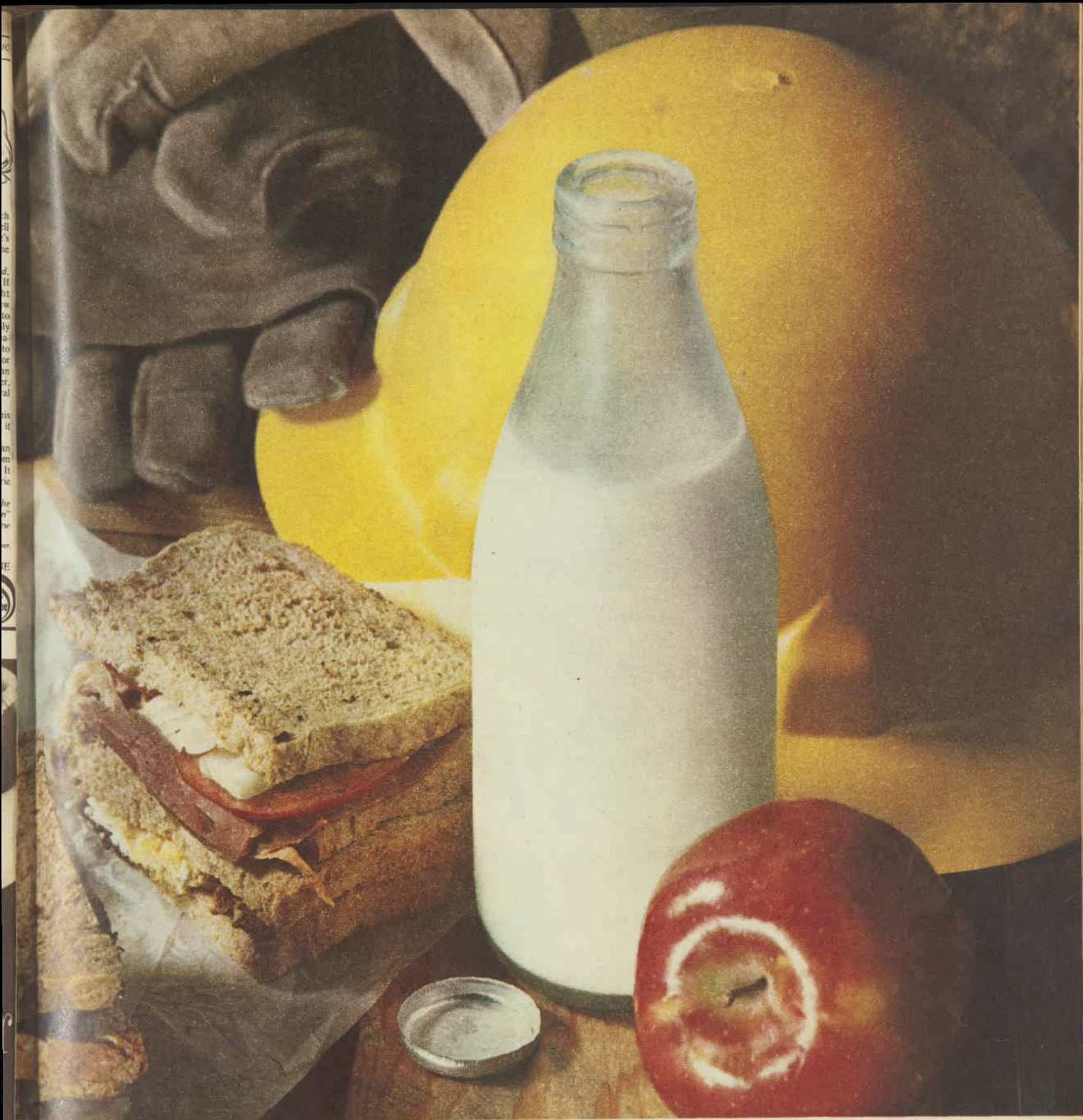
Crush cornflakes finely, mix with sugar and walnuts. Pour melted butter over, mix well. Press into well-greased 8in. spring-form flan tin. Chill until firm.

**Filling:** Six oz. cream cheese, 1 cup evaporated milk, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon rum, 1 large can apricot halves, walnut halves, whipped cream, little extra rum, little grated chocolate.

Beat cream cheese with evaporated milk until quite smooth. Beat eggs with sugar until light and fluffy. Add salt, rum,

beat until thick. Combine with cream-cheese mixture and beat again until smooth. Drain apricots well, reserve six well-shaped halves. Push remainder through sieve to make apricot pulp. Spread bottom of crumb crust with apricot pulp. Gently pour cream-cheese mixture into crust. Put in moderate oven 10 minutes; reduce heat by 50 degrees, cook until set, approximately 20 minutes. Cool, then chill. Just before serving, remove from flan tin on to serving-dish. Whip cream, sweeten with a little sugar and flavor with little extra rum. Arrange apricot halves around dish, top each with a rosette of whipped cream and walnut half. Grate a little chocolate over cream-cheese filling.





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Vive la différence!....



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## CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

early in the morning to have to look at Logan — she opened a window as though she had come downstairs on purpose to do that and said, "Do you have to creep around the house at dawn? If you wake up too early can't you stay quietly in your room and read or play with your toys? Is there something the matter with them?" Found that she was talking to an empty room.

Meaningless things, of course, and it was absurd to attach significance to them. When Ettie mentioned that one of her bridge companions was shortly going to England, Vanessa grasped at a straw. Why shouldn't Ettie go with her? They could manage perfectly well, if Ettie would like the trip. P.S. and she would take a smaller house, a flat, even . . . hoping the change would change P.S.

But Ettie merely turned an astonished baby face to her and said, "Why, Ness! I could never leave you. Besides, I don't want to go. I don't want to leave the garden." Armed with gladiolus bulbs, Ettie marched out, leaving Vanessa and the situation just where they had been.

A mistake to bring it up. Like the mistake she had made getting rid of Miss Colden. It had been a monstrous slip to confide in Miss Colden. But she had always seemed so reliable, so flat-heeled and sensible, and, after all, she worked so much with children that Vanessa had yielded to the temptation. The music teacher had listened attentively, but offered such ridiculous sympathy Vanessa had sacked her.

However, the need to employ a new music teacher had given her a limp excuse to telephone Mr. Hood. Well, now, Mr. Hood had said patiently, decisions of that nature could be left entirely up to her.

But she needed advice, she

had added quickly. Oh, no, it wasn't the kind of thing she would want to discuss with the judge. The judge might even think that she was not managing well. Yes, four o'clock would be fine.

What she needed was Mr. Hood's firm, masculine reassurance. She was surrounded by foolish women who were prey to the emotional mutations of spring. Mr. Hood was a man, and a lawyer to boot, who would have no truck with fancies. He would give her that look of deep secret approval and she would be her own strong self again.

But Mr. Hood greeted her with a surprising lack of enthusiasm and once in his office she found it hard to explain why she had come. It was impossible to put her disquiet into words. Everything

about her preparations for the birthday party.

Lemonade, ginger beer, ice-cream, paper hats, games, get the name of the hired magician, hire a slippery slide, paper streamers, and gifts for the treasure hunt.

"Whom do you want to invite?"

"I don't know."

"We can't have the whole class, so I just want to know who your special little friends are, see?"

"I don't have any special friends."

"Course you do. The Lawsons are your friends. You go to their house. And Jacky Green. Hilary. Aren't they your friends?"

"Some."

"Well, tell me which ones, P.S. The invitations have to go out tomorrow. What's going on in the garden?"

Damnation. Don't let it rain after all my trouble. Except for the magician there's nothing for them to do inside. What does one do with fourteen children inside a house? The success of the party was of immense importance to her; it could, she felt, even be the turning point in this curious battle which was not of her choosing.

Promptly at three o'clock the children started to arrive in twos and threes accompanied by a swiftly departing mother or chauffeur.

She stood with P.S. in the garden, pleased with him in his blue blazer with the brass buttons, proud of his prim, dignified manners.

The sun came and went. Went for good. Dirty yellow clouds cast a verdigris light over the garden and the air



she said sounded false and out of character. She could not logically explain why toys left out in the rain frightened her.

Twice Mr. Hood glanced at his watch. Finally he said, "I'm a lawyer, not a psychologist, but aren't you making too much of this? The boy's going through a natural reaction and if I were you I'd ignore it. Let things ride for a bit."

She wanted to say, "But it's me. I'm running down like a clock and it isn't my imagination. I'm frightened."

Instead she said, "Thank you."

Got up and shook hands, thinking: "Oh, yes, you were all charm when you had a big fat fee coming to you, but now I'm a nuisance." Her annoyance gave her a measure of calm. She stalked out, resolved that she would confide no more in anyone.

The tug-of-war was between her and P.S. alone.

And he was waiting for her. Turning the corner into her quiet green street, she could see him looking through the grille of the front gate toward her. She waved. He did not. Yet he continued to stare right at her, vanished into thin air as she approached the gate; coming into the garden she saw him scuttling through the grape arbor toward the vegetable patch.

"Hello," she called brightly. "Wait a second." But he was gone.

Please stop this game. Please!

Summer pushed spring out of the way with aching-hot blue skies, drying up the garden and browning the lawns so that the early evenings were full of the sound of gushing water from hoses and sprinklers, lawnmowers, and the chatter of birds and people equally gasping for air, betting on whether or not there would be a cool, sweet southerly buster. Everyone said it was unusually hot for October; yes, terribly hot for this time of the year, and if it keeps up imagine what it will be like by Christmas, heaven help us.

Vanessa kept the house as dark as a tomb. Sitting in the marine light of the drawing-room and touching her wrists and temples with eau-de-Cologne, she went joylessly

"Nothing."

"Oh, I thought there must be something fascinating, the way you're staring out at it. Might I have your attention for five minutes, please? Please?"

As always, she felt pride in her work, surveying the dining-room with its canopy of bright streamers and paper lanterns. Pale blue paper plates and cups, the bonbons in glistening scarlet and green tinfoil, the gifts at each place setting all wrapped in gold and silver paper bunched with ribbon.

The slippery slide stood in the garden; the clues for the treasure hunt (racking her brains for clever, humorous rhymes) had been hidden in the salvia bushes, the letter-box, the hole in the figtree, and seventeen other carefully thought out, not too hard to find places. The drawing-room had been cleared of breakables and the chairs stood in rows now, ready for the magician.

ELLEN had sweated over the cake and it sat miraculously in the pantry, two tiers of icy white ringed with blue and pink whirls, sugar roses holding up seven blue candles and "P.S." in delicious sugary silver balls.

She had lingered long in toy departments, choosing her own gift, finally had decided on a butcher's shop with counters, scales, and minute cleavers. The little roasts of beef and loins of lamb were marzipan.

She bore it into his room, clearing the early morning catarrh from her voice as she sang, "Happy birthday to you," and caught a flash of appreciation on his face, quickly concealed. When Lila's brown-paper parcel arrived with the postman, he unwrapped it solemnly and held it for a long time. It was a tin sailor which, upon being wound up, jittered into a dance.

The rainbirds called their prediction while she was dressing and, opening her bedroom window, she looked out at the sky and saw thunderheads piling up at sea. The air was sticky and hot.

grew hotter. Dullness ballooned over them.

"All right, everybody" — clapping her hands like teacher. "We're going to have a game now. Who wants to put the tail on the donkey?" Waving the blindfold. "Who wants to go first?" They stared at her resentfully. Then Cynthia Lawson said with a sigh, "Oh, all right; I will."

Vanessa caught two defectors wandering away, ran after them ("Now, boys, everybody must play together. This is P.S.'s party."), returned them to the game; laughed and called, "Bravo," fought the ludicrous feeling that she was the only one behaving like a child.

The game petered out and like sheep they began straying over the lawn.

"Treasure hunt," she announced firmly, herding them into one pack, feeling the perspiration running down her back.

She had not planned to have the treasure hunt until much later, but, aware of the gathering clouds, made a quick decision.

Finally they were paired up. Gaily she handed out the first clue, watched as they pored over it, asking what her handwriting meant. Again and again, tirelessly, she went through the simple rules while they stared at her dully.

"Got it? Off you go and jolly good luck to the winner." They went off, already breaking up into threes and fours. A shambles, but for the moment they were occupied, and, wishing them all in hell, Vanessa lit a cigarette and went inside.

She found Ettie talking to the magician, a waxlike man with dyed black hair and gravestone teeth.

"Didn't know it was going to be this bunch," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Same bunch I had a month ago. At Mrs. Ruth-erford's party. They've seen pretty well everything I do."

Vanessa said irritably. "Mrs. Lawson should have thought of that. Can't you find something new they haven't seen?"

The magician said it was

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# CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

gave to be pretty hard to fool this bunch. This bunch went to a party once a week. Too many damn parties if you wanted his opinion, with a depression on and some ladies starving.

Vanessa said crisply, "I'm not interested in your opinions. Just pull a rabbit out of a hat!"

"Whatever you say, miss." What a hateful man. Well, she'd cook his goose with Mrs. Lawson and the other mothers.

"Miss Scott?" There was Cynthia, hair ribbon coming down, hot and resentful at the front door.

"Miss Scott, Molly Barker found the treasure!"

"Already?" "Yes, but she was with P.S."

"Oh, but Cynthia, P.S. didn't know where the treasure was hidden."

"Well, how did they go right to it?" She went out with Cynthia into a sea of argument. A wraithlike little girl in a blue organdie dress was holding the prize tenaciously.

"Now, children, I'm sure that Molly and P.S. didn't cheat. P.S., you didn't know where the treasure was hidden, did you?"

That innocent look.

"No," he said. "The clues were too easy."

"Thank you very much! You're a great help, I must say."

Forcing a smile, she said, "Never mind; there are consolation prizes for everyone."

But not for her.

The party was turning out to be a failure, as torpid as the air.

By bedtime it had become so dark that they had to turn on the lights in the dining-room and while, mechanically, they sang "Happy Birthday," thunder rumbled in the distance. She could already feel the spookiness which always swept over her when lightning was in the air, the old dreaded childhood fear that still made her want to hide in closets with a pillowcase over her head.

She prayed that the storm would hold off long enough for the party to be over, so that she might then shut herself in her room, pull down the blinds, and stuff her ears with cotton-wool. But the thunder rolled nearer and when pale sheet lightning flickered outside the windows she said in an undertone to Elsie, "Put the knives away."

"Oh," she laughed, as the thunder cracked now almost

overhead. Remembering an old childhood joke, she said, "They're moving furniture in heaven," but the practical children of today looked up from their ice-cream, unamused.

"What about a nice quiet game in the drawing-room as soon as you've all had birthday cake? P.S., when you're finished, would you take your guests into the drawing-room?"

She ran upstairs, closing windows against the sudden fat raindrops, shuddering as the rocking chairs sounded directly overhead and shook the house deeply below her.

Nerving herself, she started downstairs again, pausing once on the landing when a boom of thunder overhead startled her so that she wanted to scream. Ridiculous. Neurotic, at her age, still to be unable to throw off this silly phobia, but there she stood, shaking all over.

**C**RINGING on the stairs afraid of a little thunder. Terrible if one of the children caught her. Humiliating. Holding herself rigid, she went on downstairs, and, hearing laughter, thought, Well, at last they're enjoying themselves; perhaps the storm has livened them up. Putting on a bright smile, she went toward the drawing-room door, then stopped dead, her hand gripping the glass knob, hearing P.S. say in a clear, light voice: "Oh. Oh, I say, what jolly awful thunder."

Unable to understand for a moment, she waited.

"Ugh, what frightful lightning and thunder! We'll all be killed!"

For a boy of seven it wasn't a bad imitation. He had even caught the nuances of her voice, the slightly Mayfair accent. She pushed the door open. He was mincing up and down in an approximation of her walk; in one hand he held an unlit cigarette, while with the other he prodded a sofa cushion. "Oh. P.S., P.S.," he said, "you must get up, do you hear me?" Then, spinning around at the sound of thunder (which Vanessa no longer heard), said: "Oh, hold me, Logan. Hold me."

The children laughed and Cynthia said, "Who's Logan?"

"My father."

"Does he live with you now?"

"No, but that's what she says sometimes when she's frightened."

He hugged the cushion, wriggling all over, shaking with pretended terror. "Oh, oh, Logan. Hold me!"

The children laughed and some clapped their hands at his performance. Then, when thunder again rocked the house, they began imitating him, running around, jumping up and down, calling in high, excited voices, "Oh, hold me, hold me. Oooo, Logan!" It had suddenly turned into a nightmare game, a madhouse of children capering in time to the thunder in an obscene travesty of her.

Then P.S. saw her. When he smiled, an electric shock went through her. She sprang across the room, knocking over a gyrating child, feeling the roots of her hair tingling, her face on fire, and, grabbing him, she shook him.

Shook him and shook him, speechlessly, hearing nothing but explosions in her ears, hearing the roaring of water, of boiling surf, while blinding lights burst in front of her eyes and the curious faces of the still children watched, drawing in a ring around them. Shook him, seeing his face gradually going purple, his arms dangling, not resisting her, while all the time he continued to smile at her. Smiled and smiled while she shook and shook, hearing now the ugly panting sounds coming from her as her strength drained, and, beaten, she pushed him and he fell away from her, fell heavily on the floor and, looking up with an intensity of hate, smiled once more.

Then, turning away from him, she saw through scalding water the blur of fascinated angelic faces.

"Go away," she said in a husk of a voice. "Go home."

Blundered through an earthquake, past the falling walls of the room, past Ettie and the maids turned to stone, toward the hall, toward a staircase that was tumbling toward her, fell up it.

Cried out. She had not cried like that for as long as she could remember. Not even when Pater died.

Lying now in the muggy darkness, she could hear nothing but the steady drip of water on tin, an occasional toot of a ferry.

Twice Ettie knocked on the door, murmuring about aspirin or a tray. Did she want dinner on a tray?

"Go away," she said.

Much later she heard the bubbling of his voice, mingled with Ettie's cooing, and heard him going into his room, probably to bed without brushing his teeth in order to punish her, and she laughed, thinking, "What could possibly hurt me now? Let them go their childish ways for now." This time was hers, and now that the first shock of unbelievable hurt had passed she could think clearly, stand outside of herself and watch with a certain amount of pride the return of her own inner strength. The shock, the final exposure of P.S.'s hatred, had destroyed the last remaining wall of pretence between them and given her an extraordinary release.

Now that the explosion was over, she was no longer afraid; a conclusion had been reached and to her orderly mind it must now have a purpose. She must and would survive this; she must rise up strong and renewed, belonging to herself. She must reach beyond the deceiving explanation which in

the past she had always clung resolutely to, bandaging her wounds before setting out blindly to be wounded again.

No longer. It will hurt a little, she said, being the doctor. But you are being born tonight and so for a little time you must endure the pain.

Start.

Start at the beginning and remember them all. The dearly loved faithless and cruel ones. Go back into the classroom and look at pale, lovely Miss Mortimer. How you loved her. Took her custard apples and green maidenhair fern and put them on her desk in front of the giggling girls; composed, agonisingly, a lyrical ode to her in poetry class. What a slap in the face when she said, "I do not care for mush, Vanessa, even when it scans."

The boy at Waverley with the classic shoulders and the face of a Bellini cherub. When he kissed you and held you a moment, you were filled with such unbelievable joy that you wanted to give him everything you possessed, which, at fourteen, was one shilling and tenpence in small change; you pressed it into his hand and he threw it down on the grass and said, "Look, I don't take money for a kiss."

So you ran to Pater and blurted it all out in a fit of sobs and Pater said, "But, my dearest, those boys are just very ordinary, just ordinary

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Don't put up with  
**HAY FEVER**  
sniffles  
& sneezes  
any longer!

**Bethal**  
TABLETS  
will give you the relief you want — quickly!

Over the years many thousands of people have obtained quick relief from the irritating symptoms of Hay Fever, simply by taking Bethal Tablets. Bethals act fast through the bloodstream to reduce congestion. You soon breathe easy again. Get Bethal Tablets today, from your family chemist. Bethal Tablets have been tried and proven for Asthma and Head Colds, too!



Bethal Tablets are only 2/9, 6/3 or 19/6.

## HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key



"Too hard."

Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Tuesdays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays; and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

## BACKACHE? like this



Can't move without agony?

## Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a strain of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOLS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad backs, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness or colic, MENTHOLS treatment right away. MENTHOLS, with helpful diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

## MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS



## CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

tradespeople, and they wouldn't understand that you were just being sweet, my angel, and, anyway, I love you more than all the boys in the world."

So you went on hammering the shapes and souls of men until they resembled nothing but strangers and you could not love them. Tom, Dick, and Harry all refused to be made over in your mould. But one came close, seemed to fit. Beautiful Logan in Bacchus Marsh with that tenderness and respect that made you certain—almost certain—that he understood.

Wrong again. Logan was sly and treacherous; the baker's boy fumbling for kisses in a dark pad-dock and even though you wept for him you knew he could not be changed.

Oh, but when you heard! They thought you were hysterical that day, sitting on the terrace at somebody's dull luncheon at Henley on Thames, when the cable came in typical Sindenese saying, DARLING I HAVE MARRIED BEAUTIFUL TEETH BACCHUS MARSH GUESS WHO ISN'T LIFE INCREDIBLE LETTER FOLLOWS. And everyone said good heavens Vanessa what can be so terribly amusing? Do you remember him? Does he have a wooden leg? You said you were laughing because honestly it was very funny, but a family joke, impossible to explain.

Impossible to tell them that suddenly you were choking with fury. Not over Logan—oh, to hell with him, you got over that hurt years ago—but because Sinden had been able to do something you couldn't. Because Sinden always had been able to love without trying to change anything. Sinden was really the pure in heart, unquestioning, unafraid to run out in the storm and find what she wanted while you quaked in closets with pillowcases over your head.

**W**HAT a fraud you are, Logan had said. If only you had understood him then. Because it all came to nothing and there was no love.

Even the man in Paris, when you said I can't leave Ettie but knew it was because you couldn't change him.

None of them.

Ah, but if you could mould the child!

Not Logan, but P.S. If P.S. loved you, it would (in Pater's words) restore the years that the locusts have eaten.

But P.S. detests you and you are beaten. From now on there will be no one. You are quite alone.

You don't know how to love.

All right, now you've said it. At least you know who and what you are.

Now you have been born.

Someone, Jocko probably, was mowing the lawn and she turned, opening her eyes, to gaze stupidly at the clock and was astonished to find that it was long after ten.

For the first time in her life she had gone to sleep in her clothes and it amused her slightly to find that she had already begun her new life (remembering instantly and clearly) by doing something out of the ordinary.

She undressed and took a shower, grateful that P.S. had gone to school and that Ettie was not yet up and about. She wanted a little more time to prepare herself for them.

She felt a curious sense of suspension, of being neither happy nor unhappy, and at the same time released. The ominous feeling of the past few weeks had vanished—and this morning the summer sounds and smells brought no ghosts with them. She was no longer wavering. She knew exactly what she must do and the anticipation of it had begun to please her; it itched a little, like a healing cut.

Wanting change, she dressed her hair differently, moving the parting further to the side and folding

the soft bun a little lower. She looked, she thought, rested and well, considering everything. She put on a new shantung dress which she had been saving. (For what? Where do I ever go? Who ever really looks at me?) She put on her tan-and-white shoes, and admiring herself in the mirror, lingered, fully aware of the acceptance of her own vanity and the new freedom of not caring tuppence if anyone caught her or what anyone thought because there was now only herself to please.

She went downstairs and through the green baize door into the kitchen and asked could she have some breakfast.

"Anywhere will do," she said pleasantly to Ellen and Elsie's startled faces expecting a woe-begone creature or an avenging angel. But eggs, please, if it isn't too much trouble, and some bacon, too, as she was starving.

She sat in the warm sun in the dining-room. Someone had thoughtfully removed the paper streamers and all the reminders of the party. She read in the paper that tonight the world would end. That was according to a Dr. Pollack and the disciples of the Temple of Everlasting Love, where they would gather at sundown to await the arrival of the Saviour. Poor Agnes. Who is going to have ever such a red face? Feeling the need now to

talk of inconsequential things, she delayed Elsie, bringing the eggs at a run, with chat about the weather, summer uniforms, and the scandalous price of fish. When Ettie came wavering in, kissed her inquiringly, she said, "Dear, I'm all right, really. Really. I don't want to talk about it."

She walked around the garden, admiring everything, smelling roses and hibiscus, and feeling that this morning the salt-harbor breeze and tang of damp eucalyptus leaf were not distressing reminders of lost youth but merely pleasant assurances that she was very much alive. She chatted for a time with Jocko, asking questions about soil and espaliers, granting him quick, easy

smiles and small compliments. noon, watching the gate, she remembered suddenly that this was swimming-lesson day and that P would not be home until after three.

Three long hours yet. At three thirty, Vanessa stood in the drawing-room, impatiently watching the road for Miss Pike's car. It was close to four before it appeared. She saw him climb out and wave, delaying until the car had driven off before he turned the gate and came up the driveway very slowly, holding his bathing suit and gazing up at the house reluctantly. When she heard him coming in the front door she called out: "P.S., would you come in here a minute, please!"

Funny. She hadn't even told him

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## Pick a make-up. The right make-up

Only **MAX FACTOR** can make this promise (and keep it). For only **MAX FACTOR** has 7 different types of make-up. One of them is what



For a natural, "dewy" look. Moisturises, too

**HI-FI FLUID MAKE-UP** Only Hi-Fi Fluid imparts a delicate dewy look so natural no-one can tell you're wearing make-up. Hi-Fi, a blend of beauty oils and moisturisers, glides on at a finger-touch, covers completely. Never streaks or changes color. 7 complexion tones, 11/3; purse-size tube, 7/11.



Dresden-smooth, yet it covers as no other make-up can

**PAN-CAKE** It's exclusive to Max Factor, and the ultimate in make-up. For Pan-Cake is superbly smooth, gives a soft, natural finish. Yet it covers flaws, freckles, blemishes as no other make-up can. Enriched with beauty oils, it never dries your skin. 10 complexion-balanced shades: 9/6, 13/11.



Flawless creamy beauty that moisturises dry skin

**PAN-STIK** No-one but Max Factor has it; this creamy make-up designed for the woman who wants flawless coverage and creamy beauty. Pan-Stik contains precious creams that lock moisture in one application it softens, covers, beautifies. Easy to use swivel stick. 7 complexion-matched tones, 12/11.



Penny Pardey (Mosman) likes the soft, dewy look of Hi-Fi



Belinda Wilton (Fairlight) loves the flawless cover of Pan-Cake



Colleen Bates (Woolahra) prefers the creaminess of Pan-Stik



## CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

to first go and hang up his wet bathing suit. So he held on to it, not knowing what to do or what was coming. She looked different, too. Not just her hair, which looked pretty, very pretty, today, but her face. Almost as if she were someone else. Someone he didn't know.

He had expected that right off she would deliver punishment for the naughty thing he'd done; one of those long-winded speeches of hers, all about friends and hurt and gratitude, finally telling him that there would be no going to the circus, no reading in bed for a long time, and he had been ready for his sorrys. Ready to tell her that he didn't really know why he had

done it; it just seemed a funny thing to do at the time.

Instead of that she asked him about swimming. This certainly wasn't like Vanessa at all, and, frightened, he felt that something terrible must be coming—it was always terrible when she was very still and polite.

But suddenly she looked directly at him and said in a very quiet, distant voice: "Since this concerns you first and foremost, I'm telling you before anyone else. I'm giving you up."

He didn't understand. Giving him up? To what? Who? Alarmed, he thought of the police. The judge.

"For good," said Vanessa calmly.

"Do you understand? Tomorrow I am going to the judge and explain to him that I wish to withdraw from my guardianship and that nothing will change my mind. It will be up to the judge then to decide what will be best for you under the circumstances, but I would think that he will have no other recourse but to give you to Lila."

He couldn't move or speak so he just sat there, feeling his wet bathing suit against his bare knees. He knew now that what he'd done had been so bad that it had changed everything.

Then Vanessa said, looking out the window, "I'm going to talk to Lila about it this evening. I'm go-

ing over to see her. In the meantime I'd rather you didn't mention it to anyone, even to Cousin Ettie."

All this time, Over and over he had dreamed of this and knew it would never happen. But she had said it. Said that he was going home for good. Why couldn't he jump up and down and scream with joy?

Vanessa didn't want him any more, because of what he'd done. Yet she didn't seem to be upset, not even angry. She was gazing out at the late-afternoon shadows on the lawn with her head a little to one side as though she were listening to music far away.

After a while she said in the sort of polite voice she always used to a stranger who rather bored her. "I

hope you'll grow up to be something."

It seemed to be over because she got up suddenly and he thought she was going to walk quickly out of the room, but instead she crossed to the fireplace and for a moment she looked up at the picture of his mother and said: "Everybody's going to get exactly what they want and that now includes me."

She took a cigarette out of the box on the mantelpiece, and looking for a match pulled open the little drawer of the sewing-table. The stone Logan had given him rolled out and fell on to the carpet, glittering in the red sunlight.

Vanessa picked it up.

She said, "This isn't really gold, you know."

"I know," he whispered.

"You'd better hang on to it," she said, handing him the stone. "When you're older, it may remind you not to go scrambling around all your life for the wrong thing. There are certain things that one just can't have and hankering after them can make you miss the right ones."

She found a matchbox and lit her cigarette, watched the flame burn down.

Then she said, "Everybody looks for something that we call love. An awful lot of people never find it and they end up with something that isn't any more real than the gold in that stone. Nobody can tell you which is real or fake — it's a different thing to everybody. It isn't what Lila thinks or what I think. It isn't just being kissed and cuddled and tucked warm into bed either. One day you'll be hurt and there won't be anyone to say, 'Oh, come here, pet, and I'll kiss it and make it better.' There'll only be yourself."

## and look BORN beautiful!

you have been searching for. A make-up that gives you the exact "Look" you want...  
...and the exact care your individual skin needs



The final flattering touch (with a special formula for each skin type)

**CREME PUFF** This is the "must" that perfects any make-up. For Creme Puff applies invisibly, imparting delicate, natural beauty. Choose it in the formula made especially for your skin. Dry, Oily or Normal... and only from Max Factor. In 7 complexion-matched shades. Standard refill with puff from 10/6.



A natural, sheer matte finish? Or extra cover extra matte finish?

**SHEER GENIUS** Only Max Factor has it: this complete make-up-in-one. Sheer Genius blends the lustre of liquid and the soft flattery of powder to give you a velvety perfection even hours after it has been applied. Two formulas: Natural Finish, 9 shades, 9/11. Or Fashion-Matte finish, 8 lovely shades, 11/3.



Secret cover-up for all skin types

**ERACE** Every face needs Max Factor Erace sometimes, some place. Even the most beautiful women find this clever, creamy touch-up stick indispensable to make dark circles, lines, flaws, instantly invisible. It's slim; as easy to use as a lipstick. In 5 complexion-perfecting tones, 10/6.



Ann Bucknell (Edgecliff) prefers Creme Puff, for its natural look



Diana Seale (Mona Vale) loves the matte-finish of Sheer Genius



Helen Harper (Melbourne) uses Erace to perfect her make-up

To page 86

MOTHER



"I thought you were coming to AFTERNOON tea!"



Is your baby  
bottle fed?



Baby knows by instinct  
this Maw's Teat conforms  
with the shape of nursing  
mother's breast.

Maw's Teats are cherry-shaped  
for correct feeding action. The  
tender softness of pure rubber  
allows baby to control the flow  
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Maw's Teats in four hole sizes  
fit any bottle with the new  
Maw's Adaptor. Your chemist  
has a full range of Maw's baby  
feeding needs.

Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's  
"little" drinks. Maw's Sterili-  
zation Outfit keeps baby's teats  
and bottles germ-free  
spotless!



## CHILD "NERVY"?

Try this for  
overnight recovery

If your child seems "nervy",  
tired, or off his food, it may be  
temporary constipation that's  
upset his normal happy nature.  
If it is, the safe, gentle remedy  
is Laxettes. Give him one or  
two milk chocolate Laxettes at  
bedtime. Laxettes work gently  
while he sleeps. Next day your  
child can be his bright, happy  
self again. Laxettes are the  
safest, surest children's laxative  
known. Easy to take—eaten  
just like ordinary chocolate.  
Only 3/3 from your chemist.  
"When Nature forgets, remember  
Laxettes."

887 A

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another machine  
that does  
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Supermatic can do  
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Janet Glenville, 247W  
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The Bulletin

THE MAGAZINE FOR  
INTERESTING  
PEOPLE!

Continued from page 85

he was really sorry—so sorry  
now for what he did. Sorry  
for both of them in a way.

He wasn't happy with the  
wonderful news. Perhaps  
later on he'd be happy, but  
not now, not until he'd been  
able to say something sweet  
to Vanessa.

But he couldn't think of  
anything and knew that this  
was his last chance, because  
Vanessa had put out her cig-  
arette, picked up a scarf and  
her bag, and was going  
toward the front door.

He ran after her, and,  
hearing him, she stopped for  
a moment with her back  
toward him. He came up be-  
side her, and when she didn't  
move he put out his hand and  
touched her gently on the  
arm, and, finding nothing to  
say, waited there beside her  
until she gave a funny little  
laugh and said: "Well, well,  
P.S. It seems that I have  
finally done something to  
please you."

Then she went out, bang-  
ing the front door, leaving  
him alone in the suddenly  
dark hall.

Vanessa took the tram to  
Circular Quay, sitting outside  
and not caring if the wind  
blew her hair about. She had  
come out hatless and had for-  
gotten her gloves but it added  
to her feeling of informality.  
When the nice young tram  
conductor took her fare, she  
smiled at him like a young  
girl going to town for a pleas-  
ant outing. She looked for-  
ward to the twenty-minute  
boat trip to Neutral Bay. She  
had never before taken the  
ferry to Lila's house, had al-  
ways gone by cab or hired  
car over the Harbor Bridge,  
but for one thing it was not  
yet five o'clock and she  
wanted George to have left  
for his nightly job so that  
she and Lila could be alone,  
and for another it seemed  
part of her expiation.

There must be no showing  
off to the neighbors, no driv-  
ing up in a big black limou-  
sine. She wanted to arrive un-  
announced, ring the doorbell  
and say to the dumfounded  
Lila might she come in?  
Could she come in, as she had  
something important to say  
that could not be said over  
Miss Gulf's telephone. So  
might they just sit in the kit-  
chen and have a cup of tea  
quietly as in the old days at  
Waverley?

Lila would still be bitter  
about the court case, instantly  
suspicious of motives and very  
much on her guard over  
Vanessa's sudden about-face.  
But in the end Lila would  
understand. Perhaps even  
see that in giving up P.S.  
there was a healing up of the  
years.

Giving up. That was it. Oh,  
what blessed relief there is in  
giving up something. The  
absolution of resignation. Oh,  
why fear? In resignation  
there is honesty and purity  
of the soul. At bedrock there  
is a peculiar peace.

The sun lowered. They  
swung toward town into the  
evening bustle. She climbed  
off and on to another tram,  
where she had to strap-hang  
all the way to Circular

Quay. She walked on air  
through a turnstile and  
through the faintly silver  
light down the little wooden  
gangplank on to the ferry.  
Nothing bothered her. Not  
even the rude, shoving busi-  
nessmen, leaping for the best  
seats outside so that there  
was no room for her.

She found a seat inside the  
ladies' cabin, which smelled of  
old wet rope, tar, and disin-  
fectant. She had bought an  
evening paper but did not  
open it. She was too alive  
with thoughts.

A toot, and they were off,  
pushing away from the wharf,  
and she watched the retreat-  
ing city beginning to flicker  
with night signs against the  
dying sun.

SOON there  
would be another boat, which  
would carry her down the  
harbor and out the Heads to-  
ward Ceylon, Aden, Naples,  
and so to London, never to  
come back.

She closed her eyes and  
saw Harrods, saw Portobello  
Road. But not quite yet.  
There was an obligation to  
Ettie. If Ettie wished to re-  
main transplanted in her new  
garden, spreading her roots,  
all right. On the other hand,  
if she wished to go "home,"  
they would return together  
and then, once safely back in  
London, gradually the bonds  
would be cut. There would be  
scenes, of course.

You are deserting me!  
No, I am taking myself  
back. Mater gave me to you  
but I am now taking myself  
back. It has been long  
enough.

If Ettie decided to stay,  
well and good; she would be  
able to sail sooner. Without  
a salary, second class or  
tourist might be all she could  
afford but it didn't matter.  
It would be the Argo, sailing to  
new worlds where something  
waited for her. Something  
vast and incalculable that had  
waited for her through the  
years she had wasted, fussing  
and fuming about the impor-  
tance of being nothing.

There would be time to  
think of all this on the ship.  
There would be time after  
that, when she had a nice  
little cosy flat to herself.  
There was endless time. All  
the time in the world was

hers, for she had just been  
born.

But were they stopping?  
Were they already at the  
wharf? Bells and whistles  
sounded. The engines re-  
versed. Were they going  
back? People were running to  
the windows, standing on the  
seats, all looking out.

"What is it?" she asked.  
"They're jumping over,"  
someone screamed.

"Who?" she cried. "What  
is it?"

She stood up and was  
pushed by the crowd. As-  
tonished, she saw they were  
climbing through the win-  
dows.

"The other side," a man  
yelled at her.

"Is it a fire?" But he had  
already pushed past her.  
They were all pushing past  
her out of the cabin; had  
gone suddenly mad. She  
rushed with them into the  
bottleneck at the door, heard  
the deafening blast of the  
huge whistle right above  
them, and saw, in an instant,  
the immense shadow looming  
over them, scooping them up  
with the frightful noise of  
steam and steel, lifting her up  
with the others, then letting  
her fall with the others,  
sprawling into arms and legs  
so quickly that she felt no  
shock, only one flash of  
thought:

Dear sweet heaven, Agnes  
was right. It's the end.

But being hurled down as  
water struck her into black-  
ness, then into dazzling,  
blinding light.

No. The beginning.

Lila said, "Who is it? We  
seem to have a bad connec-  
tion."

The worried voice from  
Mars seemed to be screaming  
now. "Ettie."

"Ettie! What is it? What's  
—"

"Is Ness with you?"

"Ness? No. No; why? Is  
P.S. ill, is—"

The gargling voice said  
something about P.S.

"What?"

"P.S. says she went over to  
see you."

"To see me? What about?  
Is something wrong?"

Something about four  
o'clock and being worried to  
death.

"What about four o'clock?  
What happened?" Lila

screamed back into the  
phone, and Miss Gulf said  
from the bedroom, "Mrs.  
Baines, my sister's trying to  
sleep."

Lila said, "Speak slowly,  
Ettie."

"... and P.S. says she ...  
to see you ... hasn't come  
home."

"No, she didn't come here.  
I've been home all day."

Ettie said something about  
the accident. What? Hadn't  
Lila heard about the terrible  
ferry accident? It had been  
on the wireless all evening. A  
liner and a ferry collided ...  
Yes, yes, terrible but—

"Ettie, she wouldn't have  
come without phoning first.  
Anyway, Ness would never  
come all the way by tram  
and boat—and why on earth  
would she come here? This  
is the last place—"

Poor souls. Some of them  
trapped inside. Went down  
in seconds.

"Not Ness, Ettie. Never  
on a ferry. Probably with  
friends and hasn't noticed the  
time. But is P.S. all right?  
Is he up so late? Can I  
speak to him, please?"

Hello? But Ettie had hung  
up.

A bright full moon hung  
over the backyard and one of  
Mater's old wives' tales stirred  
in Lila's mind. If you slept  
with the full moon shining  
on your face you would go  
insane. That was the genesis  
of the word lunacy. People  
became disturbed during the  
full-moon cycle and Ettie had  
responded to it and had  
probably taken a little too  
much wine with dinner.

She leaned over the damp  
verandah rail and stared  
down into the motionless  
garden.

But why would Vanessa  
be coming to see me?

She looked across the har-  
bor and saw a distant Manly  
ferry twinkling serenely to-  
ward the Heads, carrying  
home late, sleepy theatre-  
goers.

It's lunatic to think that  
anything might have hap-  
pened. Ness is home by now  
and probably furious with  
Ettie for phoning me.

The thought of Vanessa,  
tall and angry, soothed her  
for a moment. She could see  
her very clearly. She was  
standing now in the pink-lit

To page 88

ETA  
Lemon Spread  
GOBLETS  
make perfect  
parfait  
tumblers



Lemon Fruit Parfait

Fresh or canned fruit  
salad; Ice Cream; Eta  
Lemon Spread; Whipped  
Cream; Cherries.

Fill each Eta parfait tum-  
bler with alternate layers  
of the following: 1 table-  
spoon fresh or canned  
chilled fruit salad, 1  
heaped tablespoon ice  
cream, then 1 teaspoon  
Eta Lemon Spread. When  
three-quarters full, fill  
remainder of glass with  
fruit salad, add a swirl of  
whipped cream and top  
with a cherry.



Marvellous idea who  
you've finished all the  
delicious Eta Lemon  
Spread. Use the goblets  
for parfaits or party  
drinks! And the pretty  
blue lids make waterproo  
coasters, too.

ETA  
Lemon Spread

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 866.—SHIFT

Vividly colored shift is available  
cut out to make in printed cotton.  
Colors available are: Olive with white-  
gold and mint-green; spruce-blue  
with royal-blue and aqua; bronze  
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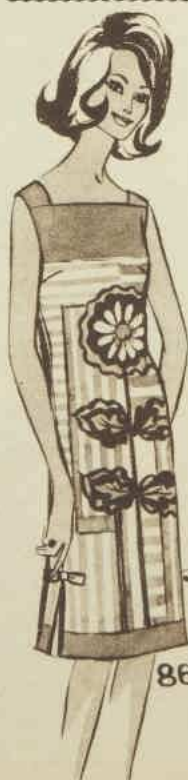
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866.



864.



865.

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## CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

safe drawing-room at Point Piper, watching a match burn down, her eyes half closed and saying something very cutting.

But away in the distance where the dark headland jutted out between Neutral Bay and Cremorne, a little circle of lights bobbed on the dark water.

Would that be the place? A fairy ring of little lanterns on buoys to safeguard the harbor traffic from—How deep would it be there?

She went quickly inside to the silent kitchen. The thought that had struck her was so shocking that she felt her face go hot with shame.

If Vanessa were dead . . . "God forgive me," she said aloud, and pulled down the blind to shut out the oppressive moonlight.

God forgive me, she said to herself again, feeling the beginning of a terrible prescience.

"He is nigh unto us," belated Dr. Pollack, sweating with disappointment. "He comes. Glory in the highest."

"Praise Him all ye lands," sang Agnes, leading the reluctant few disciples who still remained. "He is come," she sang as the moon sank and darkness swept over the Temple.

They sat in murmuring silence and Dr. Pollack said, "Friends, He comes to us in many ways. Don't forget that we can't always see Him with our blinded eyes, but I tell you He is here among us. We have not come in vain."

"Not in vain," repeated Agnes, seeing several others leaving.

"I am going, I am going

to the Land. I am going with His lantern in my hand. Amen." They sang again as a slight wind stirred the lantern bushes.

"He is in the wind," Dr. Pollack assured them. "He is in the stars. He is all around us. He comes."

They sat again and waited, coat collars turned up against the chilly wind, numb on the hard concrete. Below them the surf slapped and sucked at the beach, retreated beaten to try again tomorrow. Lights bobbed on the distant harbor, the last tram from Balmoral whined its way up the hill and a nocturnal animal in the zoo gave a despairing cry for Africa.

No one came.

THE telephone awakened the sleeping big house very early in the morning and he heard Elsie answer it. After that there was a lot of coming and going up and down the stairs. Boards creaked everywhere. Doors opened and shut and once he heard cousin Ettie say angrily, "This is my house and I will do as I wish."

He dressed himself quickly, finding last night's clothes surprisingly not put away but lying untidily on the floor where he had sleepily left them for Vanessa to tidy up.

Vanessa's bedroom door was shut, so she must still be asleep, having come home so late last night; goodness, it must have been late. He had never been up after eleven before in his life. But what had happened? All Cousin Ettie had said, after the telephone

call, was that he was a good precious lamb to stay up so late, but Ness was all right, perfectly all right, and goodness she could see the sandman right now so off to bed, petkin. He went downstairs, where Elsie gave him a frightened look. Her face was as red as a prawn, and so was Ellen's.

Did Vanessa come home? he asked, and yes, yes, they said, she was O.K., love. How about some nice porridge with them in the kitchen to save laying the table in the dining-room? He sat and had his porridge and treacle while they whispered and spelled things, and twice the telephone rang and they got in the way of each other trying to get to the telephone first. Then a doctor came in a car and hurried upstairs and frightened now he asked is Vanessa sick? No, love. Your cousin Ettie's feeling a bit crook this morning. Just a bit crook, that's all. How about some nice scrambled eggs, eh? What a treat. But his appetite was suddenly all gone. He knew something was very wrong, because Ellen said he was not going to school that morning; he was going to have a real nice holiday—what-a-treat! Nobody seemed to know what to do with him. Go and play, they said.

It was a funny lost feeling not going to school, and he wondered what was going on at Miss Pile's, and if they were all whispering about him in class. He looked up a lot at the house toward Vanessa's window, but the blind stayed pulled down and so did the one at Ettie's window.

Finally Ellen opened the kitchen door and called him.

"Your aunty's coming," she said.

"Which one?"

"The other one."

"Lila?"

"Yes. She's just phoned up to say she's coming right after lunch for you."

"Am I going home?"

"Yes, love. Now I'm going to pack your little bag so be a good boy and don't go upstairs, see, there's a love. Because Mrs. Bult's quite crook and the doctor's given her a nice pill to make her sleep, so we don't want to wake her up now, do we?"

## FROM THE BIBLE

• "The Lord is my shepherd."

—Psalm 23:1.

Perhaps the most famous text in the Bible, these words have brought comfort to many.

So it was true. Vanessa meant it. She had given him up and Lila was coming after lunch to take him home.

Was Vanessa still cross with him? So cross that she wouldn't come down just to shake hands and say goodbye? So he could say his piece now. He had it all ready and it was very nice really, the nicest thing he'd ever thought to say to anyone, even Vere. She hadn't been a bit cross yesterday, only different, so why wouldn't she open her door and come clicking downstairs the way she always did. Well,

she would come down for luncheon, as she called it.

But she didn't.

While Ellen's back was turned he slipped out of the kitchen and went upstairs, trying to avoid the places that creaked. He knocked on Vanessa's door and waited for her to say who was it? When she didn't, he turned the glass handle very softly and opened the door a crack. The room was very dim but he could see the bed neatly made up with the eiderdown quilt folded at the bottom and Vanessa's satin slippers and combs and the picture of Grandfather Scott all waiting for her. The only sound was the faint ticking of her little gold clock on the table by the bed.

Vanessa had escaped.

He was certain now. She had run off and left them all, without a goodbye or anything and that was what all the whispering was about and why Cousin Ettie had to have the doctor. There was something spooky and sad about all these things waiting for Vanessa, all these things that she had left behind without a word. Not even goodbye.

He closed the door and went downstairs as fast as he could away from them. Away from that silent, spooky room and into the sunlight, and seeing Lila coming in the gate he tore down the driveway to her and cannoned into her, nearly knocking her down, asking anxiously: "Where is Vanessa? Where is Vanessa?"

Lila looked very old and tired and her face was a funny grey color.

She said, "Darling, Vanessa's gone away."

"Where?"

Lila didn't seem to want to

say. She took his hand and they started walking up the driveway toward the house in silence.

Finally Lila said in a choked-up voice: "She's gone to a nice place for a rest—sort of like a place in the country."

"But she didn't take any of her things," he said. "Did she just escape?"

"Yes," said Lila. "She escaped."

"Oh," he said. "Well, she wanted to. She was going to give me back, you know."

IT wasn't until much later at home, in his own bedroom and after there had been a lot of arguing in the kitchen, that George came in and sat down on the bed, stroked his head, and said: "P.S., we're not going to tell you fibs any more. Vanessa has died, P.S." Funny that he couldn't feel anything, not even very surprised. Only as if something had stopped and it was very, very quiet everywhere in the world.

"Oh," he said. And then as the quietness grew and grew, "I see."

Lila thought that her flowers looked very nice. Yellow roses in a sheaf. Pondering dazedly at the florist's, still unable to believe what had happened, the reason she was buying flowers, she had asked vaguely for something simple, not lilies—her sister had disliked lilies. While the young assistant had flustered around trying to sell her some vulgar wax everlasting under glass (a nice permanent reminder, madam) which would have outraged Vanessa, she had seen the roses and remembered something long

To page 89

## The picture's dim-my romance is fading fast.



TO STOP BAD BREATH AND FIGHT TOOTH DECAY BUY COLGATE... THE BEST-TASTING DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD

—ANOTHER REASON WHY MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM

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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

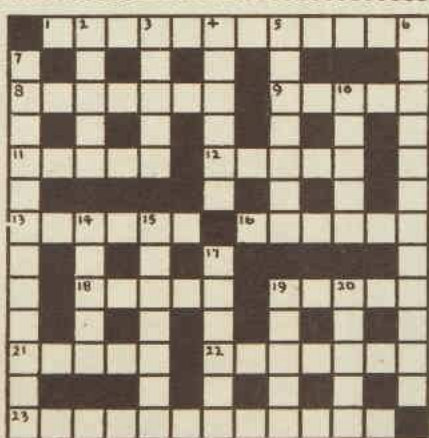
MANDRAKE thinks he has solved the mystery of Joan's "ghost lover." He recalls when the image of Magnon, king of outer-space, was projected to Earth and tilted like Joan's "ghost." NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. It may be contemptuous, but it isn't Roman (4, 6, 2).
8. The soil when unfriendly (7).
9. When Tom is erratic he hides an avaricious person (5).
11. Tom turns at the head of this sacred, vocal composition (5).
12. Pure gold is twenty-four of this (5).
13. Pals mix in ease and pass away (6).
16. Immerse the lung covered on both sides (6).
18. The number twenty (5).
19. Vice is mixed in this perfume before tea (5).
21. Boredom here and in France (5).
22. Lame ram (anagr., 7).
23. Milton's poem which is read to pals (8, 4).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. Attack on a clique (5).
3. Eject with the anagram of 19 across (5).
4. International society for fostering education (6).
5. Rule man (anagr., 7).
6. Conjecture through a risky enterprise (12).
7. Implement of men, who, according to Shakespeare in "Cymbeline," serve as dusty example for golden lads and girls (7-5).
10. Tan as the Devil (5).
14. Crime of wilful setting on fire (5).
15. Adorned with scenes from the past (7).
17. Flower-leaves (6).
19. It is sometimes called the ship of the desert (5).
20. The beloved climbing plants of Omar Khayyam (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

## CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

Continued from page 88

He edged forward another step, but this time she caught hold of him by the shoulder and said in an undertone, "Stay here."

"I want to see."

"There's nothing to see," she whispered almost angrily. "But is it in there?"

"What?"

"The other box."

It was her own fault. She had wanted to make a gesture of atonement to Vanessa and had made the wrong one. Even at the very end she had made one of her usual mistakes and she heard Vanessa say, "You know I would have given strict orders that he was not to be here, Lila."

"No, dear," she said to him quietly, turning him away. "There's nothing else there."

"Vanessa said there was."

Yes, fancy telling a child a thing like that! Nevertheless, no worse, perhaps, than bringing him today.

They walked slowly back to the waiting limousine. Vere was already lighting a cigarette before the car had even reached the cemetery gates.

After Vere had left to catch the ten o'clock ferry, taking with her what was left of the cold salmon in a chipped teacup, Lila put on her felt slippers and sat

down at the kitchen table to write the letter to Logan in care of Alice Clark.

It was difficult to write to Logan about Vanessa, to write to one stranger about another. For surely Logan and Vanessa had never really known each other well, had they? It had been in a moment of drunken aberration that Logan had signed P.S. away to Vanessa, and, thinking of this, Lila wanted to scratch out her polite, stilted phrases and write, "If you had never consented, none of this would have happened."

Absorbed in composing her eulogy, she was only half aware of the beginning of rain on the tin roof of the laundry, but when lightning flashed outside the window, brightening for an instant the whole yard, she rose and pulled down the blind, grateful that the suffocating night was being broken up and that they would sleep cool and restfully.

It was then that she heard the scream.

"Lila!"

In the dimness of the light from the hall she saw that he was sitting bolt upright in bed.

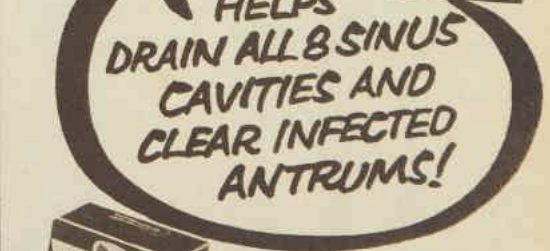
"What is it, pet?"

"She's out there! She's out there all alone."

"No, no, sweetheart. She's in heaven with the angels and Dear One."

To page 90

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## CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

"No. No. No," he screamed. "She's out there in the dark in that place."

She struggled with him as he threw himself away from her down on to the bed, holding the pillow between them, frantically turned and tossed, screaming out again and again that Vanessa was out there all alone where they had left her; cried out that there was no one to hold her.

She sat helplessly beside him like an intruder, while the thunder rattled and complained outside the windows, rumbling at longer intervals until it became only distant sound in the heavy downpour of rain, and he finally lay still, seemingly spent, on his back and let

her take the pillow from him; let her rearrange him in the tossed bed, smoothing and tucking sheets and making gentle shh-ing sounds.

"I made her cross."

"No, pet," she said, shaking up the pillow and lifting his head on to it. "Oh, goodness me, no, dearest. You made her happy."

He gave a whimper, and, turning away from her, began to cry with long, deep, gasping sobs of insoluble grief.

Thank heaven, thought Lila, feeling her breath coming more easily now, feeling that this crying was natural and good. But how strange children are. He had loved her, after all.

Then, as she felt the sudden

prick at her eyes and throat and the gush of her own warm, releasing tears:

Do you see, Ness? Somebody minds.

The grass was brown and had not been cut for a long time, and the roses were dead. He hadn't wanted to see the big house again. But Lila had said he must come and help her pick out the things he wanted.

They had brought suitcases with them, and the big, heavy things would come later in a van.

Cousin Ettie was going home to England to live with her cousin Esme, that was why. The big house was being given up and cousin Ettie

was selling all of the furniture.

The front door stood open and in the hallway there were big wooden boxes and trunks with labels on them.

It wasn't right what they'd done to the house and they ought to know that Vanessa would be terribly cross if she could see the dining-room table piled with cardboard boxes full of dishes and glasses.

He went through the green door into the hall, where Ettie was standing with her arms around Lila and George.

When she saw him she gave a little choked-up sound and he ran to her and said, "Ettie, everything's in the wrong place."

Ettie hung on to him like a little girl and he felt the scratch of her diamond heart on his cheek. She smelled of lavender and the other thing and she had got smaller. She was only a little bigger than he.

George gave him a wink and said, "Go upstairs and see Vere."

What was Vere doing here?

He ran upstairs eagerly and stopped when he saw that Vanessa's door was open and that Vere was standing in front of the mirror wearing Vanessa's black hat with the gold ball on it.

Seeing him, Vere turned and let out a screech.

"Oh! Oh! What a fright you gave me. Is that my child? Oh, is that my child or is it a wolf come to eat me up?"

But Vere's joke seemed silly and babyish today. Perhaps it was because she was wearing that hat and she'd already got it out of shape. Vanessa never wore it pulled down on the side like that.

When he walked into the room he saw that Vere had made it as untidy as her own. Things were all over the place. On the bed was an old battered suitcase packed to the top with Vanessa's things.

He sidestepped Vere's clutch and said: "These are her things."

"P.S., somebody has to have them. When somebody dies you have to do something with their things."

"Listen," she said. "Did you know she left you a lot of pennies to have when you're twenty-one?"

"Did she say?"

"Mr. Hood said, darling."

Mr. Hood? What would he know? Vanessa kept her pennies in a little leather purse and, besides, she was cross with him and had given him up.

"She gave me up," he said, but Vere was already trying on a yellow straw hat, banging the brim around.

"Don't," he said. "Don't put it on like that."

"Oh, you funny child; don't you think she'd rather I had it than just anybody?"

Would she? He was thinking about the night Vanessa said mind your business, Vere, leave my house!

Well, perhaps Vanessa wouldn't mind now. But it was still her room and he took the shoes off the dressing-table and lined them up neatly on the floor where she would have put them.

# THE WONDERFUL LOOK THIS SUMMER!

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# WOOLWORTHS

YOU JUST CANNOT BUY BETTER — WHATEVER YOU PAY

HE went into his own room, where he found Lila bent, red-faced and puffing, over a big cardboard carton. Packing his things into it and saying she didn't know where on earth they would be able to put his train at home. While her back was turned he opened his shirt drawer quietly and felt in the back of it and the stone was still there where he had left it, but Lila, seeing him in the mirror, said, "Oh, where did you get that?" But he knew she knew. "Oh, you must take good care of that, pet. That's gold."

"No," he said. "It's not real, it's just pretend."

He went out and down the stairs, meeting Agnes half-way down, and she had Vanessa's umbrella in her hand.

"Hello, Aunt Agnes," he said. "Are you going to keep that?" and then he felt sorry because they had said he must be nice to poor Agnes because the world didn't come to an end after all and she had lost her temple. They had gone past it the other day on the way to the beach and George had said, "Look, P.S., we can go to the pictures there now."

Agnes closed her eyes a minute and said, "Don't be sad, P.S." and he went on downstairs wondering why she was the only one who knew that he was.

They were tying Vanessa up in brown-paper parcels and he could hear their voices from all over the house calling. Do you want this? Shall we throw this out? Is this your size?

He went and sat alone in the greenish-lighted drawing-room, all pulled to bits, and listened to them going up and down the stairs and from room to room and knew that there was something he had to remember.

But what was it?

To page 91



# Butterick PATTERNS

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2633 Sleeveless, scoop-necked dress for summer with short-sleeved jacket for cooler spring days. (A) Unpressed pleated skirt. (B) Straight skirt with saddle-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2633, price 5/3 includes postage.



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2634 Cool, shallow-necked dress with unmounted short sleeves. (A) Slim skirt with ribbon-trimmed, waist-length jacket. (B) Unpressed pleated skirt, braid-trimmed jacket. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2634, price 5/3 includes postage.

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## CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

Continued from page 90

looking sad and troubled as she did when she heard rain-birds long before anyone else.

Then George said, "Have a piece of cake, Bill."

"No, thank you," he said politely, and went out through the hall and down the front steps into the deserted garden. He felt important and mysterious because now, like Vanessa had said, there was really only him. Bill.

"I'm Bill," he shouted back to the big sad house, to the next-door dog, who looked at him, surprised.

"I'm Bill!"

Shouted it again and again as loud as he could so that wherever she was she might hear him and say something back, and then he listened, staring up at the house, where the sun, going down, had caught at the windows and

set them all on fire, especially Vanessa's.

He heard their distant voices coming from the house. Nothing but their voices and the tooting of ferries—the dry movement of the trees answering him. Yet, listening very carefully now, he thought that he might have heard something else, just for a moment and a long way off, much farther than the garden, farther than where, by craning his neck, he could just see the Watson's Bay lighthouse beginning to wink at the harbor going out to sea.

He couldn't hear what Vanessa said now, but he would hear it some day in some other place.

THE END

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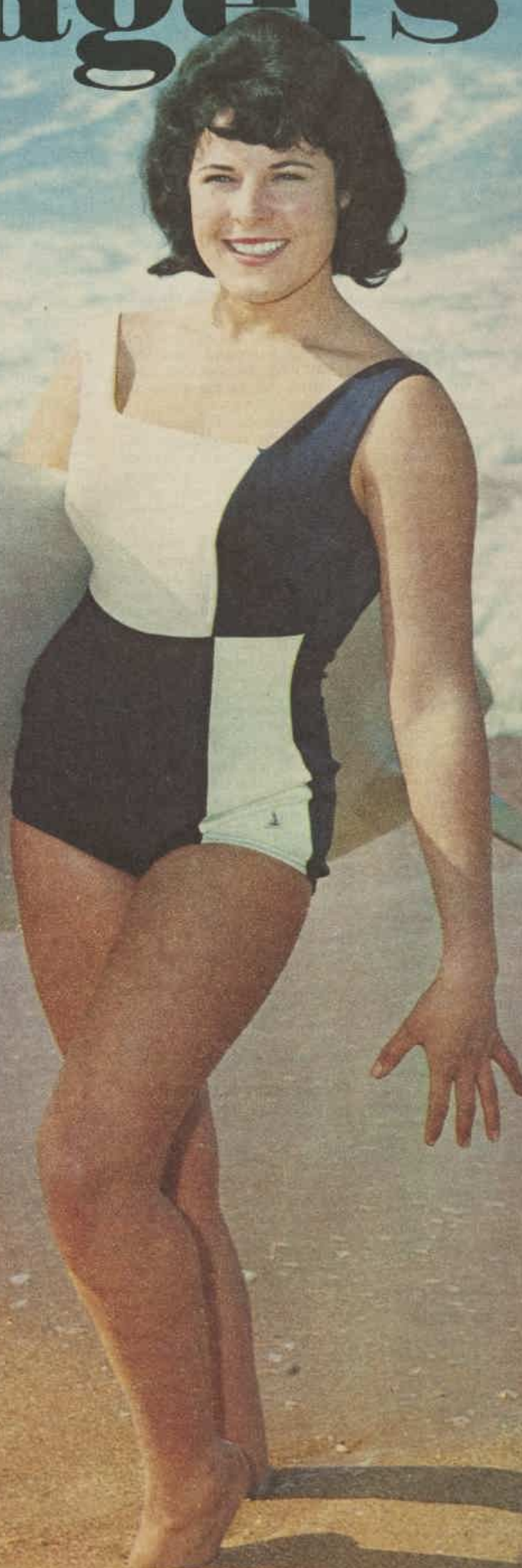


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 2, 1963

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY



### ***SHE RIDES THE WAVES***

● Pearl Turton, our 16-year-old cover girl, competed at the Interstate Surfboard Riding Championships held recently at Avalon Beach, near Sydney, and was judged the best girl surfboard rider. Living and working as a trainee cosmetician at nearby Palm Beach, she spends most of her spare time in the water — winter and summer. Petite and feminine, she laughed at the idea that riding the waves should be strictly for the boys. "I'm just stoked (crazy) about board-riding," she said. "It's a great sport for girls, too." So why don't YOU take up surfboard riding this summer? On page three we tell you all about it.

### ***NEW SWIMSUITS, pages 4, 5***

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## How to take advice of parents

I REMEMBER reading a letter in T.W. a few years ago which encouraged us teenagers put ourselves in our parents' position, and then see how we would treat our wilful and stubborn charges.

By doing this I have solved many bewildering problems, and there has consequently been much more cohesion in the family.

I have discovered that parents are very concerned for their children's welfare and are often over-protective for this reason, failing to realise that teenagers are becoming independent beings, and feel the "tug of the reins" more and more acutely.

However, if we, for our part, realised that it's only because they love us so much, and want to give us the fruits of their experience in order to save us from the pain and dangers of learning, we would be one step further along the way to becoming mature people — who know how to take advice graciously, analyse it and heed it. — Christine Evans, Sydney.

## School holidays

IN America school students work from autumn to spring, with only a short break at Christmas. They then have three months' holiday in summer, when they can relax.

In Western Australia high-school students have two weeks' vacation in May and August, and eight weeks in summer. The autumn and spring holidays are rather dull because the weather is usually bad.

We begin the summer vacation a few days before Christmas — so it is impossible to get a pre-Christmas job.

All of this holiday can be spent in the sun — but we return to school in February, and have to sit inside all day while the weather is still hot.

We also have many Monday holidays throughout the school year. These completely disorganise the rest of the week, and are inconvenient.

Wouldn't it be more logical to follow the example set by the Americans? What do other teenagers think? — Sue Ingle, Swanbourne, W.A.

## Next week

• Snappy, inexpensive casual fashions developed on Queensland's Gold Coast, using sailcloth and cotton, are colorfully featured in our next issue. With blond German film actress Elke Sommer on our cover, Carolyn Earle tells how to make the most of blond beauty.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Exchange students

AS a college student, I think that the American Field Service Scholarships are a wonderful idea, but couldn't more countries be included in the exchange?

For example, if anyone was interested in studying the customs or people of a faraway country, it would be a memorable experience to make an exchange with a student from that particular country.

This scheme could make for more tolerance between the countries of the world, and also give more knowledge of overseas countries and dispel many false ideas which foreigners often have about Australia. — "Aussie Boomerang," Longreach, Qld.

## Homework system

HOMEWORK poses a problem to many students. At the school my brother attends, the teachers have evolved a remarkably good system.

As many boys take two hours to complete homework that others could do in one hour, each boy must do one full hour's written work and half an hour's study. The parents are requested to sign all completed work.

Although many boys complete only half the work of others, everyone is satisfied: teachers, parents, pupils. I feel that this system could be successfully worked in many schools. — "All Satisfied," Lewisham, N.S.W.

## Depression cure

A FEW weeks ago I was very depressed and felt most hardly done by. Nothing was working out as I wanted it to, and I was bored with the constant boy-chatter of my friends.

On an impulse I rang a friend I hadn't seen since primary school. We went for a bush-hike — a thing I hadn't done for years — and I was astonished to find that out in the fresh air and under a blue sky, everything seemed to change perspective. My previous discontent shrank into nothing.

Perhaps I won't go hiking again for another couple of years, when again I feel the need of fresh companionship and a new outlook. But now I know that there is somewhere I can go that will never change or become artificial. — V.R., Kil-lara, N.S.W.

## Joy in beauty

NEXT time you feel glum, look around you until you have found something which you would not normally have noticed, that is beautiful — even if it is only the way the soft shades of a grey rainy day tone together.

You need only have inherited an eyelash of an eye for beauty to find and appreciate something of beauty.

If one "find" does not cure your grumpy mood, find another. It has almost always worked for me. — R.H.P., Renmark, S.A.

## Going Dutch

ACCORDING to my father the terms "going Dutch" and "Dutch treat" mentioned by "Curious" (T.W. 4/9/63) are American in origin and have only fairly recently been adopted in Australia.

Twenty years ago the commonly used slang in Australia was "Scotch shout," or "We'll make it a Scotsman's." The latter term no doubt originated through the false but popular belief that the Scots are tight-fisted.

Perhaps "Dutch treat" began with a similar notion of the traditional thriftiness of the Dutch housewife. — S. Parfit, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

## Trade training at school

● C. A. Robertson (T.W. 28/8/63) said that children should be trained while still at school for the jobs they want — not taught "a little of everything but not enough of one subject to be able to make a living." Most readers disagree with him.

YOU have overlooked the main problem. How many children decide on a career while still in their junior classes at school? And how many who think they have decided on one will change their minds later on?

Quite apart from this, a person who has a general education will have more understanding of life than one who has been trained purely in one field.

A scientist who has received some education in the humanities will be a better scientist than one who has been trained only in science. — M. G. Dugan, Canterbury, Vic.

IF we are to be competent in our future jobs we should be thoroughly trained for them, and if we could train at high school, this surely would make for better education.

There seems little sense in cramming into students' minds such subjects as French and geography if we are going to go into an office.



"Like, say when?"

## Concentration

DO teenagers realise what an asset it is to be able to concentrate? Most of us have found that, according to our school reports, concentration is something we lack.

If we add up the minutes each day spent in wool-gathering, we could see what a time-saver it would be if we could discipline our minds.

A lucky few are born with the ability to concentrate, but for those less fortunate it has to be

acquired. This, however, takes constant practice.

The best way to start is to black out the distractions about you and be aware of only the book you are reading or the subject you are studying. If you find your mind wandering, jerk it back to whatever you are doing.

This positive approach results in work being completed more quickly and more thoroughly, with less time wasted in useless day-dreaming or star-gazing. — (Mus) J. Horwood, Melbourne.

A SOUND and broad education not only enables a person to earn extra money but lays a foundation of knowledge which helps them enjoy life and widen their interest.

Besides, if students are forced to make up their minds too early, it will only mean more wrong career decisions, and perhaps permanent unhappiness. — Margaret Harrison, Melbourne.

IF education was solely for our future career, what a world of narrow-minded people we would live in.

We would be mixing in a society where the only source of conversation between individuals would be their particular field of work, because they would not know anything about other subjects.

It may seem rather futile to study some subjects, but these same subjects may contribute to making you a broad-minded citizen capable of taking an active part in the life of the community. — M.D.M., Longreach, Qld.



# Girls take to the surfboards

by KERRY YATES

● Ever since Gidget surfed her way through a book and a couple of movies there has been a change in the surfing world — thousands of girls have taken up surfboard riding.

AND in Australia this season more girls than ever before will be buying boards and learning to ride the waves.

So don't be a "board widow" this summer, sitting on the beach while your boy-friend surfs all day. Join him in this healthy, exciting sport.

As a beginner you won't need a new board, so ask around the beach, board manufacturers, or sporting stores for a "bargain" second-hand board. You'll need one between 8ft. 6in. and 9ft. long, weighing about 26lb. It should cost under £20.

If you find you really like the sport you'll probably want a custom-built board, which costs about £35. Board builders will advise you on the correct size, which depends on your weight and height, and you choose your own shape and color.

Girls' boards usually have thinner edges for their smaller grip, for in rough seas you really have to hang on.

## Fashionable colors

One Sydney board builder told me that some girls order a surfboard as though they were choosing a hat to match their swimsuits.

Popular color schemes include pink-and-white stripes, lilac, pale blue, lemon, and other pastel shades, and plain boards streaked with vivid colors.

The latest trend is to have the final layer of fibreglass, which covers the foam or balsa board, tinted with different colors.

Swimsuits are the only other cost involved in the sport. It's best to wear a one-piece for the first few times, as the board may rub skin off your stomach before you get used to it.

After that, it's up to you. Most girls prefer to ride in a bikini, and the experts wear special board shorts or "zip-tweeds" over their costumes to prevent the board from rubbing skin from their legs. Loose bermudas or cut-down old slacks or jeans are just as good — except for looks.

Each time you take your board into the water (or once

every surfing day) you must rub the top surface with paraffin wax to prevent your slipping on the glossy surface. Wax costs about 2/6 a block at a chemist shop and this should last most of the summer.

Modern surfboards have a fin underneath to make them glide more smoothly and faster through the water. Don't drag this through the sand. Carry your board tucked under one arm or held above or resting on your head.

Never surf on your own. Make sure that there are no dangerous rips or currents in the area and that the waves are not too big for you to handle.

Most beaches have special areas marked off for board-riders, and you can be fined for moving out of the areas. If the beach has no restricted area, keep clear of the section be-

tween the flags, which is reserved for body surfers.

Some councils, especially in Sydney, insist that all boards used at beaches in their districts must be registered each year. The fee is 10/- and you can be fined and have your board impounded if you don't register it.

## Main steps

Below are the four main steps in learning to ride a board. Just follow them, and with plenty of practice you'll be "hot-dogging" like a champion in no time.

**STEP ONE:** Kneel or lie (whichever you prefer) on your board so that it floats level. Paddle out, swinging both arms together, beyond the breaking waves.

**STEP TWO:** To "crack" a wave lie flat on your board. Let the first wave go by, and when the second is about 20ft. behind

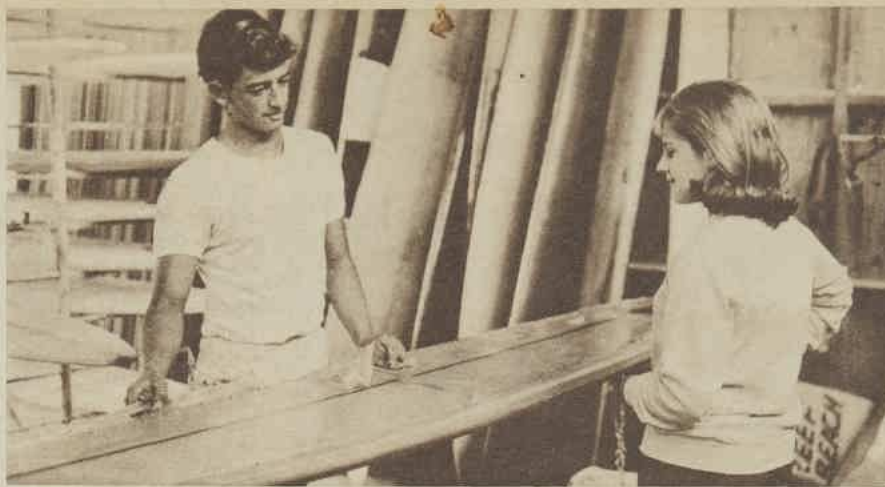
start paddling until you feel the swell lifting you along.

**STEP THREE:** Making sure that your surfboard is moving with the wave, slowly rise to your feet (about three-quarters of the length of the board from the front) in one movement.

**STEP FOUR:** Bend your knees slightly, one foot in front of the other. Your arms may be raised or left by your sides — wherever they are most comfortable. Lean a little forward and let the board make its own way to the shore.

## Other hints

If you take a tumble (which is most likely), try to fall clear of the board and dive deep to avoid being struck by it. The board usually bounces up and down in the broken water and is carried into the shore by the waves.



DARRYL HOLMES, a 19-year-old surfboard builder, shows reporter Kerry Yates how a foam board is covered with fibreglass.

Paddling out for a wave is quite easy in a small surf. Your board will float over the unbroken waves and an extra strong paddle will send it through the foaming ones.

If a big broken wave is heading your way while paddling out, just do the "turtle." Hold tightly to the sides of your board and turn upside down till the wave passes.

If the wave is really a monster, let your board go and head for the bottom. It's safer down there!

Don't stay on your board too long for the first few times. You'll probably be very stiff and may even get board-rashes from where it rubs against your skin, but this is only temporary.

Some people take months to learn, others pick it up in a few days. The important thing is to keep at it — and you're sure to conquer the sport.

# MENDING A BROKEN HEART

● This is not for Beginners who have only been winged by Cupid's arrow. A new dress, a new boy, a week's holiday will fix them. It is for those who gave their loving hearts frankly and freely and have had them cracked from side to side.

**K**NEE-DEEP in Sentimental Swamp, they are wondering how they ever got in there — and how they'll ever get out.

The first thing to do is to realise there's no easy way out. If you've loved and lost someone particularly important to you, it's going to hurt, and no one has discovered the right anesthetic for that kind of pain.

But have you really lost him? If there's the faintest glimmer of hope, fight for him. Pride's no comfort if it loses you the man you should have married.

There are ways and ways of fighting. Don't, for goodness' sake, attack him with tears and recriminations. Justice may be on your side, but the sad fact is that men, even from the time they're little boys, loathe scenes.

If they are making a scene,

that's all right, of course — but women's tears and women's hysterics, far from melting their hard hearts, only convince them they're well out of it.

So be calm. If you can possibly manage it, be just as sweet, charming, and reasonable as you'd normally be if you didn't have that awful ache in your diaphragm that comes from tension and fear.

Tell him you love him. Ask him how he feels. And be prepared, if he feels nothing at all, to face facts: You've had it.

Now comes the hard part. You must discipline yourself as never before. Things to watch for are:

**Self-pity.** You have every right to feel sorry for yourself, but try to control it. Don't talk too much about your broken heart — it only prolongs the pain. Not only that, but you'll be in terrible danger of being a

bore about it. Your friends' sympathy can stretch only so far.

**Rebound.** His going has left a gap in your life through which you could drive a coach and 13 horses. Don't try to fill it too quickly. You are still in a state of shock — temporarily, as it were, of unsound mind. Don't commit yourself to another man if he's only a substitute — it's not fair to him and it will turn out badly.

**Beware, too, of hope.** Once you're sure he's not for you, give up hoping. This is almost as hard as giving up breathing, but your heart won't heal if you're still hoping he'll come back.

Hope anchors you to a telephone that never rings, a postman who never calls. It frog-marches you to places where you'll have the bitter misery of seeing him with someone else.

## BEGINNERS, PLEASE! No. 3 By Sheila Sibley

So stop hoping. You're balancing on a tightrope now, and if you want to reach the other side safely you can't afford to look back.

Though this is the bromide to end all bromides, find other interests. Now is the time to change your job if you were thinking of doing so, or finding a flat for yourself.

When you start your new job don't breathe a word of your pitiful past — and don't bring old photographs or old love-letters or old memories to your new home.

Finally, don't grieve for your lost love too long or one of these days you may find yourself wondering why you spent the lovely, golden years of your youth in such deep shadow. It's a cliché, but it's true, that time heals all wounds, but give old Doc Time a fifty-fifty chance. Be ready to be healed.

Next week we tackle that vital part of everybody's education: How to Behave at a Party, or To Drink or Not to Drink?



THE 4 SWIMWEAR

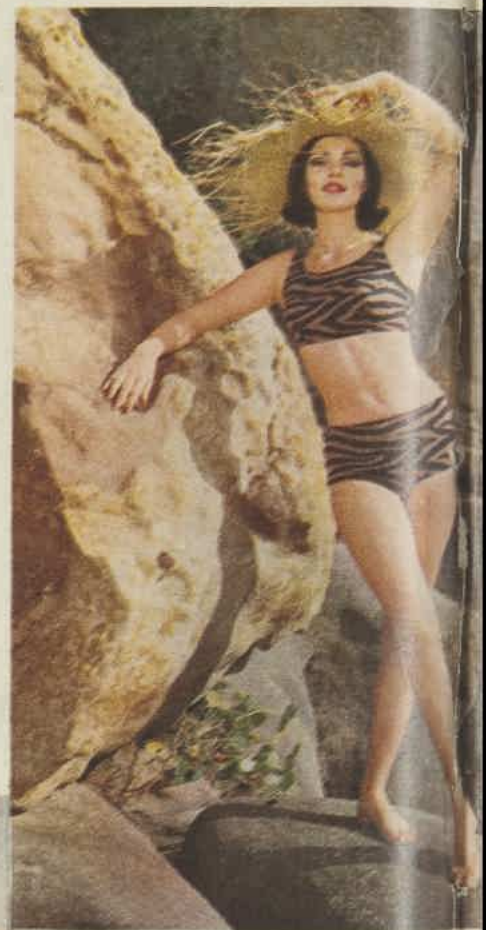


SHINY black satin Helanca makes these two new season swimsuits with the look of a wet seal. The stylish one-piece design has high front, next-to-no back; the two-piecer shows boy-shorts below a body-hugging bra-top.



# SWIMWEAR

● Summer's catch of new and wonderful sea-going fabrics has eye-catching trends that seem like beach in a big way — jungle-print and the simulated "wet" look of deep-sea glistens in and out of the



ZEBRA-PRINTED hip-rider swim pair (above) of lightweight Lycra and Bri-nylon features newly fashionable bodice top cut high in front. This is a major 1963 look.



SHAPELY swim sheath (left) of Lycra and Bri-nylon zebra print has quarter skirt, V-neck, and plunge back. Like all styles shown, it has sleekly designed bra cups.



JUNGLE-PRINT swim skin (left), vaguely related to the leopard family, makes the most of a trim figure. Fabric is clinging Lycra and Bri-nylon styled with V-neck, plunge back.



Swimwear by Catalina (swim skin, swim pair, swim sheath) and Watersun ("wet" look, Waterknit animal print), at main stores. Photographs by Adelle Hurley



# TAR FROM JUNGLE, SEASHORE

Two swimsuits in  
the two special  
likely to hit the  
spring designs, and  
deep black that  
th water.



**GLAMOROUS** Waterknit animal-print suit is an attention-winner any way you look at it. A skirtless style with U-neck and low back, its perfectly matched tiger stripes have very slimming effect. There's a terrific two-piece companion suit to this style in identical "cat" fabric featuring pants sitting below waist and high-cut top that's a signature of this swimsuit line.





Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Bashful "brain"

"I AM a boy of 16. Two and a half years ago, when I started fourth form, the importance of homework was continually stressed by the teachers. I'm afraid I took it too seriously. Before that I was a normal type of person, but the emphasis on work made me think that good marks were the prime goal. So ever since I have worked very hard — over four hours a night now. This has been beneficial in some respects: I have come top of my class at every exam since, but I have had hardly any social life at all. I used to stay home and study while my friends went out at weekends. I have forgotten how to dance (I used to be fairly good) and have not been to a social or anything like that since. Although I'm in several church groups, all the girls regard me as a sort of mathematical machine, and that's all, so I know very few girls. As the school ball is approaching and all my friends are going, I thought this 'addiction' to study should be alleviated somehow. I

have tried to rake up enough courage to re-learn to dance, but my self-confidence in this respect is nil. I wish you could help me."

G.B.W., Vic.

What makes you so sure that all the girls regard you as "a sort of mathematical machine"? Maybe some of them are a bit over-awed by your reputation as a "brain," but there must be at least a few bright, intelligent girls with the same serious attitude to school-work as yourself. You'd probably get along famously with them.

Go to the school hall and to occasional weekend dances and socials. Even if you don't get round to taking lessons, you'll find your dancing "know-how" will soon come back to you (there'll be quite a few girls who haven't had much dancing practice either, remember).

It will probably do you good to relax a little—but don't feel sorry for yourself because you've worked while your friends played. Too much play and insufficient work make Jack just as dull as the reverse.

### Beauty in brief:

## SCENT TIPS

DID you know that dabbing scent on pulse spots — inside wrist and elbow, at temples, and behind the ears — is one way of using it well?

Soaking a pad of cotton-wool with it and tucking it inside your bra is another. But the ideal method is to spray. All the leading perfumiers endorse this; so much so, they are putting their favorite scents into atomisers or spray-mists.

On average, even the most tenacious perfume vanishes after about four hours on the skin. So the purse-sized atomisers are wonderful, particularly those that come with refills.

One word of warning — avoid touching artificial pearls when spraying your scent. In most cases it discolours the beads.

Other words of wisdom concern the storage of good scent. It should be kept in the dark (in its own box preferably) and well away from heat. Strong light will encourage evaporation and chemical changes.

It is the chemistry of your skin which gives the perfume you wear its distinctive note — and this may be quite a different note from the one your nose picked up at the scent counter.

So don't hesitate to ask the assistant or chemist to let you try



out the scents before making a final choice.

Never judge scent by merely waving the bottle under your nose — only its reaction on your skin will give you the true character.

Try out not more than three scents at a time — after that number your nose will become bewildered and you will find they all smell the same.

And spray each one on a different spot on the inside of your wrist or arm. Leave the scent to warm on your skin for a few seconds — when the skin is quite dry you will then smell the essential fragrance.

— Carolyn Earle

### Fighting temper...

"I AM a 17-year-old girl with the worst problem a teenager can have. Many people say I'm attractive, but I wonder! You see, I lose my temper very quickly, just like a match-stick. I'm glad to say this does not last long. Because of my silly temper, I get into trouble a lot at home. I have a 10-year-old brother, and he really makes me lose my top. I have tried everything to control myself. I even tried to laugh and act the clown when I felt my temper coming up. I guess my clowning is not strong enough to overcome my temper. I am afraid of my temper because I am sure it can mark my whole life. Please help me."

K.C., Qld.

You're on the right track. Keep on trying the laughter cure for that match-stick temper. It's impossible to be angry when you can see the funny side of a situation. (The old trick of taking a deep breath and counting ten should help you to get your perspective straight before you "blow your top.")

Remember that small boys with big sisters generally have to assert themselves somehow. But they lose interest in doing it by goading their sisters when those methods fail to bring a bite. Every victory over your temper will make the next one a little bit easier.

### ... and doldrums

"FOR the past few months I seem to have lost interest in my school-work and my class. Now and then I take an interest in things, but then I go back into gloom. My class seems a lot younger than me, and I don't mix with them any more. I feel tired and dispirited, and I am told I look bored. Mum treats me as a child, and I never confide in either her or my father. As a matter of fact, I don't get on with my family any more. I keep out of their way as much as possible. There are no youth clubs I could join that I know of, but I would like to join one if there were. Mum does not let me go to the pictures much at night, and my father always grumbles when I do go, which is about once every two months. I can't change schools, as my course is very mixed, and could not be done anywhere else, but I am unhappy at the one I am at. Can you help me out of this mood?"

"Wiped Out," Qld.

You should tell your parents just how you feel without delay. It's more than likely that your state of health has a lot to do with your moodiness. You should have a medical check-up. Your parents may not suspect this while you're concentrating on "keeping out of their way."

If and when you're really fit and well, you should be able to tackle your schoolwork with fresh interest, and try to make friends. As you can't change schools, it's up to you to make the best of the situation, isn't it? You'll find it worth the effort.

And, failing a youth club, how about trying a young people's sporting club?

### No crystal ball!

"I AM 16 and I am in love with a boy of 17. I think he still likes me, but sometimes he acts as though he doesn't — especially when he is with other boys, or his mother and father are around. I'm attracted to him very much, and he just seems my type. Do you think we will get married or that the romance will last?"

"Worried," Vic.

Sorry. I haven't got a crystal ball — so I can't tell how your romance will pan out. Meanwhile, many boys are bashful about showing they like a girl in front of her parents and friends.

## A word from Debbie



• "Sumer is icumen in" — and that means it's high time to look to pretty ankles and slim, slim legs.

It's the sleek look this summer — in figures as well as swimsuits.

The surest way to tighten up leg muscles is, naturally enough, to use them. Swimming, hiking, and golf are some of the sports which give leg muscles plenty of action.

If you have the time there is no better way to keep your legs slender. If not, here are a few simple exercises:

**ANKLES:** Sit on the floor with your legs stretched out in front, heels resting on the floor. With your toes curled tightly under, pull the foot back from the ankle. Relax. Push your foot forward, toes outstretched, then clench your toes. Relax. Do the same with the other foot. Repeat three or four times, gradually increasing to 20 or 25 times.

**LEGS:** Sit on your haunches with arms folded — away from a wall or any support. Rise to full height, using your leg muscles to push you up. Relax. Go down and up three or four times, increasing speed as you go.

Now try a switch to this exercise. Stand up straight, arms folded, go down as far as you can on one leg, balancing the other out in front. Try this three or four times. Relax and change over to the other leg. Then start the exercise over again, using two legs.

If you have a skipping rope (or can borrow little sister's) try an early-morning or pre-beach skip.

This will not only trim up your legs but will shake inches off anywhere else — if you do it long enough and often enough.

### Paging the bride

"I AM being married next March, when I will be 19. The attendants will be two bridesmaids, best man, groomsmen, and two flowergirls, twins who will be three years old. We wish to know if it would be all right to have two page boys aged five, and if so if it would be correct for them to wear long trousers. (We have never heard of this.) The twins will be about the same height, and so will the boys, but they will be much bigger than the flowergirls. We will be sending invitations to 200. I do hope you can help us, as we don't wish to have an odd-looking wedding."

K.A., W.A.

There's no reason why you shouldn't have two page boys at your wedding — but bear in mind that a large bridal retinue isn't in the best of taste if the wedding is to be in a small church. Long trousers ARE quite correct for page boys; they're much more favored than short ones.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



**LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts**

## Chance for new girl singers to reach top

● Now settling into his job as a young business executive with a recording company, Johnny Devlin is making a special search for new girl singers with talent.

THE door to success is wide open, he says, for girls who have "good looks, some singing experience, and a good smattering of showmanship."

"Many of Australia's top girl singers like Patsy Ann Noble, Lana Cantrell, Judy Cannon, and Robyn Alvarez are abroad or planning on going overseas, and there is very little talent to replace them," he said.

"Now is the time for some girl who has the talent, and is prepared to work hard, to move into the toppers."

Johnny, as artists and repertoire manager for R.C.A. records in Sydney, is not con-

fining his search for new talent to girls.

The first artists he has signed with R.C.A. are Digger Revell and his Denvermen.

Johnny discovered Digger some time ago and has helped him in his career. Digger has already released his first disc for R.C.A., "I'm Gonna Make You," backed with "Over The Rainbow."

With their "Avalon Stomp" currently riding high on the charts, The Denvermen are wasting no time in cashing in on the successful stomp sound. Due out soon is a new single, "Stomp Fever," backed with "Sun Seeker," both written by Johnny Devlin for the boys.

And following that an album,

"Let's Go Surfing With The Denvermen," which promises to be a swinger for the stomping and surfing set.

Johnny said that the best place to find new artists and groups is at local dances.

"I first heard Digger at a dance and suggested he audition," he said. "We encourage kids to get up and sing with the band at dances—a kind of free audition."

Johnny said the best way for new singers and groups to catch the ear of a recording company was to send in a tape-recording of their work.

This also applied to composers of teenage songs.

"I know I'm not the only one in the industry searching for new Australian talent and material," said Johnny, "but I'm really making an all-out effort."

"I think there is a mine of untapped potential talent in Australia, and I hope I can be among those to discover and develop it."

"It's great being able to help our local talent, and I'm very happy working on the technical side of things."

"COME and Walk With Me" is a pleasant enough ballad sung by Chuck Osborne (Ampar 45), but I don't think it will do much for Mr. Osborne's career in this country. The flip, "Cruel Heartbreak," is suitable for stomping or twisting.

"CLIFF'S HIT ALBUM" (Columbia) is a collection of Cliff Richard's hits from "Move It" in 1958 up to "Do You Want To Dance." It's a fine collector's album for Cliff's fans, and a good party album.

The Shadows give him excellent support.

WHEN The Sabres get moving they really go! They recently went to Melbourne for a fortnight's engagement at one of Melbourne's big hotels, and while they were in Melbourne they appeared on Graham Kennedy's "In Melbourne Tonight" and auditioned for a recording company, W & G.

W & G snapped them up and signed them to a two-year contract on the spot, and within two weeks had their first single out. The big side is "Come On, Come On," written by Bob Williams, and the flip is a Country and Western number, "Ain't Got Time For Nothin'," imported from Nashville.

After a fortnight's stint at a Brisbane hotel, the boys will return to Melbourne to cut their next single, "Oh, Pity Me," written by Dick Oakes, backed with an old Everly



ADRIAN USHER and PAMELA BRADLEY, two very bright lights on the Melbourne entertainment scene, are becoming known in all States with their hit single "The Old Apple Tree," backed with "Boy Meets Girl." Adrian has another hit on his own—"Talk Back, Trembling Lips." Pam and Ade (the names they use together on disc) recently visited Sydney to appear on "Bandstand." Now living in Melbourne, Pam hails from Perth and Adrian from Sydney.

Brothers' number, "Step It Up and Go."

After that plans are afoot for an EP. Not bad going in the matter of one month.

A STRANGE - LOOKING foursome, The Beatles certainly have their own style and sound. They have released an EP on Parlophone, "Twist and Shout," with the title track, "A Taste Of Honey," "Do You Want To Know A Secret," and "There's A Place."

If you don't like their treatment at first hearing, you may find it grows on you.

BEAUTIFUL standards caressingly sung by Andy Williams (looking very much like Kirk Douglas on the cover picture) make his album, "Warm and Willing" (C.B.S.), one to relax or romance by.

A CONSISTENT hit-maker, Little Peggy March has a double-sided winner with her new single on R.C.A. "Hello Heartache, Goodbye Love," a fast swinging up-tempo ballad. The other number, "Boy Crazy," will probably be the bigger side.

## WORTH HEARING

**HAYDN and MOZART: Symphonies**

A NEW record from R.C.A. could be called a tribute by modern Vienna to musical Vienna at its greatest. It links two symphonies by Haydn and Mozart (who with Beethoven and Schubert make up what is called the Viennese school of composers), played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and conducted by Herbert von Karajan.

The two symphonies are Mozart's in G minor (No. 40) and Haydn's "London" Symphony (No. 104)—arguably the greatest that each of these composers left behind.

The "G minor" is one of Mozart's last three symphonies, which were composed within six weeks in 1788 (three years before his early death) at a time when Mozart was beset by financial and other troubles. This is the only one of the three that gives some hint of his state of mind at the time: its mood in all but the serene slow movement is dark and troubled. At many points—particularly in the sudden declamatory outbursts in the final movement—it looks forward to the more dramatic symphonic style of Beethoven.

The "London" Symphony—the last that Haydn wrote—gets its nickname from the fact that it is the best known of the symphonies that Haydn wrote specially for his two visits to England in 1791 and 1795. In contrast to the Mozart symphony, its mood is sturdily optimistic, with touches of Haydn's characteristic humor.

—Martin Long

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## SKIRTING ROUND ACCIDENTS

● I see that American road-safety experts want Paris designers to keep dress hemlines high—to save lives!

THE American Automobile Association believes short skirts save many women pedestrians.

Fewer women than men were hit in night accidents, says the A.A.A., "because the headlights of modern cars aim downward and readily pick up the stockings or bare legs of women in the beam."

"Naturally, the more stocking or leg exposed, the easier it is for motorists to spot and thus prevent an accident."

This approach to road safety, while well-meaning, will require certain changes to road rules.

Immediately, one road sign would alter. It would now, no doubt, have to read, "CAUTION—NOT-SO-DANGEROUS CURVES!"

Police charges for naughty driving would also be complicated by lasses showing off their legs on the road.

A driver could still be copped for driving under the influence of bad liquor.

But what about driving under the influence of a good-looker?

Pretty girl pedestrians who show a leg in the interest of road safety will also, of course, have to be protected from amorous drivers.

Alongside every such lass authorities would probably have to put a road sign, "No passing!"

And will the safety trend end with legs?

Should girls also wear rather revealing gowns to slow down motorists?

Perhaps, but nothing too filmy, of course.

Someone might be charged with negligee-nt driving!

There'd be nothing wrong with a strapless dress, though.

Drivers always take care when they know a stretch of road has soft shoulders!

Chinese girls, with their split cheong-sams, fit well into the safety plan—what male driver wouldn't stop for the Orient?

They should remember, however, that you also must not fail to stop after an accident!

—Robin Adair



# Olympic skier at 16

● Most Australians wouldn't be very happy if Christine Smith, a 16-year-old schoolgirl, had the power to control the weather for them, as she'd like it to be winter all the year round.

**THIS** is because Christine, the "snow-baby" of the five-strong ski team named to represent Australia at the Winter Olympics in Austria next January, "just lives for skiing."

For the past three summers while other teenagers have been lazing on the beaches, Christine has been following the snow to Europe, gaining valuable experience which has put her in international class.

Christine, who comes from "Kirra," Berridale, near Cooma, N.S.W., first began skiing when she was ten.

It took her just four years to win her way into an Australian team.

In 1961, Christine was the youngest skier chosen for Australia in the inter-dominion contest against New Zealand at Thredbo, N.S.W.

During the same season, Christine scored brilliantly in the N.S.W. junior championships and carried off the combined title.

Later, at the Commonwealth Games in St. Moritz, she skied

**By Cynthia Robinson**

like a veteran, finishing seventh in the Downhill, fifth in the Slalom, and fourth in the Combined titles.

Back on the Australian ski-fields last year, she won the N.S.W. Junior Slalom championship and was runner-up for the Australian Giant Slalom and Combined titles.

Came the summer, and she was off again to Europe, where on the white roof of Innsbruck, Austria, she competed in pre-Olympic international trials.

These were held on the spectacular new Axamer Lizum course, which has been constructed specially for the 1964 Games, so Christine will have the advantage of knowing where she's going during the Olympics.

Christine has won Olympic selection despite a broken right wrist which meant her arm was in plaster to her elbow when she competed in the Victorian and National championships at Mt. Hotham, Victoria, in August this year.

She broke the wrist while skiing earlier in the season, but

she wasn't going to let "a little thing like that" hamper her Olympic hopes.

Despite this handicap, Christine was runner-up for the women's national Combined Alpine title, after winning the Giant Slalom, and finishing second in the Downhill and third in the Slalom events.

You might well ask where, amid all this skiing, does Christine find the time to qualify for the title of schoolgirl. This year she really doesn't.

Officially Christine is meant to be studying for her Leaving at S.C.E.G.S., Moss Vale, N.S.W., but all this year her schoolwork has been snowballing while she's been skiing.

Christine, who is the school's poised and tanned athletics champion, readily admits that her whole life at present revolves round skiing.

It's not surprising that most of her wardrobe consists of ski wear she has bought overseas.

Her fashion fad is that she likes each ski outfit to match in color throughout, and her favorite color for the snow just now is deep plum.

**Next week: Ross Milne**



**CHRISTINE SMITH**, youngest of five Australians chosen to compete in the Winter Olympics in Austria next January. The team will fly to Europe by Qantas.

**TEENA** by Linda Terry

